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(Beaumont)

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,

AND

Mr. *John Fletcher*.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CONTAINING

The LAWS *of* CANDY,
The FALSE ONE.
The LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER,
VALENTINIAN, *and*
MONSIEUR THOMAS,
Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Seward.

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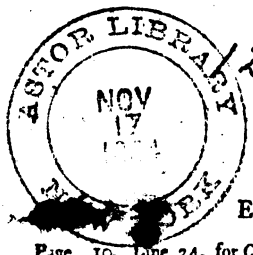

2050.

ERRATA.

Page 10, Line 24, for *Caſſilane* read *Gonzalo*
53, 16, for *lu* read *lull*
86, 5, for *with* read *when*
87, 5, in Note 8, for *ravenous* read *Ravens*
87, 4, in Note 10, for *qui ſcit* read *qui ſit*
88, 9, in Note, for *ſcit* read *ſit*
91, 6 of the Quotation, for *pondere* read *pendere*
91, 17 of Ditto, for *damnata* read *damnatæ*
116, 3 of Note 40, for *Pompey* beſieg'd *Cæſar* read *Cæſar* beſieg'd *Pompey*
130, 2 in Note 54, for *The infectious* read *T' infectuous*
196, 12, for *ready* read *read*
312, 31, for *ſweet* read *ſweetly*
321, 28, for *courſe* read *coarſe*
374, Line the laſt, for *France* read *England*

THE LAWS OF CANDY.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

CAssilanes, *General of* Candy.
Antinous, *Son to* Cassilanes, *and his Competitor.*
Fernando, *a* Venetian *Captain, Servant to* Annophel.
Philander, *Prince of* Cyprus, *passionately in Love with* Erota.
Gonzalo, *an ambitious Politick Lord of* Venice.
Gaspero, *Secretary of State.*
Melitus, *a Gentleman of* Candy.
Arcanes, *a noble Soldier, Friend to* Cassilanes.
Decius, *Friend to* Antinous.
Porphycio, } *Senators.*
Possenne, }
Paolo Michael, *a* Venetian *Ambassador.*
Mochingo, *an ignorant Servant to* Erota.
Gentlemen.
Soldiers.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Erota, *a Princess, imperious, and of an overweaning Beauty.*
Annophel, *Daughter to* Cassilanes.
Hyparcha, *Attendant on the Princess* Erota.

SCENE, CANDY.

THE

THE

LAWS of *CANDY.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gaſpero, *and* Melitus.

MELITUS.

IR, you're the very Friend I wiſh'd to meet with,
I have a large Diſcourſe invites your Ear
To be an Auditor.
Gaſ. And what concerns it? [Loves
Mel. The ſadly thriving Progreſs of the
Between my Lord, the Prince, and that great Lady,
Whoſe Inſolence, and never-yet-match'd Pride,
Can by no Character be well expreſt,
But in her only Name, the proud *Erota.*
Gaſ. Alas, *Melitus*, I ſhould gueſs the beſt
Succeſs your Prince could find from her, to be
As harſh as the Event doth prove: But now
'Tis not a time to pity paſſionate Griefs,
When a whole Kingdom in a manner lies
Upon its Death-bed bleeding.
Mel. Who can tell

Whether or no (1) theſe many Plagues at once
Hang over this unhappy Land for her ſake,
That is a Monſter in it?
Gaſ. Here's the miſery
Of having a Child our Prince; elſe I preſume
The bold *Venetians* had not dar'd t' attempt
So bloody an Invaſion.
Mel. Yet I wonder
Why (Maſter Secretary) ſtill the Senate
So almoſt ſuperſtitiouſly adores
Gonzalo, the *Venetian* Lord, conſidering
The outrage of his Countrymen———
Gaſ. The Senate
Is wiſe, and therein juſt; for this *Gonzalo*,
Upon a Maſſacre perform'd at Sea
By th' Admiral of *Venice*, on a Merchant
Of *Candy*, when the Cauſe was to be heard
Before the Senate there, in open Court
Profeſſed, that the cruelty the Admiral
Had ſhew'd, deſerv'd not only Fine, but Death;
For *Candy* then and *Venice* were at Peace:
Since when upon a motion in the Senate,
For Conqueſt of our Land, 'tis known for certain,
That only this *Gonzalo* dar'd t' oppoſe it,
His Reaſon was, becauſe it too much ſavour'd
Of lawleſs and unjuſt Ambition.
The Wars were ſcarce begun, but he, in fear
Of quarrels 'gainſt his Life, fled from his Country,
And hither came, where, to confirm his Truth,
I know, *Melitus*, he out of his own ſtore,
Hath monied *Caſſilane* the General.
Mel. What, without other Pledge than *Caſſilane*'s
Bare Promiſe of Repayment?
Gaſ. No, it may be
He has ſome (2) petty Lordſhip to retire to;
But thus he hath done; now 'tis fit, *Melitus*,

(1)——*theſe Plagues at once*] *Many*, which is neceſſary to the Meaſure and an Improvement of the Senſe, is reſtored from the firſt Folio.
(2) ——pretty *Lordſhip*——] Corrected by us all, and confirm'd by the old Folio.

The

The Senate ſhould be thankful, otherwiſe
They ſhould annihilate one of thoſe Laws
For which this Kingdom is throughout the World
(3) Unfollow'd and admir'd.
Mel. What Laws are thoſe, Sir?
Let me ſo much importune you.
Gaſ. You ſhall,
And they be worth your Knowledge: Briefly thus:
Whoe'er he be that can detect apparently
Another of Ingratitude, for any
Received Benefit, the Plaintiff may
Require th' Offender's Life: unleſs he pleaſe
Freely and willingly to grant Remiſſion.
Mel. By which ſtrict Law, the Senate is in danger,
Should they neglect *Gonzalo*?
Gaſ. Right, the Law
Permits a like Equality to Aliens,
As to a home-bred Patriot.
Mel. Pray, Sir, the other?
Gaſ. Know, *Melitus*,
The elder *Cretans* flouriſh'd many Years,
In War, in Peace unparallel'd, and they
(To ſpur heroick Spirits on to Virtue)
Enacted that what Man ſoe'er he were,
Did nobleſt in the Field againſt his Enemy,
So by the general Voice approv'd, and known,
Might, at his home-return, make his demand
For Satisfaction, and Reward.
Mel. They are
Both famous Laws indeed.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Maſter Secretary,
The Senate is about to ſit, and crave
Your Preſence.
Gaſ. What, ſo ſuddenly?

(3) Unfollow'd *and admir'd.*] Mr. *Theobald* chuſes to read *unfellow'd*, which is certainly an Improvement, tho' not a neceſſary one.

Meſſ. Theſe Letters
Will ſhew the cauſes why.
Gaſ. Heav'n, thou art great,
And worthy to be thank'd!
Mel. Your Countenance, Sir,
Doth promiſe ſome good Tidings.
Gaſ. O the beſt
And happieſt for this Land that e'er was told!
All the *Venetian* Forces are defeated.
Mel. How, Sir?
Gaſ. And what doth add ſome delight more, there is
Amongſt the Soldiers a Contention
Who ſhall be the Triumpher, and it ſtands
Doubtful between a Father and his Son,
Old *Caſſilane*, and young *Antinous*.
Mel. Why may not both demand it?
Gaſ. The Law denies it,
But where the Soldiers do not all conſent,
The Parties in Contention are refer'd
To plead before the Senate; and from them
Upon an open Audience to be judg'd
The Chief, and then to make Demands.
Mel. You raviſh me with Wonder and Delight.
Gaſ. Come; as we walk, I ſhall more fully inform you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Caſſilanes, Arcanes, Antinous, *and* Decius.

Caſ. Admit no Soldier near us till the Senate
Have took their Places.
Arc. You're obey'd, my Lord.
Ant. Decius, fall off.
Dec. I ſhall.
Caſ. Give leave, *Arcanes:*
Young Man, come nearer to me: Who am I?
Ant. It were a Sin againſt the Piety
Of filial Duty, if I ſhould forget
The Debt I owe my Father on my Knee:

Your

Your Pleaſure?
Caſ. What, ſo low? Canſt thou find Joints,
Yet be an Elephant? *Antinous*, riſe;
Thou wilt belie Opinion, and rebate
Th' Ambition of thy Gallantry, that they
Whoſe confidence thou haſt bewitch'd, ſhould ſee
Their little God of War kneel to his Father,
Though in my Hand I did graſp Thunder.
Ant. Sir,
For proof that I acknowledge you the Author
Of giving me my Birth, I have diſcharg'd
A part of my Obedience. But if now
You ſhould (as cruel Fathers do) proclaim
Your Right, and Tyrant-like uſurp the Glory
Of my peculiar Honours, not deriv'd
(4) Nor ſucceſſary, but purchas'd with my Blood;
Then I muſt ſtand firſt Champion for my ſelf
Againſt all Interpoſers.
Caſ. Boldly urg'd,
And proudly; I could love thee, did not Anger
Conſult with juſt Diſdain, in open Language
To call thee moſt ungrateful. But ſay freely,
Wilt thou reſign the Flatteries whereon
The reeling Pillars of a popular Breath
Have rais'd thy Giant-like Conceit, to add
A ſuffrage to thy Father's Merit? Speak.
Ant. Sir, hear me: Were there not a Chronicle
Well pen'd by all their Tongues, who can report
What they have ſeen you do; or had you not
Beſt in your own Performance writ your ſelf,
And been your own Text, I would undertake

(4) ——— ——— *not deriv'd*
From *ſucceſſary*,——] Mr. *Theobald* has two Conjectures, firſt with a Query, *From Succeſſors*, but this he ſeems juſtly to have rejected; for in much freſher Ink is written, *From Anceſtry*, neglecting the Trace of the Letters for the Sake of the Senſe. I think my Conjecture, which changes only a Particle to one not very unlike it, gives the Senſe more eaſily, and was moſt probably the Original

Alone, (5) without the help of Art, to character,
But only to recount your Deeds in Arms,
And you ſhould ever then be fam'd a Preſident
Of living Victory: But as you are
Great, and well worthy to be ſtiled Great,
It would betray a poverty of Spirit
In me t' obſtruct my Fortunes, or Deſcent,
If I ſhould Coward like ſurrender up
Th' Int'reſt, which th' Inheritance of your Virtue
And mine own thrifty Fate, can claim in Honour:
My Lord, of all the maſs of Fame, which any
That wears a Sword, and hath but ſeen me fight,
Gives me, I will not ſhare, nor yield one jot,
One tittle.

Caſ. Not to me?

Ant. You are my Father,
Yet not to you.

Caſ. Ambitious Boy, how dar'ſt thou
To tell me, that thou wilt contend?

Ant. Had I
Been ſlothful, and not follow'd you in all
The ſtreights of Death, you might have juſtly then
Reputed me a Baſtard: 'Tis a Cruelty,
More than to murther Innocents, to take
The Life of my yet Infant-honour from me.

Caſ. Antinous, look upon this badge of Age,
Thy Father's grey-hair'd Beard: Full fifty Years,
(And more than half of this, e'er thou wert born)
I have been known a Soldier, in which time
I found no difference 'twixt War and Peace,
For War was Peace to me, and Peace was War,
Antinous, mark me well; there hath not liv'd
Theſe fifty Years a Man whom *Crete* prefer'd
Before thy Father; let me boldly boaſt,
Thy Father, both for Diſcipline and Action

(5) *Without the help of Art,* or *Character,*] If this be genuine, the Word *Character* muſt ſignify the ſame with Rhetorick or Oratory, but as the Change of the Particle will turn it to a Verb and render it applicable to the Context in its uſual Acceptation, I have ventured to make the Change.

Hath

Hath ſo long been the firſt of all his Nation;
Now, canſt thou think it honeſt, charitable,
Nay human, being ſo young, my Son, my Child,
Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy Father,
(6) For one day's Service, and that one thy firſt,
To rob me of a Glory which I fought for
A half of hundred Years?

Ant. My Caſe obſerves
Both Equity and Preſidents; for, Sir,
That very Day whereon you got your Fame,
You took it from ſome other, who was then
Chief in repute, as you are now, and had been
Perhaps as many Years deſerving that
Which you gain'd in a Day, as I have mine.

Caſ. But he was not my Father then, *Antinous*;
Thou leav'ſt out that.

Ant. Sir, had he been your Father,
He had been then Immortal; for a Father
Heightens his Reputation where his Son
Inherits it, as when you give us Life,
Your Life is not diminiſh'd, but renew'd
In us when you are dead, and we are ſtill
Your living Images.

Caſ. So be thou curs'd
In thy Poſterity, as I in thee,
Diſhonourable Boy; O ſhall that Sun,
Which not a Year yet ſince beheld me mounted
Upon a fiery Steed, waving my Sword,
And teaching this young Man to manage Arms,
That was a raw, freſh Novice in the Feats
Of Chivalry, ſhall that ſame Sun be witneſs
Againſt this Brat of his Ingratitude?
Who, to eclipſe the Light of my Renown,
Can no way hope to get a noble Name,

(6) *For one day's Service, and that* on *thy firſt,*] The Reading I have put in the Text was one of thoſe Emendations which I ſent Mr. *Theobald* juſt before his Death, and believe he had prevented me, for it is in his Margin with an *L. T.* the Mark he ſeem'd to have diſtinguiſhed his favourite Corrections by. Mr. *Sympſon* has ſince ſent me the ſame.

But by the treading on his Father's Greatneſs;
Thou wilt not yield?

Enter Arcanes.

Ant. My Life, but not the Prize
My Sword hath purchaſed.
Arc. Th' Senate, my Lord,
Are here at hand, and all the Soldiers
Begin to throng about them.
Caſ. Now, *Arcanes*,
The———
Arc. What, Sir?
Caſ. Trifles will affront us; that
Fine fighting Stripling.
Arc. Let him have the ſhame on't;
'Pleaſe you withdraw on this ſide.
Caſ. My great Heart
Was never quail'd before.
Dec. My Lord, be confident,
Let not your Father daunt you.
Ant. Decius, whither
Muſt I withdraw?
Dec. On this ſide.———See, the Soldiers
Attend your pleaſure——Courage, Sir; the Senate.
Caſ. Way for the Senate.

Enter Porphycio, Poſſenne, *three Senators*, Gonzalo, Gaſpero, *and Soldiers.*

My good Lords I know not
What tax of Arrogance I may incur,
Should I preſume, though courted by your Favours,
To take a place amongſt you; I had rather
(7) Give proof of my unfeign'd Humility
By this, though mean, yet more becoming place,
Than run the hazard of a doubtful Cenſure.

Poſ.

(7) *Give proof of my unfeign'd Humility*
By Force, *though mean, yet more becoming place,*] To give proof of an unfeign'd Humility by *Force*, is an Expreſſion evidently abſurd, and I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute the Word which the Context requires inſtead

Pof. My Lord, your Wiſdom is both known and try'd;
We cannot rank you in a nobler Friendſhip
Than your great Service to the State deſerves.
(8) *Por.* Will't pleaſe you ſit?

Enter Fernando *with Soldiers.*

Gon. What here, my Lord *Porphycio?*
It muſt not be.
Por. My Lord, you are too modeſt.
Gon. It is no ſeaſon to be troubleſome,
Elſe——but I've done: Your Lordſhips are obſerv'd.
Gaſ. Is the Demandant ready?
Arc. He is ready.
Gaſ. Produce him then.
Arc. Before this Sacred Preſence,
I, by a general Conſent, am made
The Soldier's Voice, and to your gracious Wiſdoms,
Preſent as chief in Arms, his Country's Champion,
Caſſilanes.
Dec. Moſt reverend Lords, you hear the leſſer number
Of thoſe who have been Guardians to this Country,
Approve this Champion; I, in all their Names,
Who fought for *Candy*, here preſent before you
The mightieſt Man in Arms, *Antinous.*

inſtead of *Force*. But it may be objected, that Words ſo totally different in all their Letters as *this* and *Force* could not eaſily be miſtook for each other, either by Tranſcriber or Printer. This, I allow, has very rarely happened, tho' ſometimes it has, as in Note the 6th in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, *feel* was wrote inſtead of *goe*. But in ſuch great Changes, without the Authority of an old Edition, Conjecture ought not to dictate any Emendation, unleſs it can give a probable Reaſon for the Corruption; and in this Caſe I think there is one. Every Man converſant in Criticiſm knows how often *marginal Comments* have crept into the Text. I imagine therefore that ſome Perſon who ſaw the Pride of *Caſſilanes*, and that his unfeign'd Humility here was really a *forc'd* one, wrote *By Force* in the Margin, which the Printer thinking a Correction inſerted in the Text.

(8) Por. *Will't pleaſe you, Sir?*
Gon. *What's here, my Lord* Porphycio?] The Queſtion here had a ſmall Corruption, but ſuch as did not much injure the Senſe; but the Anſwer, by the Inſertion of a Verb, was render'd quite obſcure. Mr. *Theobald* in his Margin had reſtor'd both from the old Folio.

Speak

Speak Fellow Soldiers.

Sol. Antinous, Antinous.

Gaſ. Stand by, all, ſave the two Competitors.

Poſ. My Lords, how much your Country owes you both,
The due Reward of your deſertful Glories
Muſt to Poſterity remain: But yet
Since, by our Law, one only can make claim
To the propoſed Honours which you both
(It ſeems) have truly merited, take leave
Freely to plead your Rights; we ſhall attend ye.

Por. Wherein Priority of Voice is granted,
Lord *Caſſilane*, to you; for that your rare
And long Experience in the Courſe of War,
As well doth challenge it, as the beſt Privilege
Of Order and Civility, for that
You are your brave Opponent's worthy Father.
Say, Countrymen, are you content?

Sol. Ay, Ay.

Caſſ. Right grave, right gracious Fathers; how unfit
It is for me, that all my Life time have
Been practis'd in the School of Blood and Slaughter,
To bandy Words now in my Life's laſt farewel,
Your Wiſdoms will conſider: Were there pitcht
Another, and another Field, like that
Which, not yet three Days ſince, this Arm hath ſcatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the Man
That had a Heart to think he could but follow
(For equal me he ſhould not) through the Lanes
Of Danger and Amazement, (9) might in that,

(9) ——— ——— *might in that,*
That only of but following me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my Rival.] I ſhall make no Change here, becauſe my Objection to the preſent Text is not great, eſpecially as the Sentiment ſeems an Imitation of what *Ajax* ſays of *Ulyſſes*'s Contention with him in *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis*.

But if *happy* is the true Reading, I think, the Period had better end there, and the next Line ſeems ſcarce neceſſary, however the Change of a Letter will I think make *Caſſilane*'s Speech carry more Contempt of all thoſe who ſeem'd to ſide with his Son. My Conjecture is,

——— ——— *might in that*
That only of but following me, be haply
Reputed worthy to be made my Rival.

That

That only of but following me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my Rival;
For 'tis not, Lords, unknown to thoſe about me,
(My Fellow Soldiers) firſt, with what a Confidence
I led them on to fight, went on ſtill, and
As if I could have been a ſecond Nature,
As well in heartening them by my Example,
As by my Exhortation, I gave Life
To quicken Courage, to inflame Revenge,
To heighten Reſolution; in a word,
To out-do Action: It boots not to diſcover,
How that young Man, who was not fledg'd nor skill'd
In Martial play, was ev'n as ignorant
As childiſh: But I liſt not to diſparage
His Non-ability: The Signal given
Of Battel, when our Enemies came on,
(Directed more by Fury, than by Warrant
Of Policy and Stratagem) I met them,
I in the Fore-front of the Armies met them;
And as if this old weather-beaten Body
Had been compos'd of Cannon Proof, I ſtood
The Volleys of their Shot. I, I my ſelf
Was he that firſt diſ-rankt their Woods of Pikes:
But when we came to handy Stroaks, as often
As I lent Blows, ſo often I gave Wounds,
And every Wound a Death. I may be bold
To juſtify a Truth, this very Sword
Of mine ſlew more than any twain beſides:
And, which is not the leaſt of all my Glory,
When he, this young Man, Hand to Hand in fight,
Was by the General of the *Venetians*,
And ſuch as were his Retinue, unhors'd,
I ſtept between, and reſcu'd him my ſelf,
Or Horſes Hoofs had trampled him to Dirt;
And whilſt he was remounting, I maintain'd
The Combate with the gallant General,
Till having taken Breath, he throng'd before me,
Renew'd the Fight, and with a fatal Blow,
Stole both that Honour from me, and his Life
From him, whom I before myſelf alone,

Had

Had more than full three quarters kill'd: A Man
Well worthy only by this Hand t' have dy'd,
Not by a Boy's weak Puſh: I talk too much,
But 'tis a Fault of Age: If to bring home
Long Peace, long Victory, ev'n to your Capitol;
If to ſecure your Kingdom, Wives, and Children,
Your Lives and Liberties; if to renown
Your Honours through the World, to fix your Names,
Like blazing Stars admir'd, and fear'd by all
That have but heard of *Candy*, or a *Cretan*,
Be to deſerve th' Approvement of my Manhood,
Then thus much have I done: What more, examine
The Annals of my Life; and then conſider
What I have been, and am. Lords I have ſaid.

Gon. With Rev'rence to the Senate, is it lawful,
Without your Cuſtom's breach, to ſay a word?

Poſ. Say on, my Lord *Gonzalo*.

Gon. I have heard,
And with no little wonder, ſuch high Deeds
Of Chivalry diſcours'd, that I confeſs,
I do not think the Worthies, while they liv'd
All nine, deſerv'd as much Applauſe, or Memory as
This one: But he who can do ought to gain
The Crown of Honour from him, muſt be ſomewhat
More than a Man: You tread a dang'rous Path,
Yet I ſhall hear you gladly; for believe me,
Thus much let me profeſs, in Honour's cauſe,
I would not to my Father, nor my King,
(My Country's Father) yield: If you tranſcend
What we have heard, I can but only ſay,
That Miracles are yet in uſe. I fear
I have offended.

Por. You have ſpoken nobly.
Antinous uſe your Privilege.

Ant. Princely Fathers,
Ere I begin, one ſuit I have to make,
'Tis juſt, and honourable.

Por. Poſ. Speak, and have it.

Ant. That you would pleaſe the Soldiers might all ſtand
Together by their General.

Poſ.

Poſ. 'Tis granted.
All fall to yonder ſide: Go on, *Antinous.*
Ant. I ſhall be brief and plain: All what my Father
(This Country's Patron) hath diſcours'd, is true.
Fellows in Arms, ſpeak you: Is't true?
Sol. True, true.
Ant. It follows, that the blaze of my Performance
Took light from what I ſaw him do: And thus
A City, though the Flame be much more Dreadful,
May from a little Spark be ſet on Fire;
Of all what I have done, I ſhall give Inſtance
Only in three main Proofs of my Deſert.
Firſt I ſought out (but through how many Dangers
My Lords judge ye) the Chief, the great Commander,
The Head of that huge Body, whoſe proud weight
Our Land ſhrunk under, him I found and fought with,
Fought with, and ſlew. Fellows in Arms, ſpeak you,
Is't true or not?'
Sol. True, true.
Ant. When he was ſain,
The Hearts of all our Adverſaries
Began to quail, till young *Fernando*, Son
To the laſt Duke of *Venice*, gather'd Head,
And ſoon renew'd the Field; by whoſe Example
The bold *Venetians* doubling Strength and Courage
Had got the better of the Day; our Men
Suppoſing that their Adverſaries grew
Like *Hydra*'s Head, (10) recoyle, and 'gan to flye:
I follow'd them; and what I ſaid, they know;
The ſum on't is; I call'd them back, new rankt them;
Led on, they follow'd, ſhrunk not till the end:
Fellows in Arms is't true, or no?
Sol. True, true.
Ant. Laſtly, to finiſh all, there was but one,

(10) ——— *recoyle, and 'gan to flye.*] *Mr. Theobald* would read *recoyl'd* to make both Verbs in the ſame Tenſe, an Accuracy by no means neceſſary, as the Change of Tenſes in the ſame manner is common to all Poets, *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Engliſh*, and is here rather a Beauty than a Fault, as the Act of their *Recoyling* is certify'd, their *Flight* begun but not compleat.

The

The only great Exploit; which was to take
Fernando Priſoner, and that Hand to Hand
In ſingle Fight I did: My ſelf without
The Help of any Arm, ſave th'Arm of Heav'n.
Speak Soldiers, is it true, or no?
Sol. Antinous, Antinous.
Ant. Behold my Priſoner, Fathers.
Fer. This one Man
Ruin'd our Army, and hath glorify'd
Crete in her Robes of Mightineſs and Conqueſt.
Poſ. We need not uſe long circumſtance of Words,
Antinous thou art Conqueror: The Senate,
The Soldiers, and thy Valour have pronounc'd it.
All. Antinous, Antinous.
Por. Make thy Demand.
Caſ. Pleaſe ye, my Lords, give leave
That I may part.
Poſ. No, *Caſſilane*, the Court
Should therein be diſhonour'd, don't imagine
We prize your Preſence at ſo ſlight a Rate.
Demand, *Antinous.*
Ant. Thus, my Lords; to witneſs
How far I am from Arrogance, or thinking
I am more valiant, though more favoured
Than my moſt matchleſs Father, my Demand is,
That for a laſting Memory of his Name,
His Deeds, his real, nay his royal Worth,
You ſet up in your Capitol in Braſs
My Father's Statue, there to ſtand for ever
A Monument and Trophy of his Victories,
With this Inſcription to ſucceeding Ages,
Great Caſſilane, *Patron of* Candy's *Peace,*
Perpetual Triumpher. Por. Poſ. It is granted.
What more? *Ant.* No more. *Caſ.* How, Boy? *Gon.*
Thou art Immortal,
Both for thy Son-like Piety, and Beauties
Of an unconquer'd Mind.
Ant. My Priſoner, Lords,
To your more ſacred Wiſdoms I ſurrender:

Fit

(11) Fit you his Ranſom; half whereof I give
For Largeſs to the Soldiers: Th' other half
To the erection of this Monument.
Caſ. Ambitious Villain.
Gon. Thou art all unimitable.
My Lords, to work a certain Peace for *Candy*
With *Venice*, uſe *Fernando* like a Prince;
His Ranſom I'll disburſe, what e'er it be:
Yet you may ſtay him with you, 'till Conditions
Of Amity ſhall be concluded on:
Are ye content?
Por. We are, and ever reſt
Both Friends and Debtors to your Nobleneſs.
Gon. Soldiers attend me in the Market-place,
I'll thither ſend your Largeſs.
Sol. Antinous, Antinous. [*Exeunt.*
Caſ. I have a Suit too, Lords. *Por. Poſ.* Propoſe it,
'Tis yours, if fit and juſt. *Caſ.* Let not my Services,
My being forty Years a Drudge, a Pack-horſe
To you, and to the State, be branded now
With Ignominy ne'er to be forgotten:
Rear me no Monument, unleſs you mean
To have me fam'd a Coward, and be ſtamp'd ſo.
Poſ. We underſtand you not.
Caſ. Proud Boy, thou doſt,
And Tyrant-like inſult'ſt upon my Shame.
Ant. Sir, Heav'n can tell, and my Integrity,
What I did, was but only to inforce
The Senate's Gratitude. I now acknowledge it.
Caſ. Obſerve it Fathers, how this haughty Boy
Grows cunning in his Envy of mine Honours:
He knows no mention can of me be made,
But that it ever likewiſe muſt be told,
How I by him was maſter'd; and for ſurety
That all ſucceeding times may ſo report it,
He would have my Diſhonour, and his Triumphs

(11) Fit *you his Ranſom*;——] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *fix*, but to *fit* a Ranſom, or proportion it to the Quality and Wealth of the *ranſom'd*, ſeems not to need any Change.

Ingrav'd in Braſs: Hence, hence proceeds the falſhood
Of his inſinuating Piety.
Thou art no Child of mine: Thee and thy Blood,
Here in the Capitol, before the Senate,
I utterly renounce: So Thrift and Fate
Confirm me; henceforth never ſee my Face,
Be as thou art, a Villain to thy Father.
Lords, I muſt crave your leaves: Come, come, *Arcanes.*
[*Exeunt.*

Gon. Here's a ſtrange high-born Spirit.
Poſ. 'Tis but Heat
Of ſudden preſent Rage; I dare aſſure
Antinous of his Favour.
Ant. I not doubt it,
He is both a good Man, and a good Father.
I ſhall attend your Lordſhips. *Poſ.* Do, *Antinous.*
Gon. Yes: Feaſt thy Triumphs with Applauſe and Pleaſures.
Por. Poſ. Lead on. [*Exeunt Flor. Cornets.*
Ant. I utterly renounce——'Twas ſo?
Was't not, my *Decius.*
Dec. Piſh, you know, my Lord,
Old Men are Cholerick.
Ant. And laſtly parted
With, Never henceforth ſee my Face: O me,
How have I loſt a Father? Such a Father?
Such a one, *Decius!* I am miſerable,
Beyond expreſſion.
Dec. Fie, how unbecoming
This ſhews upon your day of Fame?
Ant. O Miſchief!
I muſt no more come near him; that I know,
And am aſſur'd on't.
Dec. Say you do not?
Ant. True:
Put caſe I do not: What is *Candy* then
To loſt *Antinous? Malta*, I reſolve
To end my Days in thee.
Dec. How's that?
Ant. I'll try

All

All humble means of being reconcil'd;
Which if deny'd, then I may juſtly ſay,
This Day has prov'd my worſt: *Decius*, my worſt.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gonzalo, *and* Gaſpero.

Gaſ. NOw to what you have heard; as no Man can
Better than I, give you her Character;
For I have been both nurs'd, and train'd up to
Her petulant Humours, and been glad to bear them,
Her Brother, my late Maſter, did no leſs.
Strong apprehenſions of her Beauty hath
Made her believe that ſhe is more than Woman:
And as there did not want thoſe Flatterers
'Bout the World's Conqueror, to make him think,
And did perſuade him that he was a God;
So there be thoſe baſe Flies, that will not ſtick
To buz into her Ears, ſhe is an Angel,
And that the Food ſhe feeds on is *Ambroſia*.
Gon. She ſhould not touch it then, 'tis Poets fare.
Gaſ. I may take leave to ſay, ſhe may as well
Determine of herſelf to be a Goddeſs,
With leſſer Flattery than he a God:
For ſhe does conquer more, although not farther,
Every one looks on her, dies in deſpair,
And would be glad to do it actually,
To have the next Age tell how worthily,
And what good Cauſe he had to periſh ſo:
Her Beauty is Superlative, ſhe knows it,
And knowing it, thinks no Man can deſerve,
But ought to periſh, and to die for her:
Many great Princes for her Love have languiſh'd,
And given themſelves a willing Sacrifice,
Proud to have ended ſo: And now there is
A Prince ſo madded in his Paſſions,

That he forgets the Royalty he was Born to,
And deems it Happineſs to be her Slave.
Gon. You talk as if you meant to wind me in,
And make me of the number. *Gaſ.* Sir,
Miſtake me not, the Service that I owe ye
Shall plead for me: I tell you what ſhe is,
What ſhe expects, and what ſhe will effect,
Unleſs you be the Miracle of Men,
That come with purpoſe to behold, and go
Away your ſelf. *Gon.* I thank you, I will do it:
But pray reſolve me, how's ſhe ſtor'd with Wit?
Gaſ. As with Beauty, Infinite,
And more to be admir'd at, than medled with.
Gon. And walks her Tongue the ſame gate with her Feet?
Gaſ. (12) Ay, much beyond: what her Heart thinks, ſhe utters,
So boldly, and ſo readily, as you'd judge
It Penn'd and Studied.

Enter Erota, Philander, Annophel, Hyparcha, Mochingo, *and Attendants.*

Gon. She comes.
Gaſ. I muſt leave you then,
But my beſt Wiſhes ſhall remain with you. [*Exit.*
Gon. Still I muſt thank you. This is the moſt paſſionate,
Moſt pit'ful Prince, who in the Caldron of
Affections, looks as he had been Par-boyl'd.
Phil. If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I muſt ſtill commit,
To make your Mercy ſhine the more on me.

(12) *Much beyond: what e'er her Heart thinks ſhe utters:*
And ſo boldly, ſo readily, as you would judge] I have been forc'd to take ſome unuſual Liberties here to reſtore the Meaſure; but the Reader, who compares the ſeveral Editions of all our Authors Plays, will find ſo many Omiſſions and Interpolations in all of them, tho' more particularly in the laſt Folio and the Octavo, that he will know that no Editor can do Juſtice to them without taking ſome, even great Liberties. They were certainly ſometimes incorrect in their Meaſures, but they were as certainly render'd ten times more ſo by the Careleſsneſs of their Tranſcribers and Printers.

Ero.

Ero. You are the ſelf-ſame Creature you condemn,
Or elſe you durſt not follow me with hope
That I can pity you, who am ſo far
From granting any Comfort in this kind,
That you and all Men elſe ſhall periſh firſt:
I will live free and ſingle, 'till I find
Something above a Man to equal me;
(13) Put all your braveſt *Heroes* into one,
Your Kings and Emperors, and let him come
In Perſon of a Man, and I ſhould ſcorn him:
Muſt, and will ſcorn him.
The God of Love himſelf hath loſt his Eyes;
His Bow and Torch extinguiſh'd, and the Poets
That made him firſt a God, have loſt their Fire
Since I appear'd, and from my Eyes muſt ſteal it.
This I dare ſpeak; and let me ſee the Man,
Now I have ſpoke it, that doth dare deny;
Nay, not believe it.

Moc. He is mad that does not.

Ero. Have not all Nations of the Earth heard of me?
Moſt come to ſee me, and ſeeing me, return'd
Full of my Praiſes? Teaching their Chroniclers
To make their Stories perfect? for where the Name,
Meerly the word of fair *Erota* ſtands,
It is a laſting Hiſtory to Time,
Begetting Admiration in the Men,
And in my own Sex, Envy; which Glory's loſt,
When I ſhall ſtick my Beauty in a Cloud.
(14) And clearly ſhine through it.

Gon. This Woman's in the Altitudes, and he muſt be
A good Aſtrologer ſhall know her Zodiack.

(13) *Put all your* brave *Heroes into one.*] There can be no doubt of *brave* having been *braveſt* in the Original, and I ſo corrected it without deſigning a Note. But overlooking Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin, I find he had made the Correction and put an *L. T.* under it.

(14) *And* clearly *ſhine thro' it*] I believe moſt Readers will think *clearly* a Corruption; a Word that ſignify'd the very reverſe would beſt ſuit the Context, *dimly* is rather too far from the Trace of the Letters, *barely* therefore ſeem'd to me to bid faireſt, but Mr. *Sympſon* conjectures *meerly*, and perhaps he may be right. I am too doubtful to inſert either of them in the Text.

(15) *Phil.* For any Man to think
Himſelf an able Purchaſer of you,
But in the Bargain there muſt be declar'd
Infinite Bounty; otherwiſe I vow,
By all that's Excellent and Gracious in you,
I would untenant every Hope lodg'd in me,
And yield myſelf up Love's, or your own Martyr.
Ero. So you ſhall pleaſe us.
Phil. O you cannot be
So heav'nly and ſo abſolute in all things,
And yet retain ſuch cruel Tyranny.
Ero. I can, I do, I will.
Gon. She is in her
Moods, and her Tenſes: I'll then Grammar with you,
And make a trial how I can decline you:
B'your leave, great Lady. *Ero.* What are you? *Gon.*
A Man,
A good Man, that's a wealthy, a proper Man,
Ay, and a proud Man too; one that underſtands
Himſelf, and knows, unleſs it be yourſelf,
No Woman in the Univerſe deſerves him.
Nay, Lady, I muſt tell you too withal,
I may make doubt of that, unleſs you paint
With better Judgment next Day than on this;
For (plain I muſt be with you) 'tis a dull *Fucus.*
Ero. Knows any one here what this Fellow is?
Atten. He is of *Venice*, Madam, a great *Magnifico*,
And gracious with the Senate. *Ero.* Let him keep
Then among them; what makes he here? Here's State
Enough where I am: here's a do——You, tell him,
If he have ought with us, let him look lower,
And give it in Petition.

(15) Phil. *For any Man to think*
Himſelf an able Purchaſer of you, &c.] I have ſome time heſitated on this Paſſage, the Senſe would be clearer if the firſt Hemiſtich was fill'd up thus,
'Twere Arrogance *for any Man to think*
Himſelf an able Purchaſer of You, &c.
Perhaps indeed the Poets might make *Philander* in his Fit of Adoration uſe a ſtronger Word than *Arrogance*, as *Hereſy* or *Blaſphemy*, but 'tis all meer Conjecture.

Moc.

Moc. Mighty *Magnifico*,
My Miſtreſs bid me tell you, if you've ought,
With her, you muſt look low'r, and yield it in
Petition.
Gon. Here's for thee a Ducket.
Moc. You ſay
Well, Sir, take your own Courſe.
Gon. I will not grace you,
Lady, ſo much as take you by the Hand;
But when I ſhall vouchſafe to touch your Lip,
It ſhall be through your Court a Holiday
Proclaimed for ſo high Favour.
Ero. This is
Some great Man's Jeſter: Sirrah, begon, here is
No place to fool in.
Gon. Where are th' Fools you talk of?
I do keep two.
Ero. No queſtion of it; for
In your own ſelf you do maintain an hundred.
Gon. And beſides them, I keep a noble Train,
Statiſts, and Men of Action; my Purſe is large and deep,
Beyond the reach of Riot to draw dry:
Fortune did vie with Nature, to beſtow,
When I was born, her Bounty equally:
'Tis not amiſs you turn your Eyes from me;
For ſhould you ſtand and gaze me in the Face,
You periſh would, like *Semele* by *Jove*:
In *Venice*, at this inſtant there do lie
No leſs than threeſcore Ladies in their Graves,
And in their Beds five hundred, for my Love. [bravely;
Moc. You lie more than they; yet it becomes him
Would I could walk and talk ſo: I'll endeavour it.
Ero. Sir, do you know me?
Gon. Yes, you were Siſter to the late Prince of *Candy*,
Aunt to this young one: And I in *Venice*,
Am born a Lord; equal to you in Fortunes,
In Shape—I'll ſay no more, but view.
Moc. There needs no more be ſaid, were I a Woman—
O he does rarely: In Shape; I'll ſay no more,
But view: Who could ſay more, who better?

Man is no Man, nor Woman Woman is,
Unleſs they have a Pride like one of theſe.
How poor the Prince of *Cyprus* ſhews to him?
How poor another Lady unto her!
Carriage and State makes us ſeem Demi-gods,
Humility, like Beaſts, Worms of the Earth.

Enter Antinous, *and* Decius.

Ant. Royal Lady,
I kiſs your Hand. *Ero.* I know you not, Sir. *Anno.* O!
My noble Brother, welcome from the Wars.
Ant. Dear Siſter.
Anno. Where is my Father, that you come
Without him? We have news of your Succeſs.
He has his Health, I hope? *Ant.* Yes Siſter, he has
His Health, but is not well. *Anno.* How, not well then?
What Riddles do you utter?
Ant. I'll tell you more in private. *Gon.* Noble Sir,
I cannot be unmindful of your Merit,
Since I laſt heard it: You are a hopeful Youth,
Indeed, the Soul of *Candy.* I muſt ſpeak
My Thoughts.
Anno. The Prince of *Cyprus* Brother; O good *Decius!*
Ant. I am his Servant.
Phi. You are the Patron of your Country, Sir,
So your unimitable Deeds proclaim you,
It is no Language of my own, but all Mens.
Gon. Your Enemies muſt needs acknowledge it:
Then do not think it flattery in your Friends,
For if they had a Heart, they could not want
A Tongue *Ero.* Is this your Brother, *Annophel?*
Anno. Yes, Madam.
Ero. Y'r Name's *Antinous?*
Ant. I am,
Lady, that moſt unfortunate Man. *Ero.* How!
Unfortunate? Why, are you not the Soldier,
The Captain of thoſe Captains, that did bring
Conqueſt and Victory home along with you?
Ant. I had ſome ſhare in it; but was the leaſt
Of the leaſt worthy. *Gon.* O Sir, in your Modeſty

You'll

You'll make a double Conqueſt: I was Ear-witneſs
When this young Man ſpoke leſſer than he acted,
And had the Soldier's voice to help him out:
(16) But that the Law compell'd him, and his Honour
Inforc'd him make a claim for his Reward,
I well perceive he would have ſtood the Man
That he does now, buried his Worth in ſilence.
Ero. Sir,
I hearken not to him, but look on you,
And find more in you than he can relate:
You ſhall attend on me.
Ant. Madam, your Pardon.
Ero. Deny it not, Sir, for it is more Honour
(17) Than you have got i'th' Field: For know you ſhall,
Upon *Erota*'s asking, ſerve *Erota*.
Ant. I may want Anſwers, Lady,
But never want a Will to do you ſervice.
I came here to my Siſter to take leave,
Having enjoin'd myſelf to Baniſhment,
For ſome cauſe that hereafter you may hear,
And wiſh with me I had not the occaſion.
Anne. There ſhall be no occaſion to divide us:
Dear Madam for my ſake uſe all your Power,
(18) Even for the Service that he ought to owe,
Muſt, and does owe to you, his Friends, and Country.
Ero. Upon your Loyalty to th' State and me,
I do command you, Sir, not depart *Candy:*
Am I not your Princeſs?

(16) *But that the Law compell'd him for his Honour,*
To inforce him make a claim for his Reward,] *The Law compell'd him to inforce him* ſeemed ſomewhat abſurd; but I was at firſt a little doubtful whether I ſhould treat it as an evident Corruption, till obſerving that the *for* in the ſecond Line ſtood directly under that in the firſt, and that every one knows how frequently the Printers make ſuch Miſtakes; I was determin'd to treat it as a Miſtake.

(17) *Than you have i'th' Field:*] Tho' this was not Nonſenſe, yet the Abbreviations being unneceſſary unleſs a Word was dropt, I ſuſpected the Verb *won* to have been the Original, but conſulting the old Folio found it to be *gotten*, for which *got* is frequently put both by the Old *Engliſh* Writers as well as the Modern.

(18) Ever *for the Service*] The Corruption here is too evident to need a Proof.

Ant.

Ant. You are, great Lady.
Ero. Then ſhew yourſelf a Servant and a Subject.
Ant. I am your Vaſſal.
Mor. You are a Coward; I that dare not Fight,
Scorn to be Vaſſal to any Prince in *Europe:*
Great is my Heart with Pride, which I'll encreaſe
When they are gone, with practice on my Vaſſals.

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The noble *Caſſilane* is come to ſee you, Madam.
Dec. There's comfort in thoſe words, *Antinous*;
For here's the Place and Perſons that have power
To reconcile you to his Love again.
Ant. That were a fortunate Meeting.

Enter Caſſilane *and* Arcanes.

Caſ. Greatneſs ſtill wait you, Lady.
Ero. Good *Caſſilane*,
We do maintain our Greatneſs through your Valour.
Caſ. My Prayers pull daily Bleſſings on thy Head,
My un-offending Child, my *Annophel*, [me?
Good Prince, worthy *Gonzalo!* Ha! Art thou here before
In every Action art thou thus Ambitious?
My Duty, Lady, I firſt offered here,
And Love to thee, my Child, though he out-ſtrip me;
Thus in the Wars he got the ſtart on me,
By being forward, but performing leſs;
All the endeavours of my Life are loſt,
And thrown upon that Evil of mine own
Curſed begetting, whom I ſhame to Father.
O that the heat thou rob'dſt me of, had burnt
Within my Entrails, and begot a Feaver,
Or ſome worſe Sickneſs, for thou 'rt a Diſeaſe
Sharper than any Phyſick gives a Name to.
Anno. Why do you ſay ſo?
Caſ. O *Annophel*; there is good cauſe, my Girl:
H' has plaid the Thief with me, and filch'd away,
The richeſt Jewel of my Life, my Honour,
Wearing it publickly with that Applauſe,
As if he juſtly did inherit it.

Ant.

Ant. Would I had in my Infancy been laid
Within my Grave, cover'd with Bleſſings, rather
Than grown up to a Man, to meet your Curſes.
Caſ. O that thou hadſt.
(19) Then I had been the Father of a Child,
Dearer than thou wert even unto me,
When hope perſwaded me I had begot
Another ſelf in thee: Out of mine Eyes,
As far as I have thrown thee from my Heart,
That I may live and die forgetting thee.
Ero. How has he, Sir, deſerv'd this untam'd Anger,
That when he might have ask'd for his Reward
Some Honour for himſelf, or maſs of Pelf,
He only did requeſt to have erected
Your Statue in the Capitol, with Titles
Ingrav'd upon't, *The Patron of his Country?*
Caſ. That, that's the Poiſon in the gilded Cup,
The Serpent in the Flowers, that ſtings my Honour,
And leaves me dead in Fame: Gods do a Juſtice,
And rip his Boſom up, that Men may ſee,
Seeing, believe the ſubtle Practices
Written within his Heart: But I am heated,
And do forget this Preſence, and myſelf.
Your Pardon, Lady.
Ero. You ſhould not ask, 'leſs you knew how to give.
For my ſake, *Caſſilane*, caſt out o' your Thoughts
All ill Conceptions of your worthy Son,
That, queſtionleſs, has ignorantly offended,
Declared in his Penitence.
Caſ. Bid me die, Lady, for your ſake I'll do it;
But that you'll ſay is nothing, for a Man
That has out-liv'd his Honour: But command me

(19) *Then I had been the Father of a Child,*
Dearer than thou wert ever unto me,
When hope perſwaded me I had begot
Another ſelf in thee:] This Sentence ſeems a little obſcure. It ſhould mean, that he had then only had one Child, *viz. Annophil*, who is dearer to him than *Antinous* was ev'n at the time of his Birth, when Hope perſuaded him that he had begot another ſelf. The Change of *ever* to *even*, in this Place alſo, ſeems to give this Senſe more clearly.

In

In any thing ſave that, and *Caſſilane*
Shall ever be your Servant. Come *Annophel*,
My Joy in this World, thou ſhalt live with me,
Retired in ſome ſolitary Nook,
The comfort of my Age; my Days are ſhort,
And ought to be well ſpent; and I deſire
No other Witneſs of them but thyſelf,
And good *Arcanes*.

Anno. I ſhall obey you, Sir.

Gon. Noble Sir,
If you taſte any want of worldly Means,
Let not that diſcontent you: Know me your Friend,
That hath and can ſupply you.

Caſ. Sir, I am too much bound to you already,
And 'tis not of my Cares the leaſt, to give you
Fair Satisfaction.

Gon. You may imagine I do ſpeak to that end,
But truſt me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.

Caſ. I thank you, Sir, and may make trial of you;
Mean time my Service.

Anno. Brother be comforted; ſo long as I continue
Within my Father's Love, you cannot long
Stand out an Exile: I muſt go live with him,
And I will prove ſo good an Orator
In your behalf, that you again ſhall gain him,
(20) Or I will ſtir in him another Anger,
And be loſt with you.

Ant. Better I were neglected: For he 's haſty,
And through the Choler that abounds in him,
Which for the time divides from him his Judgment,
He may caſt you off, and with you his Life;
For Grief will ſtraight ſurprize him, and that way
Muſt be his Death: The Sword has try'd too often,
And all the deadly Inſtruments of War
Have aim'd at his great Heart, but ne'er could touch it:
Yet not a Limb about him wants a Scar.

(20) *Or I will ſtir* with *him another Anger*
And be loſt with you.] Here the *with* in the lower Line by an accidental Caſt of the Printer's Eye ſeems to have juſtled a more proper Prepoſition out of the upper one.

Caſ.

Caſ. Madam, my Duty——*Ero.* Will you be gone?
Caſ. I muſt,
Lady, but I'll be ready, when you 're pleas'd
Command me, for your Service. Excellent Prince——
To all my hearty Love, and good Farewel.
Moc. Thanks, honeſt *Caſſilane.* *Caſ.* Come *Annophel.*
Gon. Shall I not wait upon you, Sir?
Caſ. From hence
You ſhall not ſtir a Foot: Loving *Gonzalo,*
It muſt be all my Study to requite you.
Gon. If I may be ſo fortunate to deſerve
The Name of Friend from you, I have enough.
Caſ. You are ſo, and you 've made yourſelf ſo. *Gon.* I'll then
Preſerve it.
Ero. *Antinous,* you're my Servant, are you not?
Ant. 'T hath pleas'd you ſo to grace me.
Ero. Why are you then dejected? You will ſay,
You 've loſt a Father; but you 've found a Miſtreſs
Doubles that loſs: Be Maſter of your Spirit;
You have a cauſe for it, which is my Favour.
Gon. And mine.
Ero. Will no Man eaſe me of this Fool?
Gon. Your Fellow.
Ero. *Antinous* wait upon us.
Ant. I ſhall, Madam.
Gon. Nay but Lady, Lady.
Ero. Sir, you are rude: And if you be the Maſter
Of ſuch Means as you talk of, you ſhould learn
Good Manners.
Gon. O Lady, you can find a fault in me,
But not perceive it in yourſelf: You muſt, ſhall hear me:
I love you for your Pride, 'tis the beſt Virtue in you.
Ero. I could hang this Fellow now: By whom
Are you ſupported, that you dare do this?
Have you not here example in a Prince
Tranſcending you in all things, yet bears himſelf
As doth become a Man had ſeen my Beauty?
Back to your Country, and your Curtizans,
Where you may be admired for your Wealth,

Which

Which being conſum'd, may be a means to gain you
Th' opinion of ſome Wit. Here's nothing to
Be got but Scorn, and loſs of time. *Gon.* Which are
Things I delight in. *Ero. Antinous*, follow me. [*Exit.*
Gon. She is vext to the Soul.
Moc. Let her be vext,
'Tis fit ſhe ſhould be ſo:
Give me thy Hand *Gonzalo*, thou 'rt in our favour,
For we do love to cheriſh lofty Spirits,
Such as percuſſe the Earth, and bound
With an erected Countenance to the Clouds.
Gon. 'S-foot, what thing is this?
Moc. I do love Fire-works, becauſe they mount:
An Exhalation I profeſs to adore
Beyond a fixed Star, 'tis more Illuſtrious,
As every thing rais'd out of Smoak is ſo:
Their Virtue is in Action: What do you think
Of me? *Gon.* Troth, Sir, you are beyond my gueſs,
I know you not. *Moc.* D' you know yourſelf? *Gon.*
Yes, Sir.
Moc. Why, you and I are one: I'm proud, and
Very proud too,
That I muſt tell yo'; I ſaw it did become you,
Couſin *Gonzalo*, prithee let it be ſo.
Gon. Let it be ſo, good Couſin.
Moc. I am no great ones Fool.
Gon. I hope ſo, for Alliance ſake.
Moc. Yet I do ſerve
The Mighty, Monſtrous, and Magnanimous,
Invincible *Erota*.
Gon. O good Couſin,
I have you now: I'll meet you in your Coat.
Moc. Coat? I've my Horſe-man's Coat I muſt confeſs
Lin'd through with Velvet, and a Scarlet out-ſide;
If you will meet me in't, I'll ſend for it;
And Couſin you ſhall ſee me with much comfort,
For it is both a new one, and a right one,
It did not come Collateral.
Gon. Adieu
Good Couſin; at this preſent I've ſome buſineſs.
Moc. Farewel, excellent Couſin. ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Gonzalo, *and* Fernando.

Gon. CAndy, I ſay, is loſt already.
Fer. Yes,
If to be Conqueror be to be loſt. [them.
Gon. You have it; one Day's Conqueſt hath undone
And ſold them to their Vaſſalage; for what
Have I elſe toil'd my Brains, profuſely empty'd
My Monies, but to make them Slaves to *Venice*,
That ſo in caſe the Sword did loſe his Edge,
Then Art might ſharpen hers?
Fer. Gonzalo, how?
Gon. Fernando thus: You ſee how through this Land,
Both of the beſt and baſeſt I am honour'd;
I only gave the State of *Venice* notice,
When, where, and how to Land, or you had found
A better Entertainment: I was he
Encourag'd young *Antinous* to affront
The Devil his Father: For the Devil, I think,
Dares not do more in Battel.
Fer. But why did ye?
I find no ſuch great Policy in that.
Gon. Indeed *Fernando*, thou canſt fight, not plot:
Had they continu'd one, they two alone
Were of ſufficient Courage and Performance
To beat an Army.
Fer. Now by all my hopes,
I rather ſhall admire, than envy Virtue.
Gon. Why then by all your hopes you'll rather have
Your Brains knockt out, than learn how to be wiſe;
You States-man? Well, Sir, I did more than this,
When *Caſſilane* crav'd from the common Treaſure
Pay for his Soldiers, I ſtruck home, and lent him
An hundred thouſand Duckats.
Fer. Marry, Sir,
The Policy was little, the Love leſs,
And Honeſty leaſt of all.

Gon.

Gon. How ſay ye by that?
Go fight, I ſay go fight, I'll talk no more with you,
You are inſenſible.
Fer. Well, I ſhall obſerve ye.
Gon. Why look you, Sir, by this means have I got
The greateſt part of *Caſſilane*'s Eſtate
Into my Hands, which he can ne'er redeem,
But muſt of force ſink: D' you conceive me now?
Fer. So:
But why have you importuned the Senate,
(21) For me to ſojourn with him?
Gon. There's the Quinteſſence,
The Soul, and grand Elixir of my Wit:
For he, according to his noble Nature,
Will not be known to want, though he do want,
And will be bankrupted ſo much the ſooner,
And made the ſubject of our Scorn and Laughter.
Fer. Here is a perfect plotted Stratagem.
Gon. Why? Could yo'
Imagine, that I did not hate
In Heart, my Country's Enemies? Yes, yes,
Fernando, and I'll be the Man that ſhall
Undo them. *Fer.* Ye are in a ready way.
Gon. I was ne'er out on't.

Enter Gaſpero.

Gon. Peace, here comes a wiſe
Coxcomb, a tame Coward—Worthy *Gaſpero*, what,
You come, I know, to be my Lord *Fernando*'s
Conducter to old *Caſſilane*?
Gaſ. To wait upon him. *Gon.* And my Lords the Senators
Sent you?
Gaſ. My noble Lord, they did.
Gon. My Lord *Fernando*,
This Gentleman, as humble as you ſee him,
Is ev'n this Kingdom's Treaſure: In a word,

(21) *For me to ſojourn with* them?] It was *Caſſilane* to whom he was to become a Gueſt, *them* therefore ſeems a Miſtake, as the Antecedent would be the Senate, not *Caſſilane* or his Family.

'Tis

'Tis his chief Glory that he is not wiſer
Than honeſt, nor more honeſt than approv'd
In Truth and Faith.
Gaſ. My Lord.
Gon. You may be bold
To truſt him with your Boſom, he'll not deceive
If you rely upon him once.
Fer. Your Name is *Gaſpero?*
Gaſ. Your Servant.
Gon. Go commend me,
Right honeſt *Gaſpero*, commend me heartily
To noble *Caſſilane*, tell him my Love
Is vow'd to him.
Gaſ. I ſhall.
Gon. I know you will.
My Lord, I cannot long be abſent from you.
Fer. Sir, you are now my Guide. [*Exit.*
Gon. Thus my deſigns
Run uncontroul'd; yet *Venice*, though I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my Brain are
Other large Projects: For if proud *Erota*
Bend to my lure, I will be *Candy*'s King,
And Duke of *Venice* too. Ha? *Venice* too? O
'Twas prettily ſhov'd in: Why not? *Erota*
May in her Love ſeal all ſure: If ſhe ſwallow
The Bait, I'm Lord of both; if not, yet *Candy*,
Deſpight of all her Power, ſhall be ruin'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Caſſilane, Arcanes, *and* Annophel.

Caſ. Urge me no farther, *Annophel.*
Anno. My Lord.
Caſ. Thy Father's Poverty has made thee happy;
For though 'tis true, this ſolitary Life
Sutes not with Youth and Beauty, O my Child,
Yet 'tis the ſweeteſt Guardian to protect
Chaſt Names from Court-aſperſions; there a Lady,
Tender and delicate in Years and Graces,
That doats upon the charms of Eaſe and Pleaſure,
Is Ship-wrackt on the Shore; for 'tis much ſafer
To truſt the Ocean in a leaking Ship,

Than follow Greatneſs in the wanton Rites
Of Luxury and Sloth.
Anno. My Wiſhes, Sir,
Have never ſoar'd a higher flight, than truly
To find Occaſion wherein I might witneſs
My Duty and Obedience.
Caſ. 'Tis well ſaid,
Canſt thou forbear to laugh, *Arcanes?*
Arc. Why, Sir?
Caſ. To look upon my Beggary, to look
Upon my Patience in my Beggary:
Tell me,
Does it ſhew handſome? Bravely? Handſome? Thou
Wilt flatter me, (22) and ſwear that I am miſerable.
Arc. Nothing
More glorifies the Noble, and the Valiant,

(22) *Thou wilt flatter me*
And ſwear that I am miſerable.] I have endeavoured to rectify the Meaſure of this and the three preceding Lines; but there is a Difficulty in the laſt, which Mr. *Sympſon* would amend, by ſuppoſing a Negative dropt, and would read,

And ſwear that I'm not *miſerable.*

But this does not ſatisfy, and I therefore prefer the old Reading with the following Interpretation. ——— "You, *Arcanes*, will flatter me "by talking of my former Greatneſs and Glory, and ſwear that this "Retirement is Miſery to a Man of my Abilities for the Command "of whole Armies."——This gives me an Opportunity of remarking the Excellency of *Caſſilane*'s Character; the Faults of whoſe Temper, tho' the fineſt Strokes of the Poet's Pencil, are apt to diſguſt ſome Readers. The ſame has hapned with regard to *Arbaces* in *the King and no King*; the Faults of the Heroes are objected to the Poets, and they ſcarce think it poſſible that Perſons of ſuch noble and magnanimous Tempers ſhould be diſtracted with ſuch violent and frantick Paſſions. But the Poets, from a deeper Inſight into human Nature, knew, that Perſons of *bright Parts* and *extenſive Capacities* are more ſubject to *violent Paſſions* than Genius's of a *lower Claſs*: Becauſe *quick Perceptions* are the Source from whence chiefly ſpring both the *Underſtanding* and the *Paſſions*. The Characters therefore of *Achilles* by *Homer*, of *Turnus* and *Mezentius* by *Virgil*, of *Caſſius*, *Hotſpur* and *Coriolanus* by *Shakeſpear*, of *Arbaces* and *Caſſilane*, by our Authors, required more Art, and a deeper Inſight into Nature to draw them, than either *Hector*, *Æneas*, *Brutus* or *Antinous* by the ſame Authors, altho' the latter are certainly much more amiable Characters than the former.

Than

Than to deſpiſe Contempt: If you continue
But to enjoy yourſelf, you in yourſelf
Enjoy all ſtore beſides.
Caſ. An excellent change:
I that ſome ſeven Apprenticeſhips commanded
A hundred Miniſters, that waited on
My Nod, and ſometimes twenty thouſand Soldiers,
Am now retir'd, attended in my Age
By one poor Maid, follow'd by one old Man.
Arc. Sir, you are lower in your own Repute
Than you have reaſon for.
Caſ. The *Roman* Captains,
I mean the braveſt, ſuch as with their Bloods
Purchas'd their Country's Peace, the Empire's Glory,
Were glad at laſt to get them to ſome Farms,
Off from the clamours of th' ingrateful great ones,
And the unſteady Multitude, to live
As I do now, and 'twas their bleſſing too,
Let it be ours, *Arcanes.*
Arc. I cannot but
Applaud your ſcorn of Injuries.
Caſ. Of Injuries?
Arcanes, *Annophel*, lend both your Hands.
So, what ſay y' now?
Arc. Why now, my Lord——
Caſ. I ſwear
By all my paſt Proſperities; thus ſtanding
Between you two, I think myſelf as great,
As mighty, as if in the Capitol
I ſtood amidſt the Senators, with all
The *Cretan* Subjects proſtrate at my Feet.
Anno. Sir, you are here more ſafe.
Caſ. And more belov'd:
Why look ye, Sirs, I can forget the weakneſs
Of the traduced Soldiers, the neglect
Of the fair-ſpoken Senate, the impiety
Of him, the Villain, whom, to my diſhonour,
The World miſcalls my Son. But by the —— *Arc.* Sir,
Remember that you promis'd no occaſion
Should move your Patience.

Caſ. Thou doſt chide me friendly,
He ſhall not have the Honour to be thought upon
Amongſt us.

Enter a Servant.

Now? the News?

Serv. The Secretary,
With the *Venetian* Priſoner, deſire
Admittance to your Lordſhip.

Caſ. How? to me?
What Myſtery is this? *Arcanes*, can they,
Think'ſt thou, mean any good?

Arc. My Lord, they dare not
Intend ought elſe but good.

Caſ. 'Tis true, they dare not.
Arcanes, welcome them: Come hither, *Annophel*, [*Ex.* Arc.
Stand cloſe to me, we'll change our Affability
Into a form of State: And they ſhall know
Our Heart is ſtill our own.

Enter Arcanes, Fernando, *and* Gaſpero.

Arc. My Lord——

Caſ. Arcanes,
I know them both: *Fernando*, as you are
A Man of Greatneſs, I ſhould undervalue
The Right my Sword hath fought for, to obſerve
Low-fawning Complements, but as you are
A Captive and a Stranger, I can love you,
And muſt be kind. You 're welcome.

Fer. 'Tis the all
Of my Ambition.

Gaſ. And for proof how much
He truly honours your Heroick Virtues,
The Senate, on his importunity,
Commend him to your Lordſhip's Guard.

Caſ. For what?

Gaſ. During the time of his Abode in *Candy*,
To be your Houſhold Gueſt.

Fer. Wherein, my Lord,
You ſhall more make me Debtor to your Nobleneſs,
Than if you had return'd me without Ranſom.

Caſ. Are you in earneſt, Sir?

Fer.

Fer. My Suit to th' Senate
Shall beſt reſolve you that.
Caſ. Come hither, Secretary,
Look that this be no Trick now put upon me:
For if it be——Sirrah——
Gaſ. As I have troth,
My Lord, it only is a Favour granted
Upon *Fernando*'s motion, from himſelf:
Your Lordſhip muſt conceive, I'd not partake
Ought, but what ſhould concern your Honour: Who
Has been the Prop, our Country's Shield, and Safety,
But the renowned *Caſſilane?*
Caſ. Applauſe?
Is *Gaſpero*—puff—nothing——why, young Lord,
Would you ſo much be ſequeſter'd from thoſe
That are the blazing Comets of the Time,
To live a ſolitary Life with me,
A Man forſaken? All my Hoſpitality
Is now contracted to a few; theſe two,
This Tempeſt-wearied Soldier, and this Virgin;
We cannot feaſt your Eyes with Maſques and Revels,
Or Courtly Antics; the ſad Sports we riot in,
Are Tales of foughten Fields, of Martial Scars,
And things done long ago, when Men of Courage
Were held the beſt, not thoſe well-ſpoken Youths,
Who only carry Conqueſt in their Tongues:
Now ſtories of this Nature are unſeaſonable
To entertain a great Duke's Son.
Fer. Herein
Shall my Captivity be made my Happineſs,
Since what I loſe in freedom, I regain,
With int'reſt, by converſing with a Soldier,
So matchleſs for Experience, as great *Caſſilane:*
'Pray Sir, admit me.
Caſ. If you come to mock me,
I ſhall be angry.
Fer. By the love I bear
To Goodneſs, my Intents are honourable.
Caſ. Then in a word, my Lord, your Viſitations
Shall find all due reſpect: But I am now

Grown old, and have forgot to be an Hoſt;
Come when you pleaſe, you're welcome.
Fer. Sir, I thank you.
Anno. Good Sir, be not too urgent; for my Father
Will ſoon be mov'd: yet in a noble way
Of Courteſie, he is as eaſily conquer'd.
Fer. Lady, your Words are like your Beauty, powerful;
I ſhall not ſtrive more how to do him Service,
Than how to be your Servant.
Caſ. She's my Daughter,
And does command this Houſe.
Fer. So I conceive her.
Caſ. D' you hear?
Gaſ. My honour'd Lord.
Caſ. Commend me to them;
Tell 'em I thank them.
Gaſ. Whom, my Lord;
Caſ. The Senate;
Why, how come you ſo dull? O they are gracious,
And infinitely grateful——Thou art Eloquent,
Speak modeſtly in mentioning my Services;
And if ought fall out in the By, that muſt
Of meer neceſſity touch any act
Of my deſerving Praiſes, bluſh when you talk on't.
'Twill make them bluſh to hear on't.
Gaſ. Why, my Lord——
Caſ. Nay, nay, you are too wiſe now; good, obſerve me.
I do not rail againſt the hopeful Springall,
That builds up Monuments in Braſs; rears Trophies
With Mottoes and Inſcriptions, quaint Devices
Of Poetry and Fiction; let's be quiet.
Arc. You muſt not croſs him.
Gaſ. Not for *Candy*'s Wealth. [pity
Fer. You ſhall for ever make me yours. *Anno.* 'Twere
To double your Captivity. *Arc.* Who's here,
Decius?

Enter Decius.

Caſ. Ha! *Decius*; Who nam'd *Decius?*
Dec. My Duty to your Lordſhip, I am bold,

Preſum-

Preſuming on your noble and known Goodneſs,
To———
Caſ. What?
Dec. Preſent you with this——
Caſ. Letter?
Dec. Yes, my honour'd Lord.
Caſ. From whom?
Dec. 'Pleaſe you peruſe
The Inſide, and you ſhall find a Name ſubſcrib'd,
In ſuch Humility, in ſuch Obedience,
That you your ſelf will judge it Tyranny
Not to receive it favourably.
Caſ. Hey-day!
Good words, my Maſters! This is Court-infection,
And none but Cowards ply them: Tell me, *Decius*,
Without more Circumſtance, who is the Sender?
Dec. Your moſt griev'd Son, *Antinous.*
Caſ. On my Life
A Challenge; ſpeak, as thou art worthy, ſpeak;
I'll anſwer't.
Dec. Honour'd Sir.
Caſ. No honour'd Sirs———
Fool your young Idol with ſuch pompous Attributes.
Say briefly, what contains it?
Dec. 'Tis a lowly
Petition for your Favour.
Caſ. Raſh young Man,
But that thou'rt under my own Roof, and know'ſt
I dare not any ways infringe the Laws
Of Hoſpitality, thou ſhou'dſt repent
Thy bold and rude Intruſion. But preſume not
Again to ſhew thy Letter, for thy Life;
Decius, not for thy Life.
Arc. Nay then, my Lord,
I can with-hold no longer; you're too rough,
And wreſtle againſt Nature with a violence
More than becomes a Father; wherein would ye
Come nearer to the likeneſs of a God,
Than in your being intreated? Let not thirſt

Of Honour make you (23) quite forget you are
A Man, and what makes perfect Manhood's Comforts,
A Father.

Anno. If a Memory remain
Of my departed Mother; if the Purity
Of her unblemish'd Faith deserve to live
In your Remembrance, let me yet by these
Awake your Love to my uncomforted Brother.

Fer. I am a Stranger, but so much I tender
Your Son's desertful Virtues, that I vow
His Sword ne'er Conquer'd me so absolutely,
As shall your Courtesie, if you vouchsafe,
At all our instances, to new receive him
Into your wonted Favour.

Gas. Sir you cannot
Require more low Submission.

Anno. Am I not
Grown vile yet in your Eyes? then by the name
Of Father, let me once more sue for him,
Who is the only now remaining Branch
With me, of that most ancient Root, whose Body
You are, dear Sir.

Cas. 'Tis well, an Host of Furies
Could not have baited me more torturingly,
More rudely, or more most unnaturally.
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him;
For this time go thou hence, and know from me
Thou art beholden to me, that I have not

(23) ——————*quite forget you are*
A Man, and what makes perfect Manhoods, comforts
A Father.

Anno. *If a Memory remain* &c. Mr. *Sympson* would correct this Passage thus.

——————*quite forget you are*
A Man, and what makes perfect Manhood's Comforts.
Anno. *O Father, if a Memory remain* &c.

But this Emendation makes more Changes than are necessary, and does not restore the whole Beauty of the Poets Sentiment, which was indeed utterly lost by the false Points of all the former Editions. These being restor'd, the Sense will be clear. "Don't forget you are a "Man, and what is the greatest Blessing in the State of Manhood, "*a Father.*

Kill'd

Kill'd thee already, look to it next, look to't.
Arcanes, fie, fie *Annophel*. [*Exit.*
Arc. He's gone,
Chaf'd beyond ſufferance; we muſt follow him.
Dec. Lady, this Letter is to you.
Anno. Come with me,
For we muſt ſpeak in private; 'pleaſe you, Sir,
To ſee what Entertainment our ſad Houſe
Can yield? [*Exit.*
Fer. I ſhall attend you, Lady.
Gaſ. How do you like
To ſojourn here, my Lord?
Fer. More than to feaſt
With all the Princes of the Earth beſides:
Gonzalo told me, thou wert honeſt.
Gaſ. Yes, Sir,
And you ſhall find it.
Fer. Shall I?
Gaſ. All my Follies
Be elſe recorded to my Shame.
Fer. Enough,
My Heart is here for ever lodg'd.
Gaſ. The Lady.
Fer. The Place admits no time to utter all,
But *Gaſpero*, if thou wilt prove my Friend,
I'll ſay thou art———
Gaſ. Your Servant; I conceive ye,
We'll chuſe ſome fitter leiſure.
Fer. Never Man
Was in a moment, or more bleſs'd, or wretched.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hyparcha *placing two Chairs*, Antinous, *and* Erota.

Ero. Leave us.
Hyp. I ſhall. [*Exit.*
Ero. Antinous, ſit down.
Ant. Madam.
Ero. I ſay, ſit down, I do command you ſit;

For

For look what Honour thou doſt gain by me,
I cannot loſe it; happy *Antinous*,
The Graces and the higher Deities
Smil'd at thy Birth, and ſtill continue it:
Then think that I, who ſcorn leſſer Examples,
Muſt do the like: Such as do taſte my Power,
And talk of it with Fear and Reverence,
Shall do the ſame unto the Man I favour.
I tell thee Youth, thou haſt a Conqueſt won,
Since thou cam'ſt home, far greater than that laſt
Which dignify'd thy Fame, greater than if
Thou ſhould'ſt go out again, and conquer farther;
For I am not aſhamed to acknowledge
My ſelf ſubdu'd by thee.

Ant. Great Lady——

Ero. Sit ſtill, I will not hear thee elſe; now ſpeak,
And ſpeak like my *Antinous*, like my Soldier,
Whom *Cupid*, and not *Mars*, hath ſent to Battel.

Ant. I muſt, I ſee, be ſilent.

Ero. So thou may'ſt;
There's greater Action in it than in Clamour;
A Look, if it be gracious, will begin
The War, a word conclude it; then prove no Coward,
Since thou haſt ſuch a friendly Enemy,
That teaches thee to Conquer.

Ant. You do amaze me, Madam,
I have no Skill, no Practice in this War,
And whether you be ſerious, or pleaſe
To make your Sport on a dejected Man,
I cannot rightly gueſs; but be't as 't will,
It is alike Unhappineſs to me:
My Diſcontents bear thoſe Conditions in them, [*Muſick.*
And lay me out ſo wretched, no Deſigns,
However truly promiſing a good,
Can make me reliſh ought, but a ſweet-bitter
And voluntary Exile?

Ero. Why an Exile?
What comfort can there be in thoſe Companions

Which

(24) Which ſad Thoughts bring along? *Hyparcha?*

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. Madam.

Ero. Whence comes this well-tun'd Sound? *Hyp.* I know not, Madam.

Ero. Liſten, Wench;
Whatever friendly Hands they are that ſend it, [*Song.*
Let 'em play on; they're Maſters of their Faculty:
Doth 't pleaſe you, Sir? *Ant.* According to the time.

Ero. Go to 'em, Wench,
And tell 'em, we ſhall thank 'em; for they've kept
As good time t' our Diſpoſition, as t' their Inſtruments;
Unleſs *Antinous* ſhall ſay he loves,
There never can be ſweeter Accents utter'd.

Enter Philander.

Phi. Let then the Heart that did employ thoſe Hands,
Receive ſome ſmall ſhare of your Thanks with them,
'Tis Happineſs enough that you did like it;
A Fortune unto me, that I ſhould ſend it
In ſuch a lucky Minute; but t' obtain
So gracious Welcome did exceed my Hope.

Ero. Good Prince, I thank you for't. *Phi.* O, Madam, pour not
Too faſt Joys on me,
But ſprinkle 'em ſo gently, I may ſtand 'em;
It is enough at firſt, you've laid aſide
Thoſe cruel angry Looks out of your Eyes,
With which, as with your lovely, you did ſtrike
All your Beholders in an Ecſtaſie.

Ero. Philander, you have long profeſs'd to Love me.

Phi. Hav' I but profeſs'd it, Madam?

Ero. Nay, but hear me?

Phi. More attentively than to an Oracle.

(24) *Which ſad Thoughts bring along with?*
Enter *Hyparcha.*
Hyp. *Madam.*] I think it pretty plain that *Erota* called her Attendant; and this, with leaving out an unneceſſary Monoſyllable, compleats the Meaſure.

Ero.

Ero. And I will ſpeak more truly, if more can be;
Nor ſhall my Language be wrapt up in Riddles,
But plain as Truth it ſelf; I love this Gentleman,
Whoſe Grief has made him ſo uncapable
Of Love, he will not hear, at leaſt not underſtand it.
I, that have lookt with ſcornful Eyes on thee,
And other Princes, mighty in their States,
And in their Friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,
In a petitionary kind almoſt,
This Man, this well-deſerving Man, that, I muſt ſay,
To look upon this Beauty, yet you ſee
He caſts his Eyes rather upon the Ground
Than he will turn 'em this way——
Philander, you look pale; I'll talk no more.

Phi. Pray ye go forward; I would be your Martyr;
To die thus, were immortally to live.

Ero. Will you go to him then, and ſpeak for me?
You have lov'd longer, but not ferventer,
Know how to ſpeak, for you have done it like
An Orator, ev'n for your ſelf; then how will you for me,
Whom you profeſs to love above your ſelf.

Phi. The Curſes of Diſſemblers follow me
Unto my Grave, and if I do not ſo.

Ero. You may, as all Men do, ſpeak boldlier,
Better in their Friends Cauſe ſtill, than your own;
But ſpeak your utmoſt, yet you cannot feign,
I will ſtand by, and bluſh, to witneſs it.
Tell him, ſince I beheld him, I have loſt
The happineſs of this Life, (25) Food, and Reſt;
A quiet Boſom, and the State I went with;
Tell him withal, that ſhe is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying theſe.
Tell him how he has humbled the proud,
And made the living but a dead *Erota*.

Tell

(25) ——— *Food, and Reſt;*
A quiet Boſom, and the State I went with.
Tell him how he has humbled the Proud,
And made the living but a dead Erota.
Tell him withal, that ſhe is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying theſe.] The Relative *theſe* can have no Reference to any thing contain'd in the two preceeding

Tell him——*Philander*, Prince; I talk in vain.
To you, you do not mark me.
Phi. Indeed I do.
Ero. But thou doſt look ſo pale,
As thou wilt ſpoil the Story in relating.
Phi. Not, if I can but live to tell it.
Ero. It may be you have not the Heart.
Phi. I have a Will I'm ſure, how e'er my Heart
May play the Coward; but if you pleaſe, I'll try.
Ero. If a Kiſs will ſtrengthen thee, I give you leave
To challenge it, nay, I will give it you.
Phi. O that a Man ſhould taſte ſuch heavenly Bliſs,
And be enjoin'd to beg it for another!
Ero. Alas, it is a miſery I grieve
To put you to, and I will ſuffer rather
Under his Tyranny, than thou in mine.
Phi. Nay, Madam, ſince I cannot have your Love,
I will endeavour to deſerve your Pity;
For I had rather have within the Grave
Your Love, than you ſhould want it upon Earth.
But how can I hope, with a feeble Tongue
T' inſtruct him in the Rudiments of Love,
When your moſt powerful Beauty cannot work it?
Ero. Do what thou wilt, *Philander*; the Requeſt
Is ſo unreaſonable, that I quit thee of it.
I deſire now no more but the true Patience,
And Fortitude of Lovers, with thoſe helps
Of Sighs and Tears, which, I think, 's all the Phyſick----
Phi. O, if he did but hear you 'twere enough;
And I will 'wake him from his Apoplexy.
Antinous.
Ant. My Lord?
Phi. Nay, 'pray,
No Courteſie to me, you are my Lord,

ceeding Lines, but plainly refers to Food, Reſt, a quiet Boſom and her State, which it cannot do, without much Force, as the Lines at preſent ſtand; I have therefore replac'd them in their natural Order. It is highly probable that the two intermediate Lines were added by the Author after the Former, and ſo being wrote in the Margin, the Tranſcriber or Printer might eaſily miſtake the Place where they were to be inſerted.

Indeed

Indeed you are, for you command her Heart
That commands mine; nor can you want to know it.
For look you, ſhe that told it you in words,
Explains it now more paſſionately in Tears;
Either thou haſt no Heart, or a Marble one,
If thoſe drops cannot melt it; prithee look up
And ſee how Sorrow ſits within her Eyes,
And Love the Grief ſhe goes with (if not her)
Of which thou art the Parent; and ne'er yet
Was there, by Nature, that thing made ſo Stony
But it would love whatever it begot.

Ant. He that begot me, did beget theſe Cares,
Which are good Iſſues, tho' happily by him
Eſteemed Monſters: Nay, the ill-judging World
Is likely enough to give them thoſe Characters.

Phi. What's this to Love, and to the Lady? he's old,
Wrathful, perverſe, ſelf-will'd, and full of Anger,
Which are his Faults; but let them not be thine;
He thruſts you from his Love, ſhe pulls thee on;
He doubts your Virtues, ſhe doth double them;
O either uſe thine own Eyes, or take mine,
And with them my Heart, then thou wilt love her,
Nay, dote upon her more than on thy Duty,
And Men will praiſe thee equally for it;
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a Man
Unworthy ſuch a Fortune: O *Antinous*,
'Tis not the Friendſhip that I bear to thee,
But her Command, that makes me utter this;
And when I have prevail'd, let her but ſay,
Philander, you muſt die, or this is nothing,
It ſhall be done together with a Breath,
With the ſame willingneſs I live to ſerve her.

Ero. No more, *Philander*.

Phi. All I have done, is little yet to purpoſe,
But ere I leave, I will perceive him bluſh;
And make him feel the Paſſions that I do;
Every true Lover will aſſiſt me in't,
And lend me their ſad Sighs to blow it home,
For *Cupid* wants a Dart to wound his Boſom.

Ero.

Ero. No more, no more, *Philander*, I can endure no more;
Pray let him go; go good *Antinous*, make Peace
With your own Mind, no matter though I periſh.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Hyparcha, *and* Mochingo.

Hyp. I Cannot help it.
Moc. Nor do I require it,
The Malady needs no Phyſician,
Help Hoſpital People.
Hyp. I'm glad to hear you are ſo valiant.
Moc. Valiant?
Can any Man be proud that is not valiant?
You fooliſh Woman, what would'ſt thou ſay? thou——
I know not what to call thee.
Hyp. I can you,
For I can call you Coxcomb, Aſs, and Puppy——
Moc. You do't, I thank you.
Hyp. That you'll loſe a Fortune,
Which a Cobler better deſerves than thou doſt.
Moc. Do not provoke my Magnanimity,
For when I am incens'd I am inſenſible;
Go tell thy Lady, that hath ſent me word
She will diſcard me, that I diſcard her,
And throw a Scorn upon her, which I won'd not,
But that ſhe does me wrong.

Enter Erota, *and* Antinous.

Ero. Do you not glory in your Conqueſt more,
To take ſome great Man Priſoner, than to kill him?
And ſhall a Lady find leſs Mercy from you,
That yields her ſelf your Captive, and for her Ranſom,
Will give the Jewel of her Life, her Heart,
Which ſhe hath lockt from all Men but thy ſelf?

For

For ſhame, *Antinous*, throw this Dulneſs off;
Art thou a Man no where but in the Field? [ſleeps.

Hyp. (26) He muſt hear Drums, and Trumpets or he
And at this inſtant dreams he's in his Armour;
Theſe Iron-hearted Soldiers are ſo cold,
Till they be beaten to a Woman's Arms,
And then they love 'em better than their own;
No Fort can hold them out.

Ant. What Pity is it, Madam, that your ſelf,
Who are all Excellence, ſhould become ſo wretched,
To think on ſuch a Wretch as Grief hath made me!
Seldom deſpairing Men look up to Heav'n,
Although it ſtill ſpeak to 'em in its Glories;
For when ſad Thoughts perplex the Mind of Man,
There is a Plummet in the Heart that weighs,
And pulls us, living, to the Duſt we came from;
Did you but ſee the Miſeries you purſue,
As I the Happineſs that I avoid
That doubles my Afflictions, you wou'd flye
Unto ſome Wilderneſs, or to your Grave,
And there find better Comforts than in me,
For Love and Cares can never dwell together.

Ero. They ſhould,
If thou hadſt but my Love and I thy Cares.

Ant. What wild Beaſt in the Deſart but would be
Taught by this Tongue to leave his Cruelty,
Though all the Beauties of the Face were vail'd!
But I am ſavager than any Beaſt,
And ſhall be ſo till *Decius* does arrive,
Whom with ſo much Submiſſion I have ſent
Under my Hand, that if he do not bring
His Benediction back, he muſt to me
Be much more crueller than I to you.

(26) *He muſt hear Drums, and Trumpets e'er he ſleeps.*] It was Dullneſs, which *Hyparcha* calls Sleepineſs, that is complain'd of, and I doubt not but the Senſe of this Line is the very Reverſe of what it was originally, by the accidental Change of a Particle. *E'er* ſhould be either *or* or *elſe*. I prefer the former, as *Shakeſpear* uſes it in the ſame Senſe.

He's for a Jig or Tale of Baudry, or he ſleeps. Hamlet.

Ero.

Ero. Is't but your Father's Pardon you deſire?
Ant. With 's Love, and then nothing next that, like yours.

Enter Decius.

Ero. Decius is come.
Ant. O welcome Friend; if I not apprehend
Too much of Joy, there's Comfort in thy Looks.
Ero. There is indeed; I prithee *Decius* ſpeak it.
Dec. How! prithee *Decius!* this Woman's ſtrangely alter'd.
Ant. Why doſt not ſpeak, good Friend, and tell me how
The reverend Bleſſing of my Life receiv'd
My humble Lines; Wept he for Joy?
Dec. No, there's a Letter will inform you more;
Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you,
The old Man is in Want, and angry ſtill,
And Poverty 's the Bellows of the Coal
More than diſtaſte from you, as I imagine.
Ant. What's here? how's this? It cannot be! now ſure
My Griefs delude my Senſes.
Ero. In his Looks
I read a World of Changes; *Decius*, mark
With what a ſad Amazement he ſurveys
The News; canſt thou gueſs what 'tis?
Dec. None good, I fear.
Ero. I fear ſo too; and then——
Ant. It is her Hand.
Ero. Are you not well?
Ant. Too well: If I were ought
But Rock, this Letter would conclude my Miſeries.
Peruſe it, Lady, and reſolve me then,
In what a Caſe I ſtand.
Dec. Sir, the worſt is,
Your Father's Lowneſs and Diſtaſte.
Ant. No, *Decius*,
My Siſter writes *Fernando* has made Suit
For Love to her; and to expreſs ſincerely
His conſtant Truth, hath, like a noble Gentleman,
Diſcover'd Plots of Treachery; contriv'd

By falſe *Gonzalo*, not intending more
The utter Ruin of our Houſe, than generally
Candy's Confuſion.
Dec. 'Tis a generous part
Of young *Fernando*.
Ant. 'Tis, and I cou'd wiſh
All thrift to his Affections, *Decius*.
You find the Sum on't, Madam.
Ero. Yes, I do.
Ant. And can you now yet think a Heart oppreſt
With ſuch a throng of Cares, can entertain
An amorous Thought? Love frees all Toils but one,
Calamity and it can ill agree.
Ero. Will't pleaſe you ſpeak my Doom?
Ant. Alas, great Lady,
Why will you flatter thus a deſperate Man
That is quite caſt away? O had you not
Procur'd the Senate's Warrant to enforce
My ſtay, I had not heard of theſe ſad News.
What would ye have me do?
Ero. Love me, or kill me,
One word ſhall ſentence either; for as Truth
Is juſt, if you refuſe me, I am reſolute
Not to out-live my Thraldome.
Ant. Gentle Lady.
Ero. Say, muſt I Live, or Die?
Dec. My Lord, how can you
Be ſo inexorable? Here's Occaſion
Of ſuccouring your Father in his Wants
Securely profer'd, pray Sir, entertain it.
Ero. What is my Sentence?
Ant. What you pleaſe to have it.
Ero. As thou art gentle, ſpeak thoſe Words again.
Ant. Madam, you have prevail'd; yet give me leave
Without offence, e'er I reſign the Intereſt
Your Heart hath in my Heart, to prove your Secreſie.
Ero. *Antinous*, 'tis the greateſt Argument
Of thy Affections to me.
Ant. Madam, thus then,
My Father ſtands for certain ſums engag'd

To

To treacherous *Gonzalo*; and has mortgag'd
The greateſt part of his Eſtate to him;
If you receive this Mortgage, and procure
Acquittance from *Gonzalo* to my Father,
I am what you would have me be.

Ero. You'll love me then?

Ant. Provided, Madam, that my Father know not
I am an Agent for him.

Ero. If I fail
In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.

Ant. Then, with your Favour, (27) thus I ſeal my Truth;
And *Decius* witneſs how unchangingly
I ſhall ſtill love *Erota*.

Ero. Thou haſt quickned
A dying Heart, *Antinous*.

Dec. This is well;
Much Happineſs to both.

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. The Lord *Gonzalo*
Attends you, Madam.

Ero. Comes as we could wiſh.
Withdraw *Antinous*, here's a Cloſet, where
You may partake his Errand; let him enter.

Ant. Madam you muſt be wary. [*Exit.*

Ero. Fear it not,
I will be ready for him; t' entertain him
With ſmiling Welcome.

Enter Gonzalo.

Noble Sir, you take
Advantage of the time; it had been fit
Some notice of your Preſence might have faſhion'd
A more prepared State.

Gon. D' you mock me, Madam?

(27) ——————— *thus I ſeal my Truth,*
To Day, *and* Decius *witneſs how unchangingly*] I have ſtruck off two Words here as unneceſſary to the Senſe, and hurtful to the Meaſure. I really believe them ſpurious, though it does not appear how they came to be inſerted.

Ero. Truſt me, you wrong your Judgment, to repute
My Gratitude a Fault; I have examin'd
Your portly Carriage, and will now confeſs
It hath not ſlightly won me.
Gon. The Wind's turn'd;
I thought 'twould come to this. It pleas'd us, Madam,
At our laſt Interview, to mention Love;
Have you conſider'd on't?
Ero. With more than common
Content: But Sir, if what you ſpoke you meant,
As I have cauſe to doubt, then——
Gon. What, ſweet Lady?
Ero. Methinks we ſhould lay by this form of Statelineſs;
Love's Courtſhip is familiar, and for inſtance,
See what a change it hath begot in me,
I could talk humbly now, as Lovers uſe.
Gon. And I, and I, we meet in one Self-centre
Of bleſt Conſent.
Ero. I hope my weakneſs, Sir,
Shall not deſerve Neglect; but if it prove ſo,
I am not the firſt Lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous; you will ſmart for't one Day.
Gon. Angel-like Lady, let me be held a Villain,
If I love not ſincerely.
Ero. Would I knew it.
Gon. Make proof by any fit Command.
Ero. What do you mean?
To marry me?
Gon. How! Mean? Nay more, I mean
To make you Empreſs of my Earthly Fortunes,
Regent of my Deſires, for did you covet
To be a real Queen, I could advance you.
Ero. Now I perceive you ſlight me, and would make me
More ſimple than my Sexes frailty warrants.
Gon. But ſay your Mind, and you ſhall be a Queen.
Ero. On thoſe Conditions, call me yours. *Gon.* Enough.
But are we ſafe? *Ero.* Aſſuredly. *Gon.* In ſhort,
Yet, Lady, firſt be plain; would you not chuſe
Much rather to prefer your own Sun-riſing,
Than any's elſe though ne'er ſo near Entituled

By

By Blood, or right of Birth?
Ero. 'Tis a queſtion
Needs not a Reſolution.
Gon. Good; what if
I ſet the Crown of *Candy* on your Head?
Ero. I were a Queen indeed then.
Gon. Madam, know
There's but a Boy 'twixt you and it; ſuppoſe him
Tranſhap'd into an Angel.
Ero. Wiſe *Gonzalo*,
I cannot but admire thee.
Gon. 'Tis worth thinking on;
Beſides, your Husband ſhall be Duke of *Venice*.
Ero. *Gonzalo*, Duke of *Venice*?
Gon. You are mine, you ſay?
Ero. Piſh: You but dally with me; and would lu me
In a rich golden Dream.
Gon. You are too much diſtruſtful of my Truth.
Ero. Then you muſt give me leave to apprehend
The Means and Manner how.
Gon. Why thus——
Ero. You ſhall not,
We may be over-heard; Affairs and Counſels
Of ſuch high Nature, are not to be truſted
Not to the Air it ſelf, you ſhall in writing
Draw out the full Deſign; which if effected,
I am as I profeſs.
Gon. O I applaud
Your ready Care, and Secreſie.
Ero. *Gonzalo*,
There is a bar yet, 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that muſt be remov'd.
Gon. What is't?
Ero. Old *Caſſilane*.
Gon. Ha? Fear not him: I build upon his Ruins
Already.
Ero. I would find a ſmoother Courſe
To ſhift him off.
Gon. As how?
Ero. We'll talk in private,

I have a ready Plot.

Gon. I ſhall adore you. [*Exeun*

Enter Fernando, *and* Annophel.

Fer. Madam, although I hate unnoble Practices,
And therefore have perform'd no more than what
(28) I ought for Honour's ſake; yet *Annophel*,
Thy Love hath been the Spur, to urge me forward
For ſpeedier diligence.

Anno. Sir, your own Fame
And Memory will beſt reward themſelves.

Fer. All gain is loſs, ſweet Beauty, if I miſs
My Comforts here: The Brother and the Siſter
Have double conquer'd me, but thou may'ſt triumph.

Anno. Good Sir, I have a Father.

Fer. Yes, a brave one;
Could'ſt thou obſcure thy Beauty, yet the Happineſs
Of being but his Daughter, were a Dower
Fit for a Prince: What ſay ye?

Anno. You've deſerv'd
As much as I ſhould grant.

Fer. By this fair Hand
I take Poſſeſſion.

Anno. What in Words I dare not,
Imagine in my Silence.

Fer. Thou 'rt all Virtue.

Enter Caſſilanes, *and* Arcanes.

Caſ. I'll tell thee how: *Baldwin* the Emperor,
Pretending Title, more through Tyranny,
Than right of Conqueſt, or Deſcent, uſurp'd
The Stile of Lord o'er all the *Grecian* Iſlands,
And under Colour of an Amity
With *Crete*, preferr'd the Marqueſs *Mountferato*
To be our Governor; the *Cretians* vex'd

(28) *I ought for Honour's* Safety;] I have not rejected *Safety* thinking it Nonſenſe, but becauſe the more natural Word better ſu the Meaſure. I allow that where a Pauſe happens in the middle of Verſe, a redundant Syllable is often flung in by *Shakeſpear* as well our Authors. But one ſhould not ſuppoſe them to vary a natu Phraſe on purpoſe to do it.

By the ambitious *Turks*, in hope of aid
From th' Emperor, receiv'd for General
This *Mountferato*; he, the Wars appeas'd,
Plots with the State of *Venice*, and takes Money
Of them for *Candy*: They paid well, he ſteals
Away in ſecret; ſince which time, that Right
The State of *Venice* claims o'er *Candy*, is
By Purchaſe, not Inheritance or Conqueſt,
And hence grows all our Quarrel.

Arc. So an Uſurer
Or *Lombard*-Jew, might with ſome Bags of traſh
Buy half the Weſtern World.

Caſ. Mony, *Arcanes*,
Is now a God on Earth: It cracks Virginities,
And turns a Chriſtian, Turk;
Bribes Juſtice, cut-throats Honour, does what not?

Arc. Not captives *Candy*.

Caſ. Nor makes thee diſhoneſt,
Nor me a Coward——Now Sir, here is homely,
But friendly Entertainment.

Fer. Sir, I find it.

Arc. And like it, do ye not?

Fer. My Repair ſpeaks for me.

Caſ. *Fernando*, we were ſpeaking of——how this?

Enter Gonzalo, *and* Gaſpero, *with a Caſket.*

Gon. Your Friend, and Servant.

Caſ. Creditors, my Lord,
Are Maſters and no Servants: As the World goes,
Debtors are very Slaves to thoſe to whom
They 've been beholden to; in which reſpect,
I ſhould fear you, *Gonzalo*.

Gon. Me, my Lord?
You owe me nothing.

Caſ. What, nor Love, nor Mony?

Gon. Yes, Love, I hope, not Mony.

Caſ. All this Bravery
Will ſcarcely make that good.

Gon. 'Tis done already:
See Sir, your Mortgage (which I only took,

In caſe you and your Son had in the Wars
Miſcarried) I yield 't up again: 'Tis yours.
Caſ. Are ye ſo conſcionable?
Gon. 'Tis your own.
Caſ. Piſh, piſh, I'll not receive what is not mine,
That were a dangerous buſineſs.
Gon. Sir, I'm paid for't,
The Sums you borrow'd are return'd; the Bonds
Cancell'd, and your Acquittance formally ſeal'd:
Look here, Sir, *Gaſpero* is witneſs to it.
Gaſ. My honour'd Lord, I am.
Gon. My Lord *Fernando*,
Arcanes and the reſt, you all ſhall teſtifie,
That I acquit Lord *Caſſilane* for ever,
Of any Debts to me.
(28) *Caſ.* 'Tis plain and ample:
Fortune will once again ſmile on us fairly.
But hark ye, hark ye, if you be in earneſt,
Whence comes this Bounty? Or whoſe is't?
Gon. In ſhort,
The great *Erota*, by this Secretary,
Return'd me my full due.
Caſ. Erota? Why
Should ſhe do this?
Gon. You muſt ask her the cauſe,
She knows it beſt
Caſ. So ho, *Arcanes*, none
But Women pity us? Soft-hearted Women?
I am become a brave Fellow now, *Arcanes*,
Am I not?
Arc. Why, Sir, if the gracious Princeſs
Have took more ſpecial notice of your Services,
And means to be more thankful than ſome others
It were an Injury to Gratitude,
To diſeſteem her Favours.
Anno. Sir, ſhe ever

(29) Gaſ. *'Tis plain and ample:*
Fortune will once again, &c.] Theſe two Lines were given to *Gaſpero*, which I have reſtor'd to *Caſſilane* as evidently belonging to him.

For

For your ſake moſt reſpectively lov'd me.
Caſ. The Senate, and the Body of this Kingdom
Are herein, let me ſpeak it without Arrogance,
Beholden to her: I will thank her for it;
And if ſhe have reſerv'd a means whereby
I may repay this Bounty with ſome Service,
She ſhall be then my Patroneſs: Come, Sirs,
We'll taſte a Cup of Wine together now.
Gon. Fernando, I muſt ſpeak with you in ſecret.
Fer. You ſhall——Now *Gaſpero*, all's well.
(30) *Gonz.* There's News
You muſt b' acquainted with.
Come there's no Maſter-piece in Art, like Policy.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Fernando, *and* Michael.

Fer. THE Senate is inform'd at full.
Mich. Gonzalo
Dreams not of my Arrival yet.
Fer. Nor thinks
'Tis poſſible his Plots can be diſcover'd;
He fats himſelf with hopes of Crowns, and Kingdoms,
And laughs ſecurely, to imagine how
He means to gull all but himſelf: When truly,
None is ſo groſly gull'd as he.
Mich. There was never
A more arch Villain.
Fer. Peace, the Senate comes.

(30) Gaſ. *There's News*
You muſt be acquainted with.
Come there's no Maſter-piece of Art like Policy.] This laſt Line is a Repetition of *Gonzalo*'s vain Opinion of his own Policy, I therefore think that the whole Speech belong'd to him. And it is artful to make *Gonzalo* triumph in the Succeſs of his Politicks, when the Reader knows, that he is upon the Brink of Ruin. If *Gaſpero* is to ſpeak it, he muſt be ſuppoſed to have heard from *Fernando* the Converſation which had paſs'd between *Gonzalo* and him.

Enter

Enter Porphycio, Poſſenne, *Senators*, Gaſpero, *and Attendants.*

Por. How cloſely Treaſon cloaks itſelf in forms
Of Civil Honeſty?
Poſ. And yet how palpably
Does Heav'n reveal it? *Fer.* Gracious Lords,
Gaſ. Th' Ambaſſador,
Lord *Paulo Michael*, Advocate
To the great Duke of *Venice.*
Por. You are moſt welcome,
Your Maſter is a juſt and noble Prince.
Mich. My Lords, he bad me ſay, that you may know
How much he ſcorns, and, as good Princes ought,
Defies baſe, indirect, and godleſs Treacheries;
To your more ſacred Wiſdoms he refers
The Puniſhment due to the falſe *Gonzalo*,
Or elſe to ſend him home to *Venice.*
Poſ. Herein
The Duke is Royal: *Gaſpero*, the Prince
Of *Cyprus* anſwer'd he would come.
Gaſ. My Lords,
He will not long be abſent.

Enter Philander, *and* Melitus.

Por. You, *Fernando*,
Have made the State your Debtor: Worthy Prince
We ſhall be Suitors to you for your Preſence,
In hearing, and determining of matters
Greatly concerning *Candy.*
Phi. Fathers, I am
A Stranger. *Poſ.* Why, the cauſe, my Lord, concerns
A Stranger: Pleaſe you ſeat yourſelf.
Phi. Howe'er
Unfit, ſince you will have it ſo, my Lords,
You ſhall command me.
Por. You, my Lord *Fernando*,
With the Ambaſſador, withdraw a while.
Fer. My Lords, we ſhall. [*Ex.*
Poſ. Melitus, and the Secretary,

Give

Give notice to *Gonzalo*, that the Senate
Requires his Preſence. [*Ex.* Gaſ. *and* Mel.

Enter Caſſilanes, *and* Arcanes.

Phi. What concerns the buſineſs?
Por. Thus noble Prince ———
Caſ. Let me alone, thou troubl'ſt me,
I'll b' heard.
Arc. You know not what you do: Forbear — [dares
(31) *Poſ.* Who's he that is ſo rude? What's he that
To interrupt our Counſels?
Caſ. One that has guarded,
Thoſe Purple Robes from Cankers worſe than Moths,
One that hath kept your Fleeces on your Backs,
That would have been ſnatch'd from you: But I ſee
'Tis better now to be a Dog, a Spaniel
In times of Peace, than boaſt the bruiſed Scars,
Purchas'd with loſs of Blood in noble Wars:
My Lords, I ſpeak to you.
Por. Lord *Caſſilane*,
We know not what you mean.
Caſ. Yes, you are ſet
Upon a Bench of Juſtice; and a day
Will come (hear this, and quake ye Potent Great ones)
When you your ſelves ſhall ſtand before a Judge,
Who in a pair of Scales will weigh your Actions,
Without abatement of one Grain: As then
You would be found full weight, I charge ye Fathers
Let me have Juſtice now.
Poſ. Lord *Caſſilane*,
What ſtrange Diſtemperature provokes Diſtruſt
Of our Impartiality? Be ſure
(32) We'll father no Man's Injuries.

Caſ.

(31) Poſ. *Forbear: Who's he that is ſo rude? What's he that dares?*] The firſt Word of *Poſſene*'s Speech, ſeems originally to have belong'd to *Arcanes*.

(32) *We'll* flatter *no Man's Injuries.*] A Judge who pardons a Criminal, or rather a Judge who will not ſee, but endeavours to palliate the Crimes of the Offender, may be ſaid to *flatter* his Injuries, and therefore it was not without conſulting ſeveral ingenious Friends that I

Caſ. 'Tis well;
You have a Law, Lords, that without remorſe
Dooms ſuch as are belepred with the Curſe
Of foul Ingratitude to Death.
Por. We have.
Caſ. Then do me Juſtice.

Enter Antinous, Decius, Erota, *and* Hyparcha.

Dec. Mad-man, whither runn'ſt thou?
Ant. Peace, *Decius*, I am deaf.
Hyp. Will you forget
Your Greatneſs, and your Modeſty?
Ero. *Hyparcha* leave, I will not hear.
Ant. Lady; great, gentle Lady.
Ero. Prithee young Man forbear to interrupt me,
Triumph not in thy Fortunes; I will ſpeak.
Poſ. More Uproars yet! who are they that diſturb us?
Caſ. The Viper's come; his Fears have drawn him hither,
And now, my Lords, be Chronicled for ever,
And give me Juſtice againſt this vile Monſter,
This Baſtard of my Blood.
Ero. 'Tis Juſtice, Fathers,
I ſue for too; and though I might command it,
(If you remember, Lords, whoſe Child I was)
Yet I will humbly beg it; this old Wretch
Has forfeited his Life to me.
Caſ. Tricks, tricks;
Complots, Devices, 'twixt theſe pair of young ones,
To blunt the Edge of your well temper'd Swords,
Wherewith you ſtrike Offenders, Lords; but I
Am not a Baby to be fear'd with Bug-bears,
'Tis Juſtice I require.
Ero. And I. [ſelf
Ant. You ſpeak too tenderly; and too much like your
To mean a Cruelty; which would make monſtrous
Your Sex: Yet for the Loves ſake, which you once

I ventur'd to diſcard it; They all upon reading the Paſſage mark'd it as an exceptionable Word, and two of them conjectur'd the ſame Emendation which I had made: Which is certainly a ſtronger, a clearer and a more poetical Word.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd to pretend, give my griev'd Father leave
To urge his own Revenge; you have no Cauſe
For yours: Keep Peace about ye.
Caſ. Will you hear me?
Phi. Here's ſome ſtrange novelty.
Poſ. Sure we are mock'd,
Speak one at once: Say wherein hath your Son
Tranſgreſs'd the Law?
Caſ. O the groſs miſts of Dulneſs!
Are you this Kingdom's Oracles, yet can be
So ignorant? firſt hear, and then conſider.
That I begot him, gave him Birth and Life,
And Education, were, I muſt confeſs,
But Duties of a Father: I did more;
I taught him how to manage Arms, to dare
An Enemy; to court both Death and Dangers;
Yet theſe were but Additions to compleat
A well accompliſh'd Soldier: I did more yet.
I made him chief Commander in the Field
Next to my ſelf, and gave him the full Proſpect
Of Honour and Preferment; train'd him up
In all perfections of a Martialiſt:
But he unmindful of his Gratitude,
You know with what Contempt of my Deſerts,
Firſt kick'd againſt mine Honour, ſcorned all
My Services; then got the Palm of Glory
Unto himſelf: Yet not content with this,
He, laſtly, hath conſpir'd my Death, and ſought
Means to engage me to this Lady's debt,
Whoſe Bounty all my whole Eſtate could never
Give Satisfaction to: Now honoured Fathers,
For this Cauſe only, if your Law be Law,
And you the Miniſters of Juſtice; then
Think of this ſtrange Ingratitude in him.
Phi. Can this be ſo, *Antinous?*
Ant. 'Tis all true,
Nor hath my much wrong'd Father limn'd my Faults
In Colours half ſo black, as in themſelves,
My Guilt hath dy'd them: Were there Mercy left,

Yet

Yet mine own Shame would be my Executioner:
Lords, I am guilty. *Ero.* Thou believ'ſt, *Antinous*,
Thine Innocence: Alas, my Lords, he's deſperate,
And talks he knows not what: You muſt not credit
His Lunacy; I can my ſelf diſprove
This Accuſation: *Caſſilane*, be yet
More merciful; I beg it.
Caſ. Time, nor Fate,
The World, or what is in it, ſhall not alter
My Reſolution: He ſhall die. *Ero.* The Senate's
Prayers, or weeping Lovers, ſhall not alter
My Reſolution: Thou ſhalt die. *Ant.* Why Madam,
Are ye all Marble?
Poſ. Leave your ſhifts, *Antinous*,
What plead you to your Father's Accuſation?
Ant. Moſt fully guilty.
Poſ. You have doom'd your ſelf,
We cannot quit you now.
Caſ. A burthen'd Conſcience
Will never need a Hang-man: Hadſt thou dar'd
To have deny'd it, then this Sword of mine
Shou'd on thy Head have prov'd thy Tongue a Liar.
Ero. Thy Sword? wretched old Man, thou'ſt liv'd too long
To carry Peace or Comfort to thy Grave;
Thou art a Man condemn'd: My Lords, this Tyrant
Had periſh'd but for me, I ſtill ſupply'd
His miſerable Wants; I ſent his Daughter
Mony to buy him food; the Bread he eat,
Was from my Purſe: When he, vain-glorioufly
To dive into the Peoples Hearts, had pawn'd
His Birth-right, I redeem'd it, ſent it to him,
And for requital, only made my Suit,
That he would pleaſe to new receive his Son
Into his Favour, for whoſe Love I told him
I had been ſtill ſo friendly: But then he,
As void of Gratitude, as all good Nature,
Diſtracted like a mad Man, poſted hither
To pull this Vengeance on himſelf, and us;

For

For why, my Lords, ſince by the Law, (33) all Mean
Is blotted out of your Commiſſion,
As this hard-hearted Father hath accus'd
Noble *Antinous*, his unblemiſh'd Son,
So I accuſe this Father, and crave Judgment.
Caſ. All this is but deceit, meer Trifles forg'd
By Combination to defeat the Proceſs
Of Juſtice. I will have *Antinous* Life.
Arc. Sir, what do ye mean?
Ero. I will have *Caſſilane*'s.
Ant. Cunning and cruel Lady, runs the Stream
Of your Affections this way? Have you not
Conqueſt enough by treading on my Grave?
Unleſs you ſend me thither in a Shrowd
Steep'd in my Father's Blood? As you are Woman,
As the proteſts of Love you vow'd were Honeſt;
Be gentler to my Father. *Ero. Caſſilane*,
Thou haſt a Heart of Flint: Let my Intreaties,
My Tears, the Sacrifice of Griefs unfeign'd,
Melt it: Yet be a Father to thy Son,
Unmask thy long beſotted Judgment, ſee
A low Obedience kneeling at the Feet
Of Nature, I beſeech you.
Caſ. Piſh, you cozen
Your Hopes: Your Plots are idle: I am reſolute.
Ero. Antinous, urge no further.
Ant. Hence thou Sorcery
Of a beguiling Softneſs; I will ſtand,
Like the Earth's Center, unmov'd; Lords your Breath
Muſt finiſh theſe Diviſions: I confeſs
Civility doth teach I ſhould not ſpeak
Againſt a Lady of her Birth, ſo high
As great *Erota*, but her Injuries

(33) ——— ——— ——— *all* means
Is blotted out of your Commiſſion.] The Verb being in the ſingular Number makes it probable, though not certain, that the Nominative was ſo too; and the Senſe, if not Grammar, requires the Change. "Since your Commiſſion allows no *Mean* or Midway between the "Death or abſolute Acquittance of the Party accuſed." This ſeems to be the Senſe intended. Mr. *Sympſon* reads '*Mends*, i. e. *Amends*: Death being the only Amends or Atonement that the Law allow'd.

And

And thankleſs Wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Aloud for Juſtice, Fathers.
Dec. Whither run you?
Ant. For, honour'd Fathers, that you all may know
That I alone am not unmatchable
In Crimes of this Condition, leſt perhaps
You might conceive, as yet the Caſe appears,
That this foul Stain and Guilt runs in a Blood;
Before this Preſence, I accuſe this Lady
Of as much vile Ingratitude to me.
Caſ. Impudent Traitor!
Phi. Her? O ſpare *Antinous*;
The World reputes thee valiant, do not ſoyle
All thy paſt Nobleneſs with ſuch a Cowardize,
As murthering innocent Ladies will ſtamp on thee.
Ant. Brave Prince, with what unwillingneſs I enforce
Her Follies, and in thoſe her Sin, be witneſs,
All theſe about me: She is bloody-minded,
And turns the Juſtice of the Law to Rigour;
It is her Cruelties, not I, accuſe her:
Shall I have Audience?
Ero. Let him ſpeak, my Lords.
Dec. Your Memory will rot.
Ant. Caſt all your Eyes
On this, what ſhall I call her? (34) ruthleſs Woman,
When often in my Diſcontents, the ſway
Of her unruly Blood, her untam'd Paſſion,
Or name it as you liſt, had hour by hour
Solicited my Love, ſhe vow'd at laſt
She cou'd not, wou'd not live, unleſs I granted
What ſhe long ſued for: I in tender Pity,
To ſave a Lady of her Birth from Ruin,
Gave her her Life, and promis'd to be Hers:
Nor urg'd I ought from her, but Secreſie,
And then enjoyn'd her to ſupply ſuch Wants

(34) ——truthleſs *Woman*,] I have ventured to change the Epithet here by ſtriking off a Letter; not but I allow the former to be good Senſe; but as *Erota*'s Want of Compaſſion to *Caſſilane* was the ſole Cauſe of *Antinous*'s Anger, *ruthleſs* ſeems to me the moſt natural Epithet.

As

As I perceiv'd my Father's late Engagements
Had made him ſubject to; What ſhall I heap up
Long Repetitions? She to quit my Pity,
Not only hath diſcover'd to my Father
What ſhe had promis'd to conceal, but alſo
Hath drawn my Life into this fatal forfeit;
For which ſince I muſt die, I crave a like
Equality of Juſtice againſt her;
Not that I covet Blood, but that ſhe may not
Practice this Art of Falſehood on ſome other,
Perhaps more worthy of her Love hereafter.
Por. If this be true——
Ero. My Lords, be as the Law is,
Indifferent, Upright, I do plead Guilty:
Now Sir, what Glory have you got by this?
'Las Man, I meant not to outlive thy Doom,
Shall we be Friends in Death?
Caſ. Hear me, the Villain
Scandals her, honour'd Lords.
Ero. Leave off to doat,
And die a wiſe Man.
Ant. I am over-reach'd,
And maſtered in my own Reſolution.
Phi. Will ye be wilful, Madam? here's the Curſe
Of Love's Diſdain.
Caſ. Why ſit you like dumb Statues?
Demur no longer.
Poſ. Caſſilane, Erota,
Antinous, Death ye ask; and 'tis your Dooms,
You in your Follies liv'd, die in your Follies.
Caſ. I am reveng'd, and thank you for it. *Ero.* Yes,
And I: *Antinous* hath been gracious. *Ant.* Sir,
May I preſume to craye a Bleſſing from you
Before we part?
Caſ. Yes, ſuch a one as Parents
Beſtow on curſed Sons; now, now I laugh
To ſee how thoſe poor Younglings are both cheated
Of Life and Comfort: Look ye, look ye, Lords,
I go but ſome ten Minutes, more or leſs,
Before my time, but they have finely cozen'd

Themſelves of many, many hopeful Years
Amidſt their prime of Youth and Glory; now

Enter Annophel.

My Vengeance is made full. Welcome my Joy,
Thou com'ſt to take a ſeaſonable Bleſſing
From thy half-bury'd Father's Hand; I'm dead
Already, Girl, and ſo is ſhe and he,
We all are Worms-meat now.
Anno. I have heard all;
Nor ſhall you die alone: Lords, on my Knees
I beg for Juſtice too.
Por. 'Gainſt whom, for what?
Anno. Firſt let me be reſolv'd; does the Law favour
None, be they ne'er ſo mighty?
Por. Not the greateſt.
Anno. Then juſtly I accuſe of foul Ingratitude
My Lords, you of the Senate all, not one
Excepted. *Poſ. Por.* Us?
Phi. Annophel.—— *Anno.* You are the Authors
Of this unthrifty Bloodſhed; when your Enemies
Came marching to your Gates, your Children ſuck'd not
Safe at their Mothers Breaſts, your very Cloyſters
Were not ſecure, your ſtarting Holes of Refuge
Not free from Danger, nor your Lives your own:
In this moſt deſp'rate Ecſtaſie, my Father,
This aged Man, not only undertook
To guard your Lives, but did ſo; and beat off
The daring Foe; for you he pawn'd his Lands,
To pay your Soldiers, who without their Pay
Refus'd to ſtrike a Blow: But, Lords, when Peace
Was purchas'd for you, and Victory brought home,
Where was your Gratitude, who in your Coffers
Horded the ruſty Treaſure which was due
To my unminded Father? he was glad
To live retir'd in Want, in Penury,
Whilſt you made Feaſts of Surfeit, and forgot
Your Debts to him: The Sum of all is this,
You've been unthankful to him; and I crave
The Rigor of the Law againſt you all.

Caſ.

Caſ. My Royal-ſpirited Daughter!
Ero. Annophel,
Thou art a worthy Wench; let me embrace thee.
Anno. Lords, why do you keep your Seats? they are no Places
For ſuch as are Offenders.
Poſ. Though our Ignorance
Of *Caſſilane*'s Engagements might aſſwage
Severity of Juſtice, yet to ſhew
How no Excuſe ſhould ſmooth a breach of Law,
I yield me to the Trial of it. *Por.* So
Muſt I: Great Prince of *Cyprus*, you are left
The only Moderator in this Difference;
And as you are a Prince be a Protector
To woful *Candy*. *Phi.* What a Scene of Miſery
Hath thine (35) obdurate Frowardneſs, old Man,
Drawn on thy Country's Boſom? and for that
Thy proud Ambition could not mount ſo high
As to be ſtil'd thy Country's only Patron,
Thy Malice hath deſcended to the depth
Of Hell, to be renowned in the Title
Of the Deſtroyer? Doſt thou yet perceive
What Curſes all Poſterity will brand
Thy Grave with, that at once haſt rob'd this Kingdom
Of Honour and of Safety?
Ero. Children yet unborn
Will ſtop their Ears when thou art nam'd.
Arc. The World will be too little to contain
The Memory of this deteſted Deed;
The Furies will abhor it.
Dec. What the Sword
Could not enforce, your peeviſh Thirſt of Honour,
(36) A bare, cold, weak, imaginary Fame,
Hath brought on *Candy*: *Candy* groans, not theſe
That are to die.

(35) —— *obdurate* Forwardneſs,——] Former Editions.

(36) *A* brave, *cold, weak,*——] As none of the Epithets beſide the firſt are Ironical, I doubt not but *brave* was a Miſtake inſtead of the natural Word, which I have, I believe, only reſtored. Mr. *Sympſon* has ſent me alſo the ſame Emendation.

Phi. 'Tis Happineſs enough
For them, that they ſhall not ſurvive to ſee
The Wounds wherewith thou ſtab'ſt the Land that gave
Thee Life and Name.
Dec. 'Tis *Candy*'s wrack ſhall feel——
(37) *Arc.* The miſchief of your Folly.
Por. Poſ. Annophel——
Anno. I will not be intreated.
Caſ. Prithee *Annophel*——
Anno. Why would you urge me to a Mercy, which
You in your ſelf allow not?
Caſ. 'Tis the Law,
That if the Party who complains, remit
Th' Offender, he is freed: Is't not ſo, Lords?
Por. Poſ. 'Tis ſo.
Caſ. Antinous, by my Shame obſerve
What a cloſe Witchcraft popular Applauſe is:
I am awak'd, and with clear Eyes behold
The Lethargy wherein my Reaſon long
Hath been be-charm'd: Live, live, my matchleſs Son,
Bleſt in thy Father's Bleſſing; much more bleſt
In thine own Virtues: Let me dew thy Cheeks
With my unmanly Tears: Riſe, I forgive thee:
And good *Antinous*, if I ſhall be thy Father
Forgive me: I can ſpeak no more.
Ant. Dear Sir,
You new beget me now——Madam, your Pardon,
I heartily remit you. *Ero.* I as freely
Diſcharge thee, *Caſſilane.*
Anno. My gracious Lords,
Repute me not a blemiſh to my Sex,
In that I ſtrove to cure a deſperate Evil
With a more violent Remedy: Your Lives,
Your Honours are your own.
Phi. Then with Conſent
Be reconcil'd on all ſides: Pleaſe you Fathers
To take your Places.

(37) Caſ. *The miſchief of your Folly.*] The groſs Miſtake of making *Caſſilane* ſpeak this, muſt be obvious to every Reader.

Poſ.

Poſ. Let's again aſcend,
With Joy and Thankfulneſs to Heav'n: And now
To other buſineſs, Lords.

Enter Gaſpero, *and* Melitus, *with* Gonzalo.

Mel. Two Hours and more, Sir,
The Senate hath been ſet.
Gon. And I not know it?
Who ſits with them?
Mel. My Lord, the Prince of *Cyprus.*
Gon. Gaſpero,
Why how comes that to paſs?
Gaſ. Some weighty Cauſe
I warrant you.
Gon. Now, Lords, the buſineſs? ha?
Who's here, *Erota?*
Por. Secretary do your Charge
Upon that Traitor.
Gon. Traitor? *Gaſ.* Yes, *Gonzalo,* Traitor;
Of Treaſon to the Peace and State of *Candy,*
I do arreſt thee. *Gon.* Me? thou Dog?

Enter Fernando, *and* Michael.

Mich. With Licence
From this grave Senate, I arreſt thee likewiſe
Of Treaſon to the State of *Venice.* *Gon.* Ha?
Is *Michael* here? nay then I ſee
I am undone.
Ero. I ſhall not be your Queen,
Your Dutcheſs, or your Empreſs.
Gon. Dull, dull Brain.
O I am fool'd.
Gaſ. Look, Sir, d' you know this Hand?
Mich. D' you know this Seal? Firſt, Lords, he writes to *Venice,*
To make a perfect League, during which Time
He wou'd in private keep ſome Troops in Pay,
Bribe all the Centinels throughout this Kingdom,
Corrupt the Captains; at a Banquet poiſon
The Prince, and greateſt Peers, and in Concluſion

Yield *Candy* Slave to *Venice*.
Gaſ. Next, he contracted
With this Illuſtrious Princeſs, th' Lady *Erota*,
In hope of Marriage with her, to deliver
All the *Venetian* Gallantry, and Strength,
Upon their firſt arrival, to the Mercy
Of her and *Candy*. *Ero.* This is true, *Gonzalo*.
Gon. Let it be true: What then?
Poſ. My Lord Ambaſſador,
What's your demand?
Mich. As likes the State of *Candy*,
Either to ſentence him as he deſerves
Here, or to ſend him like a Slave to *Venice*.
Por. We ſhall adviſe upon it.
Gon. O the Devils,
That had not thruſt this trick into my Pate——
A Politician? Fool. Deſtruction plague
Candy and *Venice* both.
Poſ. Por. Away with him.
Mel. Come, Sir, I'll ſee you ſafe. [*Exeunt* Gonz. Mel.
Ero. Lords, e'er you part
Be witneſs to another change of wonder
Antinous, now be bold, before this Preſence,
Freely to ſpeak, whether or no I us'd
The humbleſt means Affection could contrive,
To gain thy Love. *Ant.* Madam, I muſt confeſs it,
And ever am your Servant. *Ero.* Yes, *Antinous*,
My Servant, for my Lord thou ſhalt be never:
I here diſclaim the intereſt thou hadſt once
In my too paſſionate Thoughts. Moſt noble Prince,
If yet a Relick of thy wonted Flames
Live warm within thy Boſom, then I bluſh not
To offer up the aſſurance of my Faith,
To thee that haſt deſerv'd it beſt. *Phi.* O Madam,
You play with my Calamity. *Ero.* Let Heav'n
Record my Truth for ever. *Phi.* With more joy
Than I have words to utter, I accept it.
I alſo pawn you mine.
Ero. The Man that in requital
Of noble and unſought Affection

Grows

Grows cruel, never lov'd, nor did *Antinous*.
Yet herein, Prince, ye are beholden to him;
For his neglect of me humbled a Pride,
Which to a virtuous Wife had been a Monſter.
Phi. For which I'll rank him my deſerving Friend.
Ant. Much Comfort dwell with you, as I could wiſh
To him I honour moſt. *Caſ.* O my *Antinous*,
My own, my own good Son.
Fer. One Suit I have to make.
Phi. To whom, *Fernando?*
Fer. Lord *Caſſilane* to you.
Caſ. To me? *Fer.* This Lady
Hath promis'd to be mine. *Anno.* Your Bleſſing, Sir;
Brother, your Love. *Ant.* You cannot, Sir, beſtow her
On a more noble Gentleman.
Caſ. Say'ſt thou ſo,
Antinous? I confirm it. Here, *Fernando*,
Live both as one; ſhe's thine.
Ant. And herein, Siſter,
I honour you for your wiſe ſettled Love.
This is a day of Triumph, all Contentions
Are happily accorded: *Candy*'s Peace
Secur'd, and *Venice* vow'd a worthy Friend.
[*Exeunt.*

THE

FALSE ONE

A

TRAGEDY.

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PROLOGUE.

NEW Titles warrant not a Play for new,
The Subject being old: And 'tis as true,
Freſh and neat Matter may with eaſe be fram'd
Out of their Stories, that have oft been nam'd
With Glory on the Stage: What borrows he
From him that wrote old Priam's *Tragedy,*
That writes his Love to Hecuba? *Sure, to tell*
Of Cæſar's *amorous Heats, and how he fell*
In th' Capitol, can never be the ſame
To the judicious: Nor will ſuch blame
Thoſe who penn'd this, for Barrenneſs, when they find
Young Cleopatra *here, and her great Mind*
Expreſs'd to th' height, with us a Maid, and free,
And how he rated her Virginity.
We treat not of what boldneſs ſhe did die,
Nor of her fatal Love to Anthony.
What we preſent and offer to your view,
Upon their Faiths, the Stage yet never knew.
Let Reaſon then firſt to your Wills give Laws,
And after judge of them, and of their Cauſe.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

JUlius Cæſar, *Emperor of* Rome.
Ptolomy, *King of* Ægypt.
Achoreus, *an honeſt Counſellor, Prieſt of* Iſis.
Photinus, *a Politician, Minion to* Ptolomy.
Achillas, *Captain of the Guard to* Ptolomy.
Septimius, *a revolted* Roman *Villain.*
Labienus, *a* Roman *Soldier, and Nuncio.*
Apollodorus, *Guardian to* Cleopatra.
Antony, Dolabella, } Cæſar's *Captains.*
Sceva, *a free Speaker, alſo Captain to* Cæſar.
Guard.
Three lame Soldiers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Cleopatra, *Queen of* Ægypt. Cæſar's *Miſtreſs.*
Arſinoe, Cleopatra's *Siſter.*
Eros, Cleopatra's *Waiting-Woman.*

SCENE, ÆGYPT.

THE

FALSE ONE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Achillas, *and* Achoreus.

(1) ACHOREUS.

Love the King, nor do diſpute his Power,
For that is not confin'd, nor to be cenſur'd
By me, that am his Subject; yet allow me
The liberty of a Man, that ſtill would be
A Friend to Juſtice, to demand the Motives
That did induce young *Ptolomy*, or *Photinus*,
To whoſe directions he gives up himſelf,
And I hope wiſely, to commit his Siſter,
The Princeſs *Cleopatra*, if I ſaid

The

(1) Achil. *I love the King*, &c.] The groſs Error of making *Achillas* ſpeak this has run through all the Editions. The Correction ſcarce deſerves a Note, but it ſerves to introduce one of a different kind. Theſe Characters are all taken from *Lucan*, and all but that of *Achoreus* recorded by authentick Hiſtorians. Several of the Speeches are almoſt literal Tranſlations from the former; and though it is not within my preſent Plan to follow our Authors wherever I could diſcern their Footſteps among the Claſſicks; yet as ſomething very like what happened in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, happens alſo in this Play, that it admits a Compariſon not only between *Lucan* and our Authors, but alſo

The Queen, *Achillas*, 'twere, I hope, no Treason,
She being by her Father's Testament,
Whose Memory I bow to, left Co-heir
In all he stood possest of.

Achil. 'Tis confest,
My good *Achoreus*, that in these Eastern Kingdoms
Women are not exempted from the Sceptre,
But claim a Privilege, equal to the Male;
But how much such Divisions have ta'en from
The Majesty of *Ægypt*, and what Factions
Have sprung from those Partitions, to the ruin
Of the poor Subject, doubtful which to follow,
We have too many and too sad Examples:
Therefore the wise *Photinus*, to prevent
The Murders, and the Massacres, that attend
On disunited Government, and to shew
The King without a Partner, in full splendor,
Thought it convenient, the fair *Cleopatra*,
(An Attribute not frequent in this Climate)
Should be committed to safe Custody,
In which she is attended like her Birth,
Until her Beauty, or her Royal Dowre,
Hath found her out a Husband.

Acho. How this may
Stand with the Rules of Policy, I know not;

also between them and a very eminent modern Poet, I shall once more venture beyond my Plan. *Corneille*'s *Pompey* is exactly on the same Subject and equally copy'd from *Lucan*, and the very same Lines are often translated: And as that is one of the first-rate Plays of the Tragic Poet whom the *French* much prefer to *Shakespear* himself, it will not be disagreeable to an *Englishman* to see him excelled, as I think he is, even by our secondary Poets, and by a Play which the greatest Critick of our Nation has lately cast a Slur upon, as if our Authors had greatly failed in attempting to emulate the *Antony* and *Cleopatra* of *Shakespear* *. I own I think it a noble Emulation of that fine Play, and the Hand as difficult to be distinguish'd from *Shakespear*'s, as the Works of the very best Scholars of *Titian* and *Guido* are from those of their Masters. My Dissent from this great Writer is, in truth, the Reason of my enlarging my Notes on this Play; for I pay such deference to his Judgment, as not to differ from it without much diffidence, and without endeavouring to support my Opinion with all the Arguments that I am capable of.

* See the first Note on the *Tempest* by Mr. *Warburton*.

Most

Moſt ſure I am, it holds no Correſpondence
Wi'th' Rites of *Ægypt*, or the Laws of Nature:
But grant that *Cleopatra* can ſit down
With this Diſgrace, tho' inſupportable;
Can you imagine, that *Rome*'s glorious Senate,
To whoſe Charge, by the Will of the dead King,
This Government was deliver'd, or great *Pompey*,
That is appointed *Cleopatra*'s Guardian
As well as *Ptolomy*'s, will e'er approve
Of this raſh Counſel, their Conſent not ſought for,
That ſhould Authorize it?

Achil. The Civil War
In which the *Roman* Empire is Embark'd
On a rough Sea of Danger, does exact
Their whole Care to preſerve themſelves, and give them
No vacant time to think of what we do,
Which hardly can concern them.

Acho. What's your Opinion
Of the Succeſs? I have heard, in multitudes
Of Soldiers, and all glorious Pomp of War,
Pompey is much Superior.

Achil. I could give you
A Catalogue of all the ſeveral Nations
From whence he drew his Powers; but that were tedious.
They have rich Arms, are ten to one in Number,
Which makes them think the Day already won;
And *Pompey* being Maſter of the Sea,
Such plenty of all Delicates are brought in,
As if the Place on which they are entrench'd,
Were not a Camp of Soldiers, but *Rome*,
In which *Lucullus* and *Apicius* join'd
To make a publick Feaſt: They at *Dirachium*
Fought with Succeſs; but knew not to make uſe of
Fortune's fair Offer: (2) So much I have heard,
Cæſar himſelf confeſs'd.

Acho. Where are they now?

(2) ——*ſo much I have heard*
Cæſar *himſelf* confeſs.] This Reading ſuppoſes *Achillas* to have been in *Greece*, and in *Cæſar*'s Preſence. The Correction is very obvious.

Achil.

Achil. In *Theſſaly*, near the *Pharſalian* Plains,
Where *Cæſar* with a Handful of his Men,
Hems in the greater Number: His whole Troops
Exceed not twenty Thouſand, but old Soldiers
Fleſh'd in the Spoils of *Germany* and *France*,
Enur'd to his Command, and only know
To fight and overcome: And tho' that Famine
Reigns in his Camp, compelling them to taſte
Bread made of Roots, forbid the uſe of Man,
Which they with Scorn threw into *Pompey*'s Camp,
As in deriſion of his Delicates,
Or Corn not yet half ripe, and that a Banquet:
They ſtill beſiege him, being ambitious only
To come to Blows, and let the Sword determine
Who hath the better Cauſe.

(3) *Enter* Septimius.

Acho. May Victory
Attend on't, where it is.
Achil. We ev'ry Hour
Expect to hear the Iſſue.
Sep. Save my good Lords;
By *Iſis* and *Oſiris*, whom you worſhip,
And the four hundred Gods and Goddeſſes
Ador'd in *Rome*, I am your Honour's Servant.
Acho. Truth needs, *Septimius*, no Oaths.

(3) Enter *Septinius.*] The vulgar Editions have much oftener wrote *Septinius* than *Septimius*, and have given him the former Name in t Perſons of the Drama. The Reader will undoubtedly obſerve the fi Moral couch'd under this infamous Wretch's Character, *viz.* "Th "even among the groſſeſt Superſtition of the Heathens, the Atheiſ "cal Scoffer at Religion was the moſt pernicious Peſt of all Society The Character ſeems drawn with exquiſite Art, and our Poets have it much excelled their Maſter *Lucan*, and their Competitor *Corneil* In the former there is only a Sketch of a fierce inhuman Villain, a in the latter *Septimius* is in the firſt Scene introduced as a Privy-Cou ſellor, makes an Harangue to perſuade the Death of *Pompey*, comm the Murder, and being blam'd for it by *Cæſar*, is ſaid to have kil himſelf with the ſame Sword with which he ſlew *Pompey:* But he l abſolutely no Character at all, nor is it judicious to make him die t Death of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*; tho' a *Frenchman* may perhaps lo upon the Puniſhment of *Cæſar*, in the ſame Light with the vile Aſſ ſination of *Pompey*.

Act

Achil. You're cruel,
If you deny him Swearing, you take from him
Three full parts of his Language.
Sep. Your Honour's bitter,
Confound me, where I Love I cannot say it,
But I must swear't; yet such is my ill Fortune;
Nor Vows nor Protestations win Belief,
I think, (and I can find no other Reason)
Because I am a *Roman.*
Acho. No, *Septimius,*
To be a *Roman,* were an Honour to you,
Did not your Manners and your Life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from *Rome* you bring nothing
But *Roman* Vices, which you would plant here,
But no Seed of her Virtues.
Sep. With your Reverence
I am too old to learn.
Acho. Any thing honest,
That I believe without an Oath.
Sep. I fear
Your Lordship has slept ill to Night, and that
Invites this sad Discourse; 'twill make you old
Before your time;— O! these Virtuous Morals,
And old Religious Principles, that fool us:
I have brought you a new Song will make you laugh,
Though you were at your Prayers.
(4) *Achil.* What is the Subject?
Be free, *Septimius.*
Sep. 'Tis a Catalogue
Of all the Gamesters of the Court and City,
Which Lord lies with that Lady, and what Gallant
Sports with that Merchant's Wife; and does relate
Who sells her Honour for a Diamond,
Who, for a Tissew Robe; whose Husband's jealous,
And who so kind, that to share with his Wife
Will make the match himself; harmless Conceits,

(4) Acho. *What is the Subject?*
Be free, Septimius.] The Mistake of giving this to *Achoreus* makes him speak much out of Character. It is perfectly consonant to that of *Achillas,* to desire to hear *Septimius*'s Ribaldry.

Though Fools say they are dangerous: I sang it
The last Night at my Lord *Photinus'* Table.
Acho. How! as a Fidler?
Sep. No, Sir, as a Guest,
A welcome Guest too; and it was approv'd of
By a dozen of his Friends, though they were touch'd in't:
For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,
When we have laid by foolish Modesty
(As not a Man of Fashion will wear it)
To talk what we have done, at least to hear it;
If merrily set down, it fires the Blood,
And heightens Crest-fall'n Appetite.
Acho. New Doctrine!
Achil. Was't of your own Composing?
Sep. No, I bought it
Of a skulking Scribler for two *Ptolomies*,
But the Hints were mine own; the Wretch was fearful;
But I have damn'd myself, should it be question'd,
That I will own it.
Acho. And be punish'd for it;
Take heed, for you may so long exercise
Your scurrilous Wit against Authority,
The Kingdom's Counsels; and make profane Jests,
(Which to you, being an Atheist, is nothing)
Against Religion, that your great Maintainers,
Unless they would be thought Co-partners with you,
Will leave you to the Law; and then, *Septimius*,
Remember there are Whips.
(5) *Sep.* For Whores, I grant you,
When they are out of date; 'till then they're safe too,
Or all the Gallants of the Court are Eunuchs.
And for mine own Defence, I'll only add this,
I'll be admitted for a wanton Tale,
To some most private Cabinets, when your Priest-hood,
Though laden with the Mysteries of your Goddess,
Shall wait without unnoted; so I leave you
T' your pious Thoughts. [*Exit.*

(5) Sep. *For Whores, I grant you,*
When they are out of date, 'till then are *safe too,*] Former Editions.

Achil.

Achil. 'Tis a strange Impudence,
This Fellow does put on.
Acho. The wonder great,
He is accepted of.
Achil. Vices, for him,
Make as free way as Virtues do for others.
'Tis the Time's fault; yet great ones still have grac'd,
To make them Sport, or rub them o'er with Flattery,
Observers of all kinds.

Enter Photinus *and* Septimius.

Acho. No more of him,
He is not worth our thoughts; a Fugitive
From *Pompey*'s Army, (6) and now in a danger
When he should use his Service.
Achil. See how he hangs
On great *Photinus*' Ear.
Sep. Hell, and the Furies,
And all the plagues of Darkness light upon me:
You are my God on Earth, and let me have
Your Favour here, fall what can fall hereafter.
Pho. Thou art believ'd, dost thou want Mony?
Sep. No, Sir.
(7) *Pho.* Or hast thou any Suit? these ever follow
Thy vehement Protestations.
Sep. You much wrong me;
How can I want, when your Beams shine upon me,
Unless Employment to express my Zeal
To do your Greatness Service: Do but think,
A Deed so dark, the Sun would blush to look on,

(6) ——*and now in a danger*
When he should use his Service.] Mr. *Sympson* thinks this dark, it may therfore be proper to explain it, as it seems to me a very beautiful Sentiment. "*Septimius* was not only a Fugitive from *Pompey*, "but had deserted him in the midst of Danger, when he was engaged "in a War with *Cæsar*." One need not add how infamous such a Desertion is held among Soldiers.

(7) Pho. *Or hast thou any? these ever follow*] When a Verse wants a Syllable, it is always a strong Proof of a Corruption, especially in the more correct Plays. Here the Sense directed us to the true Word, and we found it in both the Folios.

For which Mankind would curſe me, and arm all
The Powers above, and thoſe below againſt me:
Command me, I will on.
Pho. When I have uſe,
I'll put you to the Teſt.
Sep. May it be ſpeedy,
And ſomething worth my Danger; you are cold,
And know not your own Powers; this Brow was faſhion'd
To wear a Kingly Wreath, and your grave Judgment,
Giv'n to diſpoſe of Monarchies, not govern
A Child's Affairs; the People's Eye's upon you,
The Soldier courts you; will you wear a Garment
Of ſordid Loyalty, when 'tis out of Faſhion?
Pho. When *Pompey* was thy General, *Septimius*,
Thou ſaidſt as much to him.
Sep. All my Love to him,
To *Cæſar*, *Rome*, and the whole World is loſt
In th' Ocean of your Bounties: I've no Friend,
Project, Deſign, or Country, but your Favour,
Which I'll preſerve at any rate.
Pho. No more;
When I call on you, fall not off; perhaps
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you,
So leave me for a while.
Sep. Ever your Creature. [*Exit.*
Pho. Good day *Achoreus*, my beſt Friend *Achillas*,
Hath Fame deliver'd yet no certain Rumour
Of the great *Roman* Action.
Achil. That we are
T' enquire, and learn of you, Sir, whoſe grave care
For *Ægypt*'s Happineſs, and great *Ptolomy*'s good,
Have Eyes and Ears in all Parts.

Enter Ptolomy, Labienus, *and Guard.*

Pho. I'll not boaſt,
What my Intelligence coſts me, but ere long
You ſhall know more. The King, with him a *Roman.*
Acho. The Scarlet Livery of unfortunate War
Dy'd deeply on his Face.
Achil. 'Tis *Labienus.*

Cæſar's

Cæsar's Lieutenant in the Wars of *Gaul*,
And fortunate in all his Undertakings:
But since these Civil Jars he turn'd to *Pompey*,
And though he followed the better Cause,
Not with the like Success.
Pho. Such as are wise,
Leave falling Buildings, fly to those that rise;
But more of that hereafter.
Lab. In a word, Sir,
These gaping wounds, not taken as a Slave,
Speak *Pompey*'s Loss; to tell you of the Battle,
How many thousand several Bloody shapes
Death wore that day in Triumph; how we bore
The shock of *Cæsar*'s Charge; or with what fury
His Soldiers came on, as if they'd been
So many *Cæsars*, and like him, Ambitious
To tread upon the Liberty of *Rome*:
How Fathers kill'd their Sons, and Sons their Fathers,
(8) Or how the *Roman* Piles on either side
Drew *Roman* Blood, which spent, the Prince of Weapons
The Sword succeeded, which, in Civil Wars,
Appoints

(8) *Or how the* Roman *Piles on either side*
Drew Roman *Blood, which spent the Prince of Weapons;*
The Sword succeeded,——] This Pointing, which is only the Corruption of the last Edition, makes the Pile the Prince of Weapons: Were there need of a Proof to the contrary, *Lucan* will give it, who speaking in contempt of the *Parthian* Archers, when *Pompey* had thoughts of taking shelter amongst them says,

Ensis habet vires, et Gens quæcunque virorum est,
Bella gerit gladiis. Lib. 8.

The Reader will observe what a noble Flight of Poetry our Authors have built on this Sentiment. And if he will please to look over *Lucan*'s whole Description of this Battle, in the Seventh Book, I believe he will agree that our Authors have chose the noblest of his Sentiments, and expressed them with the highest Dignity; that they have shewed great Spirit in their Additions, and as great Judgment in their Omissions; that they seldom fall below, but often rise above him. Whereas in the *Pompey* of *Corneille* (if Prejudice does not make me too much depreciate *French* Poetry) almost the Reverse of all these appears. *Lucan* charges *Cæsar* with forbidding the dead Bodies to be burned, (a thing indeed neither probable nor confirm'd by History, nor at all consonant to *Cæsar*'s Temper and Good-sense) but on this Supposition he has some of the noblest Lines in his whole Poem.

Appoints the Tent, on which wing'd Victory
Shall make a certain Stand; then, how the Plains
Flow'd o'er with Blood, and what a cloud of Vulturs,
And other Birds of Prey, hung o'er both Armies,
Attending with their ready Servitors,
The Soldiers, from whom the angry Gods

Had

Hos, Cæsar, *Populos, si nunc non usserit ignis,*
Uret cum terris, uret cum gurgite Ponti.
Communis Mundi superest Rogus &c.

After going on with these fine Reflexions, he then laughs at *Cæsar* for the Folly of his Barbarity.

Tu, cui dant pœnas inhumato funere Gentes,
Quid fugis hanc cladem? quid olentes deseris agros?
Has trahe, Cæsar, aquas, hoc, si potes, utere cœlo:
Sed tibi tabentes populi Pharsalica rura
Eripiunt, camposque tenent victore fugato.

This last Sentiment having something of quaintness in it, *Corneille*, the French *Shakespear*, selects and dwells on, not as a Banter on *Cæsar*, but as a happy Thought.

Ces montagnes des morts privez d'honneurs suprèmes
Que la nature force à se vanger eux-mêmes,
Et dont les troncs pourris exhalent dans les Vents
Dequoy faire la guerre au reste des vivans.

Corneille, in his own Examen of this Play, observes, that he had not only translated many Lines of *Lucan*, but had caught so much of his Spirit as to be suspected of Plagiarism where he had not been guilty of it; and to this Imitation of *Lucan* he ascribes the superior Sublimity of his *Pompey* to all his other Tragedies. The Fact is, I believe, true, but not the Consequence; for he seems to me to have caught the Littlenesses and Extravagances, rather than the Sublimity of *Lucan*. The Lines above are an Instance of the former, and in the same Description there is the following Proof of the latter;

Quand les Dieux étonnez sembloient se partager,
Pharsale *a décidé ce qu'ils n'osoient juger.*

This is so like some of *Lucan*'s Flights, that I verily thought it had been his, but find it not so. Our Authors Imitations of him are very different, nor have they shew'd less superior Judgment in the Introduction of this Description of the Battle of *Pharsalia*. In *Corneille* the young King opens the Play with it: Here, the Reader's Expectation of it is finely raised, and then the great *Labienus* enters, with

The Scarlet Livery of unfortunate War
Dy'd deeply on his Face.

If the Reader supposes the Hint taken from the bleeding Captain at the Beginning of *Macbeth*, who comes to relate the Fate of the Battle between *Macbeth* and *Macdonel*, he will, I believe, agree that our Authors

Had took all ſenſe of Reaſon, and of Pity,
Would ſerve in their own Carcaſſes for a Feaſt.
How *Cæſar* with his Javelin forc'd them on
That made the leaſt ſtop, (9) when their angry Hands
Were lifted up againſt ſome known Friend's Face;
(10) Then coming to the body of the Army
He ſhews the ſacred Senate, and forbids them

To

thors have here not only emulated, but much excelled their Maſter. But this cannot be ſaid of their Imitation of the following Lines of *Julius Cæſar*, where the common Fact of Birds of Prey following Armies is turn'd to a noble Omen.

——— ravenous Crows and Kites
Fly o'er our Heads; and downward look on us
As we were ſickly Prey; their Shadows ſeem
A Canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our Army lies ready to give the Ghoſt.

Tho' our Authors Lines do not equal this, yet they ſtrongly partake of the ſame Spirit.

(9) *——— when their angry Hands*
Were lifted up againſt ſome known Friend's Face.]
Adverſoſque jubet ferro confundere vultus. Lucan.

The famous Speech of *Cæſar* in this Battle——*Miles faciem feri*, is variouſly interpreted, either to hinder them from knowing each other, as Fathers fought againſt Sons and Sons againſt Fathers, or elſe, that the gay handſome Youths of *Pompey*'s Army would be more afraid of their Faces than any other Part of their Bodies. This laſt is *Florus*'s Reaſon, our Authors prefer the former: But perhaps a better Reaſon than either might be the true one. *Pompey*'s Army conſiſted chiefly of new levy'd Troops; now to all raw Fighters, Blows on the Face are more dreadful and more confounding than any other; not through fear of ſpoiling their Beauty, but that they ſee more of the Stroke than if 'twere aim'd at any other Part.

(10) *Then coming to the body of the Army*
He ſhews the ſacred Senate, &c.]
In Plebem vetat ire manus, monſtratque Senatum.
Scit cruor Imperii qui ſcit, quæ viſcera Legum;
Undo petat Romam, Libertas ultima mundi
Quo ſteterit ferienda loco. permiſta ſecundo
Ordine Nobilitas, venerandaque corpora ferro
Urgentur: cædunt Lepidos, cæduntque Metellos,
Corvinoſque ſimul, Torquatoque nomina Legum,
Sæpe Duces, ſummoſque hominum, te, Magne, remota. Lucan.

The laſt Line but one of theſe is very obſcure; ſome of the Copies read *Regum* inſtead of *Legum*, but retain the ſame Points; and the Commentators ſtrive in vain to make Senſe of either of them. But

To waſte their force upon the Common Soldier,
(Whom willingly, if e'er he did know Pity,
He would have ſpar'd.)
Pto. The reaſon, *Labienus?*
Lab. Full well he knows, that in their Blood he was
To paſs to Empire, and that through their Bowels
He muſt invade the Laws of *Rome*, and give
A period to the Liberty of the World.

Farnaby propoſes, in his Notes, a Conjecture that clears up the Difficulty.

Corvinosque ſimul, Torquataque Nomina, Regum
Sæpe Duces,———

It is well known that the Tributary Kings often fought under the *Roman* Conſuls; and at *Pharſalia* there were ſeveral who did ſo. The Reader will obſerve how finely this noble Paſſage appears in *Engliſh*; if our Poets have at all fallen ſhort of *Lucan* in the tranſlating of *Scit cuor Imperii qui ſcit*, &c. they have made full amends in the three laſt; *cædunt Lepidos* is not equal to *Then fell the* Lepidi, *&c.* And if the Apoſtrophe to *Pompey*, in the laſt Line, be a Beauty, the Flow of the *Engliſh* in cloſing the Period is equal, if not ſuperior to it. The following Period is equally excellent, and ſeems much preferable to the Lines which it imitates.

———Sanguis ibi fluxit Achæus,
Ponticus, Aſſyrius: cunctos hærere cruores
Romanus, campisque vetat conſiſtere Torrens.

The Deſcription of *Pompey*'s Deſpair and Flight, is likewiſe a fine Abridgment of *Lucan*, who labours much to excuſe *Pompey* for flying ſo precipitately that he carried the News of his own Defeat.

——— cladisque ſuæ vix ipſe fidelis
Auctor erat.

He deſerted the Field even before the Battle was half over.

Theſſalicæ poſt Te pars maxima pugnæ.
——— ——— Teque inde fugato
Oſtendit moriens, ſibi ſe pugnaſſe, Senatus.

This was no Excuſe to *Pompey*, and he would merit as a General great Infamy had he not been forced by the Senate to fight abſolutely againſt his Judgment. He knew he could have ruin'd *Cæſar* by avoiding a Battle, but that his raw Troops, however numerous, were not equal in the Field to *Cæſar*'s Veterans. He fought therefore in a full Perſuaſion of his own Ruin, and in ſuch a Caſe, (to uſe a Phraſe of *Fletcher*'s)

——— ——— What General
Thirds his own Worth?

Our Poets have judiciouſly omitted all the Circumſtances that are diſadvantageous to *Pompey*, and in this they follow Nature; for a Lieutenant ſent by him to *Ptolomy* would naturally ſpeak ſo.

Then

Then fell the *Lepidi*, and the bold *Corvini*,
The fam'd *Torquati*, *Scipio's*, and *Marcelli*,
Names next to *Pompey's*, moſt renown'd on Earth.
The Nobles, and the Commons lay together,
And *Pontick*, *Punick*, and *Aſſyrian* Blood
Made up one crimſon Lake: Which *Pompey* ſeeing,
And that his, and the Fate of *Rome* had left him,
Standing upon the Rampier of his Camp,
Though ſcorning all that could fall on himſelf,
He pities them whoſe Fortunes are Embark'd
In his unlucky Quarrel; cries aloud too
That they ſhould ſound Retreat, and ſave themſelves:
That he deſir'd not, ſo much noble Blood
Should be loſt in his Service, or attend
On his Misfortunes: And then, taking Horſe
With ſome few of his Friends, he came to *Lesbos*,
And with *Cornelia*, his Wife, and Sons,
He's touch'd upon your Shore: The King of *Parthia*,
Famous in his defeature of the *Craſſi*,
Offer'd him his Protection, but *Pompey*
Relying on his Benefits, and your Faith,
Hath choſen *Ægypt* for his Sanctuary,
Till he may recollect his ſcatter'd Powers,
And try a ſecond Day: Now *Ptolomy*,
Though he appear not like that glorious Thing
That three times rode in Triumph, and gave Laws
To conquer'd Nations, and made Crowns his Gift,
(As this of yours, your noble Father took
From his victorious Hand, and you ſtill wear it
At his Devotion) to do you more Honour
In his declin'd Eſtate, as the ſtraight'ſt Pine
In a full Grove of his yet flouriſhing Friends,
He flies to you for Succour, and expects
The entertainment of your Father's Friend,
And Guardian to yourſelf.

Pto. To ſay I grieve his Fortune,
As much as if the Crown I wear, his Gift,
Were raviſh'd from me, is a holy Truth,
Our Gods can witneſs for me: Yet, being young,
And not a free Diſpoſer of myſelf,

Let

Let not a few hours, borrow'd for Advice,
Beget ſuſpicion of Unthankfulneſs,
Which next to Hell I hate; pray you retire,
And take a little reſt, and let his Wounds
Be with that care attended, as they were
Carv'd on my Fleſh: Good *Labienus*, think
The little Reſpite I deſire ſhall be
Wholly employ'd to find the readieſt way
To do great *Pompey* ſervice.

Lab. May the Gods,
As you intend, protect you. [*Exit.*

Pto. Sit, ſit all,
It is my Pleaſure: Your Advice, and freely.

Acho. A ſhort deliberation in this,
(11) May ſerve to give you Counſel. To be honeſt,
Religious, and thankful, in themſelves
Are forcible Motives, and can need no flouriſh
Or gloſs in the Perſuader; your kept Faith,
Though *Pompey* never riſe to th' height he's fall'n from,
Cæſar himſelf will love; and my Opinion
Is, ſtill committing it to graver Cenſure,
You pay the Debt you owe him, with the hazard
Of all you can call yours.

Pto. What's yours, *Photinus?*

Pho. Achoreus, great *Ptolomy*, hath counſel'd
Like a religious and honeſt Man,
Worthy the Honour that he juſtly holds
In being Prieſt to *Iſis:* But alas,
What in a Man, ſequeſter'd from the World,
Or in a private Perſon, is prefer'd,
No Policy allows of in a King:

(11) *May ſerve to give you Counſel to be honeſt;*
Religious and thankful, in themſelves
Are forcible Motives,——] I have ventured to change the Pointing here, and propoſe what ſeems a more natural one. We have the Purport of this Speech of *Achoreus* in *Lucan.*

——————— *quos inter Achoreus*
Conſilii vox prima fuit, meritumque, fidemque,
Sacraque defuncti jactavit Pignora Patris.

Corneille has left *Achoreus* out of this Council, and *Photinus* by that means has no Contraſt to enhance the Wickedneſs of his Advice.

To

) To be or just, or thankful, makes Kings guilty;
d Faith, though prais'd, is punish'd, that supports
:h as good Fate forsakes: Join with the Gods,
)serve the Man they favour, leave the wretched;
ıe Stars are not more distant from the Earth
ıan Profit is from Honesty; all the Power,
Prerogative,

(12) *To be or just, or thankful,*——] From hence to the End of *otinus*'s Speech is almost a literal Translation out of *Lucan*, and *Corille* translates nearly in the same manner. He has taken great part *Lucan*'s Sentiments, tho' he has not rang'd them in the same Order, d his Translation wants much of the Spirit of his Original, which ır Poets have extremely well preserved.

Jus et fas multos faciunt, Ptolemæe, nocentes.
Dat pœnas laudata fides, cum justinet, inquit,
Quos Fortuna premit: Fatis accede, Deisque,
Et cole felices, miseros fuge: Sidera terrâ
Ut distant, & flamma mari, sic utile recto.
Sceptrorum vis tota perit, si pondere justa
Incipit: evertitque arces respectus honesti.
Libertas scelerum est, quæ regna invisa tuetur,
Sublatusque modus gladiis, facere omnia sæve
Non impune licet, nisi dum facis: Exeat aula
Qui volet esse pius: Virtus et summa potestas
Non coëunt: semper metuet, quem sæva pudebunt.
Non impune tuos Magnus contemserit annos;
Qui te nec victos arcere à litore nostro
Posse putat. Nec te sceptris privaverit hospes,
Pignora sunt propiora tibi: Nilonque, Pharonque,
Si regnare piget, damnata redde sorori.
Ægyptum certe Latiis tueamur ab armis.
Quicquid non fuerit Magni, dum bella geruntur,
Nec victoris erit: Tota jam pulsus ab orbe,
Postquam nulla manet rerum fiducia, quærit
Cum qua gente cadat: rapitur civilibus umbris.
Nec soceri tantùm arma fugit: fugit ora Senatus,
Cujus Thessalicas saturat pars magna volucres.
Et metuet gentes, quas uno in sanguine missas
Deseruit: regesque timet, quorum omnia mersit:
Thessaliæque reus, nulla tellure receptus,
Sollicitat nostrum, quem nondum perdidit, orbem.
Justior in Magnum nobis, Ptolemæe, querelæ
Causa data est; quid sepositam, semperque quietam
Crimine bellorum maculas Pharon, arvaque nostra
Victori suspecta facis? cur sola cadenti
Hæc placuit tellus, in quam Pharsalica fata
Conferres, pœnasque tuas? Jam crimen habemus

Purgandum

Prerogative, and Greatneſs of a Prince
Is loſt, if he deſcend once but to ſteer
His courſe, as what's right guides him; let him leave
The Scepter, that ſtrives only to be good,
Since Kingdoms are maintain'd by Force and Blood.

Acho. Oh wicked.

Pto. Peace: Go on.

Pho. Proud *Pompey* ſhews how much he ſcorns your Youth,
In thinking that you cannot keep your own
From ſuch as are o'ercome. If you are tired
With being a King, let not a Stranger take
What nearer Pledges challenge: Reſign rather
The Government of *Ægypt* and of *Nile*
To *Cleopatra*, that has Title to them:
At leaſt defend them from the *Roman* Gripe;
What was not *Pompey*'s, while the Wars endur'd,
The Conqueror will not challenge. By all the World
Forſaken and deſpis'd, your gentle Guardian,
His Hopes and Fortunes deſperate, makes choice of
What Nation he ſhall fall with: And purſu'd
By their pale Ghoſts, ſlain in this Civil War,
He flies not *Cæſar* only but the Senate,
Of which, the greater part have cloid the Hunger
Of ſharp *Pharſalian* Fowl; he flies the Nations

Purgandum gladio, quod nobis ſceptra Senatus
Te ſuadente dedit, votis tua fovimus arma.
Hoc ferrum, quod fata jubent proferre, paravi
Non tibi, ſed victo: Feriam tua viſcera, Magne:
Malueram ſoceri: rapimur, quo cuncta feruntur.
Tene mihi dubitas an ſit violare neceſſe,
Cum liceat? quæ te noſtri fiducia regni
Huc agit infelix? populum non cernis inermem,
Arvaque vix refugo fodientem mollia Nilo?
Metiri ſua regna decet, viresque fateri.
Tu Ptolemææ potes Magni fulcire ruinam,
Sub qua Roma jacet? buſtum, cineresque movere
Theſſalicos audes, bellumque in regna vocare?
Ante aciem Emathiam nullis acceſſimus armis:
Pompeii nunc caſtra placent, quæ deſerit orbis?
Nunc victoris opes, et cognita fata laceſſis?
Adverſis non deeſſe decet, ſed læta ſecutos.
Nulla fides unquam miſeros elegit amicos.

That

hat he drew to his Quarrel, whose Estates
re sunk in his: And in no place receiv'd,
ath found out *Ægypt*, by him yet not ruin'd:
nd *Ptolomy*, things consider'd, justly may
omplain of *Pompey:* Wherefore should he stain
Our *Ægypt* with the spots of Civil War?
Or make the peaceable, or quiet *Nile*,
Doubted of *Cæsar?* Wherefore should he draw
His Loss and Overthrow upon our Heads?
Or chuse this place to suffer in? Already
We have offended *Cæsar*, in our Wishes,
(13) And no way left us to redeem his Favour
But by the Head of *Pompey*.

Acho. Great *Osiris*,
Defend thy *Ægypt* from such Cruelty,
And barbarous Ingratitude!

Pho. Holy trifles,
And not to have place in designs of State;
This Sword, which Fate commands me to unsheath,
I would not draw on *Pompey*, if not vanquish'd,
I grant it rather should have pass'd through *Cæsar*;
But we must follow where his Fortune leads us;
All provident Princes measure their intents
According to their power; and so dispose them.
And think'st thou, *Ptolomy*, that thou canst prop
His Ruins, under whom sad *Rome* now suffers?
Or tempt the Conqueror's force when 'tis confirm'd?
Shall we, that in the Battle sat as Neuters
Serve him that's overcome? No, no, he's lost.
And though 'tis noble to a sinking Friend
To lend a helping Hand, while there is hope
He may recover, thy part not engag'd:
Tho' one most dear, when all his hopes are dead,

(13) *And no way left us to redeem his Favour*
But by the Hand *of* Pompey.] It was evident at first Sight that *Hand* was a Corruption for *Head*, since his Death and not his Assistance was to make their Peace with *Cæsar*. Upon Examination I found it only the Mistake of the first and last Editions, the second Folio has it right, which is a very uncommon Case with that Edition; for it very seldom corrects, but often adds Mistakes to the former Editions.

To

To drown him, ſet thy Foot upon his Head.
Acho. Moſt execrable Counſel.
Achil. To be follow'd,
'Tis for the Kingdom's ſafety.
Pto. We give up
Our abſolute Power to thee: Diſpoſe of it
As Reaſon ſhall direct thee.
Pho. Good *Achillas*,
Seek out *Septimius:* Do you but ſooth him,
He is already wrought: Leave the diſpatch
To me or *Labienus:* 'Tis determin'd
Already how you ſhall proceed: Nor Fate
Shall alter it, ſince now the Dye is caſt,
But that this hour to *Pompey* is his laſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Apollodorus, Eros, *and* Arſinoe.

Apol. Is the Queen ſtirring, *Eros?*
Eros. Yes, for in truth
She touch'd no Bed to Night.
Apol. I'm ſorry for it,
(14) And wiſh it were in me, with any hazard,
To give her eaſe.
Arſ. Sir, ſhe accepts your Will,
And does acknowledge ſhe hath found you noble,
So far, as if reſtraint of Liberty
Could give admiſſion to a thought of Mirth,
She is your Debtor for it.
Apol. Did you tell her
O' the ſports I have prepar'd to entertain her?
(15) She us'd to take delight, with her fair Hand
To Angle in the *Nile*, where the glad Fiſh

As

(14) *And wiſh it were in me, with* my *hazard,*] The Verſe requires that it ſhould be either *my own* or *any hazard.* I prefer the latter, as it ſomewhat heightens the Sentiment.

(15) *She us'd to take delight, with her fair Hand*
To angle in the Nile, *&c.*] This Deſcription, particularly that of the Stag enamour'd with his Death, is extremely poetical, and one may ſay of it what I have heard ſaid by Connoiſſeurs of the famous

s if they knew who 'twas ſought to deceive 'em,
ɔntended to be taken: Other times
o ſtrike the Stag, who wounded by her Arrows,
ɔrgot his tears in Death, and kneeling thanks her
o his laſt Gaſp, then prouder of his Fate,
han if with Garlands crown'd, he had been choſen
o fall a Sacrifice before the Altar
' the Virgin Huntreſs.—The King, nor great *Photinus*,
ɔrbid her any Pleaſure; and the Circuit
ı which ſhe is confin'd, gladly affords
ariety of Paſtimes, which I would
ıcreaſe with my beſt Service.

Eros. O, but the thought
hat ſhe that was born Free, and to diſpence
eſtraint or Liberty to others, ſhould be
.t the Devotion of her Brother, (whom
ıe only knows her Equal) makes this Place
ı which ſhe lives, though ſtor'd with all Delights,
. loathſome Dungeon to her.

Apol. Yet, howe'er
he ſhall interpret it, I'll not be wanting
'o do my beſt to ſerve her: I've prepar'd
hoice Muſick near her Cabinet, and compos'd
ɔme few Lines, ſet unto a ſolemn time,
ı the praiſe of Impriſonment. Begin, Boy.

The SONG.

LOok out, bright Eyes, and bleſs the Air:
Even in Shadows you are Fair.
Shut-up-beauty is like Fire,
That breaks out clearer ſtill and higher.
Though your Body be confin'd,
And ſoft Love a Priſoner bound,
Yet the Beauty of your Mind,
Neither Check, nor Chain hath found.
Look out nobly then, and dare
Even the Fetters that you wear.

nous Picture of *Michael* and *Satan* by *Guido*, it has vaſt Beauties d would be a capital Piece, did it not put one in mind of one upon e ſame Subject by *Raphael*. I freely own, that our Authors are as ſhort of *Shakeſpear*'s Deſcription of *Cleopatra* ſailing up the *Cydnus*.

Enter

Enter Cleopatra.

Cle. But that we are assur'd this tastes of Duty,
And Love in you, my Guardian, and Desire
In you, my Sister, and the rest, to please us,
We should receive this as a saucy Rudeness
Offer'd our private Thoughts. But your Intents
Are to delight us: 'Las, you wash an *Ethiop:*
Can *Cleopatra*, while she does remember
Whose Daughter she is, and whose Sister; O
I suffer in the Name! and that, in Justice,
There is no place in *Ægypt*, where I stand,
But that the tributary Earth is proud
To kiss the Foot of her, that is her Queen;
Can she, I say, that is all this, e'er relish
Of Comfort, or Delight, while base *Photinus*,
Bond-Man *Achillas*, and all other Monsters
That reign o'er *Ptolomy*, make that a Court,
Where they reside; and this, where I, a Prison?
But there's a *Rome*, a *Senate*, and a *Cæsar*,
Though the great *Pompey* lean to *Ptolomy*,
May think of *Cleopatra*.

Apol. Pompey, Madam?

Cle. What of him? Speak: If ill, *Apollodorus*,
It is my Happiness: And for thy News
Receive a favour, Kings have kneel'd in vain for,
And kiss my Hand.

Apol. He's lost.

Cle. Speak it again!

Apol. His Army routed: He fled, and pursu'd
By the all-conquering *Cæsar*.

Cle. Whither bends he?

Apol. To *Ægypt*.

Cle. Ha! In Person?

Apol. 'Tis receiv'd
For an undoubted Truth.

Cle. I live again,
And if assurance of my Love and Beauty
Deceive me not, I now shall find a Judge,
To do me right: But how to free myself,

And get access? The Guards are strong upon me,
(16) This Door I must pass through.——*Apollodorus*,
Thou often hast profess'd, to do me Service,
Thy Life was not thine own.
Apol. I am not alter'd;
And let your Excellency propound a Means,
In which I may but give the least assistance,
That may restore you, to that you were born to,
Though it call on the anger of the King,
Or, what's more deadly, all his Minion
Photinus can do to me, I, unmov'd,
Offer my Throat to serve you: Ever provided,
It bear some probable shew to be effected;
To lose myself upon no Ground, were Madness,
Not Loyal Duty.
Cle. Stand off: To thee alone,
I will discover what I dare not trust
My Sister with. *Cæsar* is amorous,
And taken more wi'th' title of a Queen,
Than Feature or Proportion; he lov'd *Eunoe*,
A *Moor*, deform'd too, I've heard, that brought
No other Object to inflame his Blood,
But that her Husband was a King, on both
He did bestow rich Presents; shall I then,
That, with a Princely Birth, bring Beauty with me,
That know to prize myself at mine own rate,
Despair his Favour? Art thou mine?
Apol. I am.
Cle. I have found out a way shall bring me to him,
Spight of *Photinus* watches: If I prosper,
As I am confident I shall, expect
Things greater than thy wishes: Though I purchase
His Grace with loss of my Virginity,
It skills not, if it bring home Majesty. [*Exeunt.*

(16) *This Door I must pass through*, Apollodorus;] The Pointing of the first Folio and the Octavo; the second Folio points it right.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Septimius, *with a Head,* Achillas *and Guard.*

Sep. 'TIS here, 'tis done, behold you fearful Viewers,
Shake, and behold the Model of the World here,
The Pride, and Strength; look, look again, 'tis finiſh'd;
That, that whole Armies, nay whole Nations,
Many and mighty Kings, have been ſtruck blind at,
And fled before wing'd with their Fears and Terrors,
(17) That ſteel War waited on, and Fortune courted,
That high Plum'd Honour built up for her own;
Behold that Mightineſs, behold that Fierceneſs,
Behold that Child of War, with all his Glories,
By this poor Hand made breathleſs; here, my *Achillas*,
Ægypt, and *Cæſar*, owe me for this Service,
And all the conquer'd Nations.

Achil. Peace, *Septimius*,
Thy Words ſound more ungrateful than thy Actions:
Though ſometimes Safety ſeek an Inſtrument
Of thy unworthy Nature, thou, loud Boaſter,
Think not ſhe's bound to love him too that's barbarous.
Why did not I, if this be meritorious
And binds the King unto me, and his Bounties,
Strike this rude Stroke? I'll tell thee, thou poor *Roman*,
(18) It was a ſacred Head, I durſt not heave at,
Not heave a Thought.

Sep.

(17) *That* ſteel *War*——] Both Mr. *Sympſon* and Mr. *Theobald* would chuſe to read *ſteel'd*, but the old Reading is ſurely preferable. Subſtantives taken adjectively is a great Beauty in Poetry, and very common in *Shakeſpear* and our Authors.

(18) *It was a ſacred Head, I durſt not heave at.*] Our Authors have falſify'd Hiſtory in the Character of *Achillas*, in order to draw our whole Indignation upon the Wretch *Septimius*. *Achillas* join'd with him in the Murder of *Pompey*, as did *Salvius* another *Roman* Centurion; but *Septimius* ſtabb'd him firſt in the Back, and afterwards the two others in the Face. *Corneille* is equally favourable to *Achillas*, tho' for what Reaſon I know not, ſince *Septimius* has, as was obſerv'd, no more Character than an Hiſtorian would have given him by ſaying, that he murder'd *Pompey*. As the *French* delight in long Deſcriptions,

Sep. It was.
Achil. I'll tell thee truly,
And if thou ever yet heardſt tell of Honour,
I'll make thee bluſh: It was thy General's;
That Man's that fed thee once, that Man's that bred thee,
The Air thou breath'ſt was his; the Fire that warm'd thee,
From his care kindled ever; nay, I'll ſhow thee,
Becauſe I'll make thee (19) ſenſible o' thy baſeneſs,
And why a noble Man durſt not touch at it,
There was no piece of Earth thou put'ſt thy Foot on,
But was his Conqueſt, and he gave thee Motion:
He triumph'd three times: Who durſt touch his Perſon?
The very Walls of *Rome* bow'd to his Preſence;
Dear to the Gods he was; to them that fear'd him
A fair and noble Enemy: Didſt thou hate him,
And for thy Love to *Cæſar*, fought his Ruin?
Arm'd in the red *Pharſalian* Fields, *Septimius*,
Where killing was in grace, and Wounds were glorious,
Where Kings were fair Competitors for Honour,
(20) Thou ſhou'dſt have come up to him, there have fought him

tions, *Corneille* has tranſlated the greateſt Part of *Lucan*'s Deſcription of *Pompey*'s Murder, but has fallen, as uſual, infinitely ſhort of the Spirit of the Original. This Scene of *Achillas* taking the Head from *Septimius* is left out by *Corneille*, tho' mentioned by *Lucan* and the Hiſtorians, and the next of its being preſented to *Cæſar*, (a Circumſtance that ſhines greatly in Action) is by him deſcribed in Narration, the *French* being too delicate to ſuffer the ſemblance of a Dead man's Head to be produc'd on the Stage. Theſe frequent long Narrations are really a greater Fault againſt the true Genius of Dramatick Poetry, than all the Breaches of Unity in Time and Place that appears even in the *Antony* and *Cleopatra* of *Shakeſpear*.

(19) ——*ſenſible of the buſineſs*,] Tho' this is Senſe, yet it is ſo flat and unpoetical, that I hope the Reader will pardon me for putting my own Reading into the Text, it is ſo near the Trace of the Letters, and is ſo much more in the Spirit of the reſt of the Speech, that I think it but a candid Preſumption to ſuppoſe it the Authors. Since I made this, Mr. *Sympſon* ſent me the very ſame Conjecture.

(20) *Thou ſhou'dſt have come up to him, there have fought him.*] As this makes a groſs Tautology, it is evident that *fought* is the true Word here; and it is very particular that I find the ſecond Folio much more correct in this Play than in any I have before met with; and the Octavo, which ſeemed hitherto to have copy'd from the ſecond Folio, has got this, and all the Miſtakes in this Play that were in the firſt, tho' corrected in the ſecond.

There, Sword to Sword.

Sep. I kill'd him on commandment,
If Kings Commands be fair, when you all fainted,
When none of you durſt look———

Achil. On Deeds ſo barbarous.
What haſt thou got?

Sep. The King's Love, and his Bounty,
The Honour of the Service; which though you rail at,
Or thouſand envious Souls fling their foams on me,
Will digniſy the Cauſe, and make me glorious:
And I ſhall live———

Achil. —A miſerable Villain.
(21) What Reputation and Reward belongs to it
Thus, with the Head, I ſeize on, and make mine;
And be not impudent to ask me why, Sirrah,
Nor bold to ſtay, read in mine Eyes the reaſon:
The Shame and Obloquy I leave thine own,
Inherit thoſe Rewards, they're fitter for thee;
Your Oil's ſpent, and your Snuff ſtinks: Go out baſely.

Sep. The King will yet conſider. [*Exit.*

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, *and* Photinus.

(22) *Achil.* Here he comes.

Acho. Yet if it be undone, hear me, great Sir.
If this inhuman ſtroke be yet unſtrucken,
If that adored Head be not yet ſever'd
From the moſt noble Body, weigh the Miſeries,
The Deſolations that this great Eclipſe works:
You're young, be provident; (23) fix not your Empire
Upon

(21) *What Reputation and Reward belongs to it?*
Thus, with the Head, I ſeize on, and make mine;] In the groſs Miſtake of the Pointing here the Octavo follows the firſt Folio, tho' the ſecond had ſet it right.

(22) *Here he comes,* Sir.] Had *Achillas* ſpoke to *Septimius,* it would have been *Sirrah,* as before; but he was gone out, and this *Sir* ſeems only to have ſlipt in from the Line below.

(23) ———*fix not your Empire*
Upon the Tomb of him will ſhake all Egypt,
Whoſe warlike Groans will raiſe ten thouſand Spirits,
Great as himſelf, in every Hand a Thunder;
Deſtructions darting from their Looks,——] Mr. *Warburton* obſerves on a Paſſage in *Julius Cæſar,* Page 25, that *Dionyſius* had complained

Upon the Tomb of him will ſhake all *Egypt*,
Whoſe warlike Groans will raiſe ten thouſand Spirits,
Great as himſelf, in every Hand a Thunder;
Deſtructions darting from their Looks, and Sorrows
That eaſie Womens Eyes ſhall never empty.
Pho. You have done well; and 'tis done; ſee *Achillas*,
And in his Hand the Head.
Ptol. Stay, come no nearer,
Methinks I feel the very Earth ſhake under me,
I do remember him, he was my Guardian,
Appointed by the Senate to preſerve me:
What a full Majeſty ſits in his Face yet?
Pho. The King is troubled: Be not frighted, Sir,
Be not abus'd with fears; his Death was neceſſary,
If you conſider, Sir, moſt neceſſary,
Not to be miſs'd: And humbly thank great *Iſis*,
He came ſo opportunely to your Hands;
Pity muſt now give place to rules of Safety.
Is not victorious *Cæſar* new arriv'd,
And enter'd *Alexandria*, with his Friends,
His Navy riding by to wait his charges?
Did he not beat this *Pompey*, and purſu'd him?
Was not this great Man, his great Enemy?
This Godlike virtuous Man, as People held him;
But what Fool dare be Friend to flying Virtue?

complained that thoſe great ſtrokes, which he calls the *terrible Graces*, which are ſo frequent in *Homer* are rarely to be found in the ſubſequent Poets; and he adds, that amongſt our Countrymen they ſeem as much confin'd to our Britiſh *Homer*. Before I ſaw this, I had obſerved ſomething like it in a Note in the *Maid's Tragedy*, ſpeaking of *Poetical Enthuſiaſm*, only adding, that no Followers of *Shakeſpear* approach ſo near him in theſe aſtoniſhing Graces as *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. The Lines here quoted are a ſtrong Proof of it, and what was ſaid above of the Compariſon between *Guido* and *Raphael* is here again applicable; terrible and aſtoniſhing as they are, they bring to ones Mind a Paſſage ſtill more terribly aſtoniſhing in *Julius Cæſar*.

And Cæſar's *Spirit ranging for Revenge,*
With Até *by his ſide come hot from Hell,*
Shall in theſe Confines, with a Monarch's Voice
Cry havock, and let ſlip the Dogs of War.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella *and* Sceva.

I hear their Trumpets, 'tis too late to stagger;
Give me the Head, and be you Confident:
Hail Conqueror, and Head of all the World,
Now this Head's off.

Cæs. Ha?

Pho. Do not shun me, *Cæsar*,
From Kingly *Ptolomy* I bring this Present,
(24) The Crown and Sweat of thy *Pharsalian* labour,
The Goal and Mark of high ambitious Honour;
Before, thy Victory had no Name, *Cæsar*,
Thy Travel and thy loss of Blood, no Recompence;
Thou dream'st of being worthy, and of War,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers,
Here they take life; here they inherit Honour,
Grow fixt, and shoot up everlasting Triumphs:
Take it, and look upon thy humble Servant,
With noble Eyes look on the Princely *Ptolomy*,
That offers with this Head, most mighty *Cæsar*,
What thou wou'dst once have giv'n for't, all *Ægypt*.

(25) *Acho.* Nor do not question it, most Royal Conqueror,
Nor disesteem the Benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer:
Yet let me tell thee, most imperious *Cæsar*,
Though he oppos'd no strength of Swords to win this,
Nor labour'd through no showers of Darts, and Lances;
Yet here he found a Fort, that fac'd him strongly,

An

(24) *The Crown and Sweat of thy* Pharsalian *labour*,] Mr. *Sympson* would read,

The Crown of thy Pharsalian *Sweat and Labour*,

But I can't agree to the Change, both because *Labour* after *Sweat*, in this Position, makes an Anticlimax, and as the old Text is more poetical; for the *Sweat of thy Labour*, put for *the End for which thou laboured'st*, is extremely elegant.

(25) Acho. *Nor do not question* &c.] Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin says, certè *Achillas*. And there is this Proof of it, that in *Lucan* the whole Speech to *Cæsar* is made by *Achillas*, (tho', in reality. *Theodotus* the Rhetorician, who had joined *Photinus* in persuading *Ptolomy* to the Murder, was the Person who presented the Head to *Cæsar* and harangued on the Occasion, for which he afterwards met his due Reward from

An inward War: He was his Grandfire's Guest;
Friend to his Father, and when he was expell'd
And beaten from this Kingdom by ſtrong hand,
And had none left him to reſtore his Honour,
No hope to find a Friend; in ſuch a miſery,
Then in ſtept *Pompey*; took his feeble Fortune,
Strengthen'd, and cheriſh'd it, and ſet it right again;
This was a love to *Cæſar*.

Sce. Give me Hate, Gods.

Pho. This *Cæſar* may account a little wicked;
But yet remember, if thine own Hands, Conqueror,
Had fallen upon him, what it had been then? [way!
If thine own Sword had touch'd his Throat, what that
He was thy Son-in-law, there to be tainted
Had been moſt terrible: Let the worſt be render'd,
We have deſerv'd for keeping thy Hands innocent.

Cæſ. Oh *Sceva*, *Sceva*, ſee that Head: See, Captains,
The Head of godlike *Pompey*.

Sce. He was baſely ruin'd,
But let the Gods be griev'd that ſuffer'd it,
And be you, *Cæſar*——

from *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, who tortur'd and crucify'd him) Notwithſtanding this, there is room to doubt whether the Poets deſigned *Achoreus* to ſpeak this, for they have given it a different turn from *Lucan*.

——— *nec vile putâris*
Hoc meritum, nobis facili quod cæde peractum eſt.
Hoſpes avitus erat: depulſo ſceptra Parenti
Reddiderat. Quid plura feram? tu nomina tanto
Invenies operi, vel famam conſule Mundi;
Si ſcelus eſt, plus te nobis debere fateris,
Quod ſcelus hoc non ipſe facis. Lucan. Lib. 9.

This is the Language of Villany, boaſting of Merits from the Greatneſs of it. But the Speech in *The False One* repreſents the Reluctance, the Pangs and inward War that *Ptolomy* ſtruggled through to be able to ſerve *Cæſar*. And this ſpoke by a Man who had a real Love for Virtue, gives a fine Contraſt to *Photinus*'s unfeeling and confirm'd Villany. I muſt add, in Favour of Mr. *Theobald*'s Opinion, that the ſecond Folio (which is remarkably correct in this Play, beyond any thing I have before met with in it) gives this Speech to *Ach.* which generally ſtands for *Achillas* rather than *Achoreus*. Being therefore very dubious, I refer it to the Reader's Deciſion.

Cæs. (26) Oh thou Conqueror,
Thou Glory of the World once, now the Pity:
Thou Awe of Nations, wherefore didſt thou fall thus?
What poor Fate follow'd thee, and pluckt thee on,
To truſt thy ſacred Life to an *Egyptian*;
The life and light of *Rome*, to a blind Stranger,

That

(26) *Oh, thou Conqueror*, &c.] The Reader will have obſerved one Difference in our Authors Tranſlation of *Photinus*'s Speech in Council, that they do not follow him in thoſe very frequent Apoſtrophes to *Pompey* in his Abſence. It is what the *Roman* Orators greatly delighted in, but too frequent a Uſe of it is certainly wrong, and accordingly we find many more in *Lucan* and *Ovid*, than in *Virgil*, *Homer*, *Shakeſpear*, *Milton*, or *Fletcher*. The preſent Speech to *Pompey*'s Head as to himſelf, which is as beautiful as it is natural, *Lucan* has not; but it copies a much greater Maſter, *viz. Shakeſpear* in *Antony*'s Apoſtrophe to the Corps of *Cæſar*. This is the Reaſon why our Poets have vary'd the Order of *Lucan*'s Sentiments in the following Speech.

Aufer ab aſpectu noſtro funeſta, ſatelles,
Regis dona tui: pejus de Cæſare veſtrum,
Quàm de Pompeio meruit ſcelus. Unica belli
Præmia civilis, victis donare ſalutem,
Perdidimus. Quod ſi Pharia germana tyranno
Non inviſa foret, potuiſſem reddere regi,
Quod meruit; fratrique tuum pro munere tali
Miſiſſem, Cleopatra, caput. Secreta quid arma
Movit, & inſeruit noſtro ſua tela labori?
Ergo in Theſſalicis Pellæo fecimus arvis
Jus gladio? veſtris quæſita licentia regnis?
Non tuleram Magnum mecum Romana regentem:
Te, Ptolomæe, feram? fruſtra civilibus armis
Miſcuimus gentes, ſi qua eſt hoc orbe poteſtas
Altera, quàm Cæſar: ſi tellus ulla duorum eſt;
Vertiſſem Latias à veſtro littore proras:
Famæ cura vetat, ne non damnaſſe cruentam,
Sed videar timuiſſe Pharon. Nec fallere vos me
Credite victorem: nobis quoque tale paratum
Littoris hoſpitium: ne ſic mea colla gerantur,
Theſſaliæ fortuna facit. Majore profectò,
Quàm metui poterat, diſcrimine geſſimus arma;
Exilium, generique minas, Romamque timebam:
Pœna fugæ Ptolomæus erat. Sed parcimus annis,
Donamuſque nefas: ſciat hac pro cæde tyrannus
Nil veniâ plus poſſe dari. Vos condite buſto
Tanti colla ducis: ſed non, ut crimina tantùm
Veſtra tegat tellus. Juſto date tura ſepulchro,
Et placate caput, cineresque in littore fuſos

Colligite,

That honourable War ne'er taught a nobleneſs,
Nor worthy circumſtance ſhew'd what a Man was,
That never heard thy Name ſung, but in Banquets;
And looſe laſcivious Pleaſures? To a Boy,
That had no Faith to comprehend thy Greatneſs,
No ſtudy of thy life to know thy Goodneſs;
And leave thy Nation, nay, thy noble Friend,
Leave him diſtruſted that in Tears falls with thee;
In ſoft relenting Tears? Hear me, great *Pompey*,
If thy great Spirit can hear, (27) I muſt tax thee:
Thou'ſt moſt unnobly robb'd me of my Victory,
My Love, and Mercy.

Ant. O how brave theſe Tears ſhew?
How excellent is Sorrow in an Enemy?

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this Goodneſs.

Cæſ. *Egyptians*, dare you think (28) your higheſt *Pyramids*,
Built to out-dure the Sun, as you ſuppoſe,
Where your unworthy Kings lye rak'd in Aſhes,

Colligite, atque unam ſparſis date manibus urnam.
Sentiat adventum ſoceri, voceſque querentis
Audiat umbra pias. Dum nobis omnia præfert,
Dum vitam Pharia mavult debere clienti,
Læta dies rapta eſt populis: concordia mundo
Noſtra perit: caruere deis mea vota ſecundis,
Ut te complexus poſitis felicibus armis
Affectus abs te veteres, vitamque rogarem,
Magne, tuam: dignâque ſatis mercede laborum
Contentus par eſſe tibi. Tunc pace fideli
Feciſſem, ut victus poſſes ignoſcere divis;
Feciſſes, ut Roma mihi. Lucan. Lib. 9.

(27) ——*I muſt* task *thee:*] Former Editions.

(28) ——*your* high *Pyramids*, Former Editions.
Built to out-dare *the Sun, as you ſuppoſe,*] To *out-dare* the Sun by their Height is poetical, but, *as you ſuppoſe*, greatly flattens it; for this Reaſon both Mr. *Sympſon* and I change it to *out-dure*, which ſeems to ſuit the Context better. This is one of thoſe Paſſages which ſoars much above any thing in *Lucan*, and makes ample amends for the Omiſſion of ſome few of his beautiful Sentiments, ſuch as

Affectus abs te veteres, vitamque rogarem
Magne tuam.

and thoſe that immediately follow it.

Are

Are Monuments fit for him? No, Brood of *Nilus*,
Nothing can cover his high Fame, but Heav'n;
No *Pyramids* set off his Memories,
But the eternal substance of his Greatness,
To which I leave him; take the Head away,
And, with the Body, give it noble Burial:
Your Earth shall now be bless'd to hold a *Roman*,
Whose Braveries (29) all the World's-Earth cannot ballance.

Sce. If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour thee;
(30) But great Men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for,
There 're such kind of Philosophers; now do I wonder
How he would look if *Pompey* were alive again,
But how he'd set his Face?

Cæs. You look now, King,
And you that have been Agents in this Glory,
For our especial Favour?

Ptol. We desire it.

Cæs. And doubtless you expect Rewards.

Sce. Let me give 'em:
I'll give 'em such as Nature never dreamt of,
I'll beat him and his Agents in a Mortar,
Into one Man, and that one Man I'll bake then.

Cæs. Peace: I forgive you all, that's Recompence:
You're young, and ignorant, that pleads your Pardon,
And fear it may be more than Hate provok'd ye;
Your Ministers I must think wanted judgment,

(29) —— *all the World's Earth* ——] I have restored a Hyphen from the second Folio, which Mr. *Sympson* observes makes the Expression of *World's-Earth* directly answer the Latin *Terrarum Orbis*.

(30) *But great Men may dissemble,*——] This, which comes very naturally from the rough Honesty of *Sceva*, and what *Photinus* afterwards says more fully to the same Purpose, is copy'd from *Lucan*, who writing with the Zeal of Party against *Cæsar*, laughs at his pretended Piety upon this Occasion.

——— *tutumque putavit*
Jam bonus esse socer, &c.

But Prejudice apart; *Cæsar's* Compassion to *Pompey* seems perfectly consonant to his Character. He was a terrible Enemy, but a gentle Conqueror. Ambition was his first Passion, Good-Nature, or rather *Good-Temper*, his second.

And

(31) And ſo they err'd: I'm bountiful to think this;
Believe me moſt bountiful: Be you moſt thankful,
That Bounty ſhare amongſt ye: If I knew what
To ſend you for a Preſent, King of *Egypt*,
I mean a Head of equal Reputation,
And that you lov'd, tho' 't were your brighteſt Siſter's,
But her you hate, I would not be behind ye.

Ptol. Hear me, great *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. I have heard too much;
And ſtudy not with ſmooth ſhews to invade
My noble Mind, as you have done my Conqueſt:
Ye're poor and open: I muſt tell you roundly,
That Man that could not recompence the Benefits,
The great and bounteous Services of *Pompey*,
Can never doat upon the Name of *Cæſar*;
Though I had hated *Pompey*, and allow'd his Ruin,
I gave you no Commiſſion to perform it:
Haſty to pleaſe in Blood are ſeldom truſty;
And but I ſtand inviron'd with my Victories,
My Fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble Strengths, and Friends about my Perſon,
I durſt not try ye, nor expect a Courteſie,
Above the pious I ove you ſhew'd to *Pompey*.
You've found me merciful in arguing with ye:
(32) Swords, Hang-men, Fires, Deſtructions of all Natures,
Demoliſhments of Kingdoms, and whole Ruins,
Are wont to be my Orators; turn to Tears,
(33) You wretched and poor Seeds of Sun-burnt *Egypt*,
And

(31) *And ſo they* end :——] The firſt Folio reads *erd*, the ſecond *err'd*, which is right. Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* both concurr'd with me in obſerving this.

(32) *Swords*, Hangers, *Fires*,] As Hangers give much the ſame Idea as Swords, eſpecially in the Mouth of a *Roman*, I hope the Reader will agree to the Change of it to *Hang-men*, which were proper to be threatned to the Murderers of *Pompey*, and which afterward prov'd the Fate of *Septimius*. There is ſomething extremely noble in this Paſſage; it even approaches to thoſe *terrible Graces* before ſpoke of.

(33) *You wretched and poor* Seeds *of Sun-burnt* Egypt,] As the Word *Seeds*, is good Senſe, I fear the Reader would think it too great a Liberty for an Editor to diſplace it and advance his own Conjecture into the Text: But where the Change of a ſingle Letter gives great Improvement,

And now you've found the Nature of a Conqueror,
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light, will be himself ſtill;
Know how to meet his Worth with human Courteſies:
Go, and Embalm thoſe Bones of that great Soldier;
Howl round about his Pile, fling on your Spices,
(34) Make a *Sabean* Bed, and place this Phenix
Where the hot Sun may emulate his Virtues,
And draw another *Pompey* from his Aſhes
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongſt the Worthies.

Ptol. We will do all.

Cæſ. You've robb'd him of thoſe Tears
His Kindred and his Friends kept ſacred for him;
The Virgins of their Funeral Lamentations;
And that kind Earth that thought to cover him,
(His Country's Earth) will cry out 'gainſt your Cruelty,
And weep unto the Ocean for Revenge,
'Till *Nilus* raiſe his ſeven Heads and devour ye:
My Grief has ſtopt the reſt: When *Pompey* liv'd
He us'd you nobly, now he's dead, uſe him ſo. [*Exit.*

provement, I think it a Juſtice to the Authors to ſuppoſe it genuine; eſpecially when it ſtrongly partakes of their uſual Spirit. *Seeds* ſeems rather flat, and *Weeds* was the firſt Word that occurr'd as an Improvement, becauſe it makes *Cæſar* ſpeak with more Contempt of the *Egyptians*; but obſerving the great Propriety of all our Authors Metaphors which he applies to the *Egyptians*, as where he calls them *the Spawn* of *Ægypt*; and again, *Theſe Beds of ſlimy Eels*; and *Septimius*, *That Vermine that's now become a natural Crocodile*, a better Reading occurr'd, *Reeds*, to which *Egypt* is greatly ſubject from the Overflow of the *Nile*. Thus the Scriptures ſpeaking of the *Behemoth* or *Crocodile*. *He lieth under the ſhady Trees, in the Covert of the Reed or Fens.*

(34) *Make a* Sabean *Bed, and place this Phenix*
Where the hot Sun &c.] The latter Part of this Sentence may at firſt Reading appear a Rant, for it would be ſo if ſpoke by an *Engliſhman* of this Age, but in the Mouth of *Cæſar* 'tis perfectly in Character. Deifications of great Men was the Practice of the Age he liv'd in, and the ſuppoſed Proof of an Apotheoſis was an Eagle's aſcending from the Funeral Pile; but *Cæſar* being in *Egypt*, where the *Arabian* Phenix was ſuppoſed to make her Neſt of *Sabean* Spices, [whether in the Temple of *Apollo* at *Heliopolis*, or in that at *Thebes*, I don't recollect] this Circumſtance gives extreme propriety to the Application of it to *Pompey*.

Ptol.

Ptol. (35) Now where's your Confidence, your Aim, *Photinus*,
And Oracles; the fair Favours from the Conqueror,
You rung into mine Ears? How ſtand I now?
You ſee the Tempeſt of his ſtern Diſpleaſure,
The Death of him, you urg'd a Sacrifice
To ſtop his Rage, preſaging a full Ruin;
Where are your Counſels now?
Acho. I told ye, Sir,
And told the truth, what Danger would fly after:
And though an Enemy, I ſatisfied you
He was a *Roman*, and the top of Honour;
And howſoever this might pleaſe great *Cæſar*,
I told ye, that the foulneſs of his Death
The Impious baſeneſs———
Pho. Peace, ye are a Fool,
Men of deep Ends muſt tread as deep Ways to 'em;
Ceſar I know is pleas'd, and for all his Sorrows,
Which are put on for Forms, and meer Diſſemblings,
I'm confident he's glad: T' have told ye ſo,
And thank'd ye outwardly, had been too open,
And taken from the Wiſdom of a Conqueror.
Be confident, and proud ye've done this Service;
Ye have deſerv'd, and ye will find it highly:
Make bold uſe of this Benefit, and be ſure
You keep your Siſter, the High-ſoul'd *Cleopatra*,
Both cloſe and ſhort enough, ſhe may not ſee him:
The reſt, if I may counſel, Sir.———
Ptol. Do all,
For in thy faithful Service reſts my Safety. [*Exeunt.*

(35) *Now where's your Confidence, your Aim*, Photinus,
The *Oracles*, and *fair Favours from the Conqueror*,
You rung into mine Ears?——] Either the ſecond Line ould be, *The Oracles of fair Favours*, or, what ſeems more pro-ble, the Particles *the* and *and* ſhould change Places, and ſtand as Text is now given.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Septimius.

Sep. Here's a ſtrange alteration in the Court;
Men's Faces are of other Sets and Motions,
Their Minds of ſubtler Stuff: I paſs by now
As though I were a Raſcal, no Man knows me,
No Eye looks after; as I were a Plague,
Their Doors ſhut cloſe againſt me, and I wondred at
Becauſe I've done a meritorious Murder;
Becauſe I've pleas'd the Time, does the Time plague me?
I've known the Day they would have hugg'd me for't:
For a leſs ſtroke than this, have done me Reverence;
Open'd their Hearts, and ſecret Cloſets to me,
Their Purſes, and their Pleaſures, and bid me wallow.
I now perceive the great Thieves eat the leſs,
(36) And th' huge *Leviathans* of Villany
Sup up the Merits nay the Men and all
That do them Service, and ſpout 'em out again
Into the Air, as thin, and unregarded
As drops of Water that are loſt i'th' Ocean.
I was lov'd once for Swearing, and for Drinking,
And for other principal Qualities that became me:
Now a fooliſh unthankful Murder has undone me,
If m' Lord *Photinus* be not merciful,
That ſet me on; and ſee he comes, now Fortune.

Enter Photinus.

Pho. Cæſar's Unthankfulneſs a little ſtirs me,
A little frets my Blood; take heed, proud *Roman*,
Provoke me not, ſtir not mine Anger farther;
I may find out a way unto thy Life too,
Though arm'd in all thy Victories, and ſeize it;

(36) *And th' huge* Leviathans *of* &c.] I ſhould not take the Liberty of marking out beautiful Paſſages, but that I am very deſirous this Play ſhould meet with due Regard from every Reader; and I therefore beg him not to paſs ſlightly over this Paſſage, where a Metaphor is carried on with ſuch exquiſite Beauty, that it may vie with the fineſt Strokes of this Sort even in *Shakeſpear*.

A Conqueror has a Heart, and I may hit it.
Sep. May't pleaſe your Lordſhip;
Pho. O, *Septimius!*
Sep. Your Lordſhip knows my wrongs.
Pho. Wrongs?
Sep. Yes, my Lord,
How th' Captain of the Guard, *Achillas*, ſlights me.
Pho. Think better of him, he has much befriended thee,
Shew'd thee much Love in taking the Head from thee:
The Times are alter'd, Soldier, *Cæſar*'s angry;
And our deſign to pleaſe him, loſt and periſh'd:
Be glad thou art unnam'd, 'tis not worth th' owning.
Yet, that thou may'ſt be uſeful——
Sep. Yes, my Lord,
I ſhall be ready.
Pho. For I may employ thee
To take a rub or two out of my way,
As time ſhall ſerve; ſay that it be a Brother,
Or a hard Father.
Sep. 'Tis moſt neceſſary,
A Mother, or a Siſter, or whom you pleaſe, Sir.
Pho. Or to betray a noble Friend.
Sep. 'Tis all one.
Pho. I know thou'lt ſtir for Gold.
Sep. 'Tis all my Motion.
Pho. There, take that for thy Service, and farewel:
I've greater Buſineſs now.
Sep. I'm ſtill your own, Sir.
Pho. One thing I charge thee; ſee me no more, *Septimius*,
Unleſs I ſend. [*Exit.*
Sep. I ſhall obſerve your Hour.
So, this brings ſomething in the Mouth, ſome ſavour;
This is the Lord I ſerve, the Power I worſhip,
My Friends, Allies; and here lies my Allegiance.
Let People talk as they pleaſe of my Rudeneſs,
And ſhun me for my Deed; bring but this to 'em,
Let me be damn'd for Blood, yet ſtill I'm honourable:
This God creates new Tongues, and new Affections;
And though I'd kill'd my Father, give me Gold,
I'll make Men ſwear I've done a pious Sacrifice.

Now

Now I will out-brave all, make all my Servants,
And my brave Deed ſhall b' writ in Wine for Virtuous.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Dolabella, *and* Sceva.

Cæſ. Keep ſtrong Guards, and with wary Eyes, my Friends,
There is no truſting to theſe baſe *Egyptians:*
They that are falſe to pious Benefits,
And make compell'd Neceſſities their Faiths,
Are Traitors to the Gods.
Ant. We'll call a-ſhore
A Legion of the beſt.
Cæſ. Not a Man, *Antony*,
That were to ſhew our Fears, and dim our Greatneſs;
No, 'tis enough, my Name's a-ſhore.
Sce. Too much too,
A ſleeping *Cæſar* is enough to ſhake them;
There are ſome two or three malicious Raſcals
Train'd up in Villany; beſides that *Cerberus*,
That *Roman* Dog, that lick'd the Blood of *Pompey*.
Dol. 'Tis ſtrange, a *Roman* Soldier?
Sce. You're cozen'd,
There be of us, as of all other Nations,
Villains and Knaves; 'tis not the Name contains him,
But the Obedience; when that's once forgotten,
And Duty flung away, then welcome Devil:
Photinus and *Achillas*, and this Vermine,
That's now become a natural Crocodile,
Muſt be with care obſerv'd.
Ant. And 'tis well counſell'd,
No Confidence, nor Truſt——
Sce. I'll truſt the Sea firſt,
When with her hollow Murmurs ſhe invites me,
And clutches in her Storms, as politick Lions
Conceal their Claws; I'll truſt the Devil firſt;

The

(37) The Rule of Ill I'll truſt, before the Doer.
Cæſ. Go to your Reſts, and follow your own Wiſdoms,
And leave me to my Thoughts, pray no more Complement;
Once more ſtrong Watches.
Dol. All ſhall be obſerv'd, Sir. [*Exit.*
Cæſ. I'm dull and heavy, yet I cannot ſleep;
(38) How happy was I, in my lawful Wars
In *Germany*, and *Gaul*, and *Britany?*
When every Night with pleaſure I ſat down
What the Day miniſtred? the Sleep came ſweetly.
But ſince I undertook this Home-diviſion,
This Civil War, and paſs'd the *Rubicon*,
What have I done, that ſpeaks an ancient *Roman*;
A good, great Man? I've enter'd *Rome* by force,
And on her tender Womb, that gave me Life,
Let my inſulting Soldiers rudely trample;
The dear Veins of my Country I have open'd,
And ſail'd upon the Torrents that flow'd from her,
The bloody Streams, that in their confluence
Carry'd before 'em thouſand Deſolations:
I robb'd the Treaſury, and at one gripe
Snatch'd all the Wealth, ſo many worthy Triumphs
Plac'd there as ſacred to the Peace of *Rome:*

(37) *The Rule of Ill I'll truſt, before the Doer.*] Mr. *Sympſon* and I both heſitated on this Expreſſion, but I believe it right, as God is the Rule of Good or Virtue, ſo is the *Devil* of *Ill.* It is certainly injudicious in *Shakeſpear* and our Poets to make Heathens ſo often talk of the Devil, with the ſame Ideas affixed to him as we now have. But if *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have many of the Faults of *Shakeſpear*, which our modern Poets have avoided, ſo they have many of his Beauties which none but they ever reached, of which the three Lines preceding are a ſtrong Inſtance.

(38) *How happy was I, in my lawful Wars* &c.] This Soliloquy of *Cæſar*'s is extremely judicious as well as beautiful, it was difficult to conform both to Hiſtory and to poetical Juſtice. It would be an Outrage upon the former to make *Cæſar* unfortunate, and as great a one to have made him a perfectly virtuous Character, as *Corneille* has endeavoured to do. How then ſhould our Poets, who have drawn *Cæſar* exactly to the Life, fulfil in any Degree the Juſtice that the Audience demand againſt him. This they have finely accompliſh'd, by ſhewing him in his Retirement, ſtung and tormented with the horrid Maſſacres that he had brought upon his Country, which are deſcribed with great energy.

I raz'd *Massilia* in my wanton Anger;
Petreius and *Afranius* I defeated.
Pompey I overthrew; what did that get me?
(39) The slubber'd name of an authoriz'd Enemy.
[*Noise within.*
I hear some Noises, they are the Watches, sure.
What Friends have I ty'd fast by these Ambitions?
Cato, the Lover of his Country's Freedom
Is pass'd now into *Africk* to affront me;
Juba, that kill'd my Friend, is up in Arms too:
The Sons of *Pompey* are Masters of the Sea,
And from the Relicks of their scatter'd Faction,
A new Head's sprung: Say I defeat all these too;
I come home Crown'd an honourable Rebel.
I hear the Noise still, and it comes still nearer;
Are the Guards fast? Who waits there?

Enter Sceva, *with a Packet*, Cleopatra *in it.*

Sce. Are ye awake, Sir?
Cæs. I'th' name of Wonder——
Sce. Nay, I am a Porter,
A strong one too, or else my Sides would crack, Sir;
An my Sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk with 'em.
Cæs. What hast thou there?
Sce. Ask them which stay without,
And brought it hither; your Presence I deny'd 'em,
And put 'em by, took up the Load myself;
They say 'tis rich, and valu'd at the Kingdom;
I'm sure 'tis heavy; if you like to see it,
You may; if not, I'll give it back.
Cæs. Stay, *Sceva*,
I would fain see it.
Sce. I'll begin to work then;
No doubt to flatter ye, they've sent ye something

(39) *The slubber'd name of an* authoriz'd *Enemy.*] By an authoriz'd Enemy the Poets seem to have meant, an Enemy to his Country pronounc'd so by the Authority of the whole Senate, as *Cæsar* had been by the Senate of *Rome*. If this Explanation should not satisfy, the Verse will run better thus,

The slubber'd name of an unauth'riz'd *Enemy.*

i. e. Of an Enemy without a legal Cause or legal Authority.

Of

Of a rich value, Jewels, or ſome Treaſure;
May be a Rogue within, to do a Miſchief.
I pray you ſtand farther off, if there be Villany,
Better my Danger firſt, he ſhall 'ſcape hard too;
Ha, what art thou?
Cæſ. Stand farther off, good *Sceva*;
What heavenly Viſion? Do I wake or ſlumber?
Farther o' that Hand, Friend.
Sce. What Apparition?
What Spirit have I rais'd? ſure 'tis a Woman;
She looks like one; now ſhe begins to move too;
A tempting Devil, o' my Life? Go off *Cæſar*,
Bleſs thyſelf off, a Bawd grown in mine old Days?
Bawdry advanc'd upon my Back? 'tis noble;
Sir, if you be a Soldier, come no nearer,
'he's ſent to diſpoſſeſs you of your Honour,
Spunge, a Spunge, to wipe away your Victories;
nd ſhe'd be cool'd, Sir, let the Soldiers trim her;
'hey'll give her that ſhe came for, and diſpatch her;
e loyal to yourſelf: Thou damned Woman,
oſt thou come hither with thy flouriſhes,
hy flaunts, and faces, to abuſe Mens Manners?
nd am I made the Inſtrument of Bawdry?
I'll find a Lover for ye, one ſhall hug ye.
Cæſ. Hold on thy Life, and be more temperate,
Thou Beaſt——
Sce. Thou Beaſt?
Cæſ. Couldſt thou be ſo Inhuman,
So far from noble Man, to draw thy Weapon
Upon a thing Divine?
Sce. Divine, or Human,
They're never better pleas'd, nor more at Heart's-eaſe,
Than when we draw with full intent upon 'em.
Cæſ. Move this way, Lady,
'Pray ye let me ſpeak to ye.
Sce. And Woman, you had beſt ſtand——
Cæſ. By the Gods,
But that I ſee her here, and hope her mortal,
I ſhould imagine ſome celeſtial Sweetneſs,
The Treaſure of ſoft Love.

Sce. Oh, this ſounds mangily,
Poorly, and ſcurvily in a Soldier's Mouth;
You'd beſt be troubled with the Tooth-ach too:
For Lovers ever are, and let your Noſe drop,
That your celeſtial Beauty may befriend ye.
At theſe Years do you learn to be fantaſtical?
After ſo many bloody Fields, a Fool?
She brings her Bed along too, ſhe'll loſe no time,
Carrys her Litter to lye ſoft, d' you ſee that?
Invites ye like a Gameſter, note that Impudence:
For ſhame reflect upon your Self, your Honour,
Look back into your noble Parts, and bluſh;
Let not the dear Sweat of the hot *Pharſalia*,
Mingle with baſe Embraces; am I he
That have receiv'd ſo many Wounds for *Cæſar?*
(40) Upon my Target, groves of Darts ſtill growing?
Have I endur'd all Hungers, Colds, Diſtreſſes,
And as I had been bred that Iron that arm'd me,
Stood out all Weathers, now to curſe my Fortune?
To ban the Blood I loſt for ſuch a General?

Cæſ. Offend no more, be gone.

Sce. I will, and leave ye,
Leave ye to Womens Wars, that will proclaim ye:

(40) *Upon my Target, groves of Darts ſtill growing?*] *Sceva* had been a common Soldier, but preferr'd for his amazing Valour and irreſiſtible Strength. When *Pompey* beſieg'd *Cæſar* at *Durachium*, he ſtood in a Breach againſt the whole Army. *Plutarch* tells us that he had a Hundred and Thirty Darts ſtuck in his Target; one had pierc'd his Shoulder, and another his Eye, which he drew out and daſh'd, with his Eye-ball, on the Ground: *Pompey*'s Soldiers on this ſhouted as for Victory; and he pretending faintneſs, ask'd them why they would not come and carry him as a Prize to *Pompey* before he dy'd; two Soldiers believing him in earneſt, came to him; the firſt he ſlew, and wounded the other, and then withdrew amongſt his own Party. The Story is told with great Spirit in the Sixth Book of *Lucan*, who aſcribes to *Sceva* the Preſervation of all *Cæſar*'s Army.

Quem non mille ſimul turmis, nec Cæſare toto
Auferret Fortuna, locum victoribus unus
Eripuit, vetuitque capi: ſeque arma tenente,
Ac nondum ſtrato, Magnum viciſſe negavit.
Scæva viro nomen. &c.

I need not mention the Juſtice with which our Poets have drawn *Sceva*'s Character, in a familiar, rough, Soldier-like Honeſty.

You'll

You'll conquer *Rome* now, and the Capitol,
With Fans and Looking-glaſſes; farewel, *Cæſar.*
Cle. Now I am private, Sir, I dare ſpeak to ye;
But thus low firſt, for as a God I honour ye.
Sce. Lower you'll be anon.
Cæſ. Away.
Sce. And privater,
For that you covet all. [*Exit.*
Cæſ. Tempt me no farther.
Cle. (41) Contemn me not, becauſe I kneel thus, *Cæſar*,
I am a Queen, and Co-heir to this Country,
The Siſter to the mighty *Ptolomy*,
Yet one Diſtreſs'd, that flies unto thy Juſtice,
One that lays ſacred hold on thy Protection,
As on a holy Altar, to preſerve me.
Cæſ. Speak, Queen of Beauty, and ſtand up.
Cle. I dare not,
'Till I have found that Favour in thine Eyes,
That godlike great Humanity to help me,
Thus, to thy Knees muſt I grow, ſacred *Cæſar*;
And if it be not in thy Will to right me,
And raiſe me like a Queen from my ſad Ruins;
If theſe ſoft Tears cannot ſink to thy Pity,
And waken with their Murmurs thy Compaſſions;
Yet for thy Nobleneſs, for Virtue's ſake,
And if thou be'ſt a Man, for deſpis'd Beauty,
For honourable Conqueſt, which thou dot'ſt on;
Let not thoſe Cankers of this flouriſhing Kingdom,
Photinus and *Achillas*, the one an Eunuch,
The other a baſe Bondman, thus reign o'er me,
Seize my Inheritance, and leave my Brother
Nothing of what he ſhould be, but the Title:
As thou art Wonder of the World ——

(41) *Contemn me not, becauſe I* know *thus*, Cæſar,
I am a Queen, ——] For *know*, I read *kneel*, and Mr. *Sympſon bow*. As ſhe was evidently *kneeling*, I hope it is not Prejudice that makes me prefer the former. The Corruption, tho' extremely groſs, had paſs'd through all the former Editions, altho' this Play (and this only as far as I have yet examined) ſeems in the ſecond Folio to have been corrected by an able Hand, but no Man is always attentive.

Cæs. Stand up then
And be a Queen, this Hand ſhall give it to ye,
Or chuſe a greater Name, worthy my Bounty:
A common Love makes Queens: Chuſe to be worſhipp'd,
To be divinely great, and I dare promiſe it:
A Suitor of your ſort, and bleſſed Sweetneſs,
That hath adventur'd thus to ſee great *Cæſar*,
Muſt never be deny'd; you've found a Patron
(42) That dare not in his private Honour, ſuffer
So great a blemiſh to the Heav'n of Beauty:
The God of Love wou'd clap his angry Wings,
And from his ſinging Bow (43) let fly his Arrows,
Headed with burning Griefs and pining Sorrows,
Should I neglect your Cauſe, would make me monſtrous,
To whom and to your Service I devote me.

Enter Sceva.

Cle. He is my Conqueſt now, and ſo I'll work him;
The Conqueror of the World will I lead captive.
Sce. Still with this Woman? tilting ſtill with Babies?
As you are honeſt, think the Enemy,
Some valiant Foe indeed, now charging on ye,
Ready to break your Ranks, and fling theſe ——
Cæſ. Hear me,
But tell me true, if thou hadſt ſuch a Treaſure,
And as thou art a Soldier, do not flatter me,
Such a bright Gem brought to thee, wouldſt thou not
Moſt greedily accept?
Sce. Not as an Emperor,
(44) A Man that firſt would rule himſelf, then others;

As

(42) *That dare not in* this *private Honour*,—] Former Editions.
(43) —— *let fly* theſe *Arrows*,] Former Editions.
(44) *A Man that firſt* would *rule himſelf*, ——] Mr. *Theobald* alters *would* to *ſhould*, and puts the initial Letters of his Name to it, the Mark by which he ſeems to have diſtinguiſh'd his favourite Emendations.

Mr.

As a poor hungry Soldier, I might bite, Sir,
Yet that's a weakneſs too: Hear me, thou Tempter;
And hear thou, *Cæſar*, too, for it concerns thee,
And if thy Fleſh be deaf, yet let thine Honour,
The Soul of a Commander, give Ear to me.
Thou wanton Bane of War, thou gilded Lethargy,
In whoſe Embraces, Eaſe, the ruſt of Arms,
And Pleaſure, that makes Soldiers poor, inhabits.
Cæſ. Fy, thou blaſphem'ſt.
Sce. I do, when ſhe's a Goddeſs.
Thou melter of ſtrong Minds, dar'ſt thou preſume
To ſmother all his Triumphs, with thy Vanities?
And tye him, like a Slave, to thy proud Beauties?
To thy imperious Looks? that Kings have follow'd
Proud of their Chains? have waited on? I ſhame, Sir.
Cæſ. Alas thou'rt rather mad: Take thy reſt, *Sceva*,
Thy Duty makes thee err, but I forgive thee:
Go, go, I ſay, ſhew me no Diſobedience: [*Exit* Sceva.
'Tis well, farewel. The Day will break, dear Lady,
My Soldiers will come in; pleaſe you retire,
And think upon your Servant?
Cle. Pray you, Sir, know me,
And what I am.
Cæſ. The greater, I more love ye,
And you muſt know me too.
Cle. So far as Modeſty,
And Majeſty gives leave, Sir; ye're too violent.
Cæſ. You are too cold to my Deſires.
Cle. Swear to me,
And by yourſelf, for I hold that Oath ſacred,
You'll right me as a Queen ——

Mr. *Sympſon* joins him; but I think the change rather prejudicial, for *would* as it implies a *Will* to rule himſelf as well as others, intimates that ſuch a *Will* is eſſential to an Emperor, and that none are worthy of the Title that have it not. Beſide this, it has been ſome doubt with me whether the old *Engliſh* Writers had that clear Idea of the difference between *would* and *ſhould* which we have at preſent, but which not one Foreigner in ten Thouſand can be taught to comprehend, altho' it is certainly a very great Beauty of our Language, and, I believe, peculiar to it. I never yet ſaw a grammatical Rule for it, and were it not too great a Digreſſion I would inſert one.

Cæſ. Theſe Lips be witneſs,
And if I break that Oath——
Cle. You make me bluſh, Sir,
And in that Bluſh interpret me.
Cæſ. I will do;
Come let's go in, and bluſh again: This one Word,
You ſhall believe.
Cle. I muſt, you are a Conqueror. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Ptolomy, *and* Photinus.

Pho. GOOD Sir, but hear.
Ptol. No more, you have undone me,
That that I hourly fear'd is faln upon me,
And heavily, and deadly.
Pho. Hear a Remedy.
Ptol. A Remedy, now the Diſeaſe is ulcerous,
And has infected all? Your ſecure Negligence
Has broke through all the hopes I have, and ruin'd me:
My Siſter is with *Cæſar*, in his Chamber,
All Night ſhe has been with him; and no doubt
Much to her Honour.
Pho. Would that were the worſt, Sir,
That will repair itſelf: But I fear mainly,
She'as made her Peace with *Cæſar*.
Ptol. 'Tis moſt likely,
And what am I then?
Pho. 'Plague upon that Raſcal
Apollodorus, under whoſe Command,
Under whoſe Eye——

Enter Achillas.

Ptol. Curſe on you all, ye are Wretches.
Pho. 'Twas providently done, *Achillas*.
Achil. Pardon me.
Pho. Your Guards were rarely wiſe, and wondrous watchful.

Achil.

Achil. I could not help it, if my Life had lain for't.
Alas, who would ſuſpect a pack of Bedding,
Or a ſmall truſs of houſhold Furniture,
And, as they ſaid for *Cæſar*'s uſe? Or who durſt,
Being for his private Chamber, ſeek to ſtop it?
I was abus'd.

Enter Achoreus.

Acho. 'Tis no hour now for Anger,
No Wiſdom to debate with fruitleſs Choler;
Let us conſider timely what we muſt do,
Since ſhe is flown to his Protection,
From whom we have no pow'r to ſever her,
Nor force Conditions——

Ptol. Speak, good *Achoreus.*

Acho. Let indirect and crooked Counſels vaniſh,
And ſtraight and fair Directions——

Pho. Speak your Mind, Sir.

Acho. Let us chuſe *Cæſar*, and endear him to us,
An Arbitrator in all Differences,
Betwixt you, and your Siſter; this is ſafe now,
And will ſhew off, moſt honourable.

Pho. Baſe,
Moſt baſe and poor; a ſervile, cold Submiſſion:
Hear me, and pluck your Hearts up, like ſtout Counſellors,
(46) Since we are ſenſible this *Cæſar* loaths us,
And have begun our Fortune, with great *Pompey*;
Be of my Mind.

Acho. 'Tis moſt uncomely ſpoken,
And if I ſay moſt bloodily, I lye not:
The Law of Hoſpitality it poiſons,
And calls the Gods in queſtion that dwell in us:
Be wiſe, O King.

Ptol. I will be: Go my Counſellor,
To *Cæſar* go, and do my humble Service:
To my fair Siſter my Commends negotiate,

(46) *Since we are ſenſible this* Cæſar loads *us*,] *Cæſar* had not as yet *loaded* them with any Injuries, nor given them their due Puniſhment. The true Word therefore ſeems to be *loaths*, which is very near in Letters to the former, and is clear of all Objection.

And

And here I ratify whate'er thou treat'ſt on.
Acho. Crown'd with fair Peace, I go. [*Exit.*
Ptol. My Love go with thee,
And from my Love go you, you cruel Vipers:
You ſhall know now I am no Ward, *Photinus.* [*Exit.*
Pho. This for our Service? Princes do their Pleaſures;
And they that ſerve obey in all Diſgraces:
The loweſt we can fall to, is our Graves,
There we ſhall know no Difference: Heark *Achillas*,
I may do ſomething yet, when Times are ripe,
(47) To tell this raw unthankful King.
Achil. Photinus,
Whate'er it be I ſhall make one, and zealouſly:
For better die attempting ſomething nobly,
Than fall diſgrac'd.
Pho. Thou lov'ſt me, and I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antony, Dolabella, *and* Sceva.

Dol. Nay there's no rouſing him: He is bewitch'd ſure,
His noble Blood crudled, and cold within him;
Grown now a Woman's Warrior.
Sce. And a tall one:
Studies her Fortifications, and her Breaches,
And how he may advance his Ram to batter
The bulwark of her Chaſtity.
Ant. Be not too angry,
For by this Light, the Woman's a rare Woman,
A Lady of that catching Youth and Beauty,
That unmatch'd Sweetneſs ——
Dol. But why ſhould he be fool'd ſo?
Let her be what ſhe will, why ſhould his Wiſdom,
His Age, and Honour ——

(47) *To tell this* rare *unthankful King.*] *Rare unthankful* may ſignify *very unthankful*, or *rare* may be the ſame with *raw*; but as the Word is very often uſed by our Authors in its common Acceptation, (and particularly twice in the very next Scene,) there ſeems no room to doubt of *raw* being the true Word here.

Ant.

Ant. Say it were your own Caſe,
Or mine, or any Man's, that has Heat in him:
'Tis true, at this Time when he has no Promiſe
Of more Security than his Sword can cut through,
I do not hold it ſo diſcreet: But a good Face, Gentleman,
And Eyes that are the winning'ſt Orators;
A Youth that opens like perpetual Spring,
And to all theſe, a Tongue that can deliver
The Oracles of Love ——
Sce. I wou'd you had her,
With all her Oracles, and Miracles;
She'were fitter for your Turn.
Ant. Wou'd I had, *Sceva*,
With all her Faults too; Let me alone to mend 'em,
O' that Condition I made thee mine Heir.
Sce. I'd rather have your black Horſe than your Harlots.
Dol. Cæſar writes *Sonnets* now, the Sound of War
Is grown too boyſtrous for his Mouth: He ſighs too.
Sce. And learns to fiddle moſt Melodiouſly,
And ſings, 'twou'd make your Ears prick up, to hear him,
Gentlemen.
Shortly ſhe'll make him ſpin; and 't's thought he'll prove
An admirable Maker of Bonelace,
And what a rare Gift will that be in a General?
Ant. I wou'd he cou'd abſtain,
Sce. She is a Witch ſure,
And works upon him with ſome damn'd Inchantment.
Dol. How cunning ſhe will carry her Behaviours,
And ſet her Countenance in a thouſand Poſtures,
To catch her Ends?
Sce. (48) She will be ſick, well, ſullen,
Merry, coy, over-joy'd, and ſeem to die,

All

(48) *She will be ſick, well, ſullen,*
Merry, coy, &c.] Here our Poets follow their Maſter *Shakeſpear* in the Character of *Cleopatra*; we ſhall find in the Sequel, that they have added more of the Dignity of the Queen to the Coquetry of the wanton, than *Shakeſpear* has done. *Corneille*, in order to form an intereſting Amour between *Cæſar* and *Cleopatra*, has endeavoured to draw them both unexceptionably virtuous; what Lord *Roſcommon* very happily obſerves are,

Such

All in one half an hour, to make an Ass of him;
I make no doubt she will be Drunk too, damnably,
And in her Drink will fight, and then she fits him.

Ant. That thou should'st bring her in?

Sce. 'Twas my blind Fortune;
My Soldiers told me, by the weight 'twas wicked:
Would I had carried *Milo's* Bull a Furlong,
When I brought in this Cow-calf: He has advanc'd me,
From an old Soldier, to a Bawd of Memory:
O, that the Sons of *Pompey* were behind him,
The honour'd *Cato*, and fierce *Juba* with 'em
That they might whip him from his Whore, and rowze him;
That their fierce Trumpets, from his wanton Trances
Might shake him, like an Earthquake.

Enter Septimius.

Ant. What's this Fellow?

Dol. Why a brave Fellow, if we judge Men by their Cloaths.

Ant. By my faith he's brave indeed: He's no Commander.

Sce. Yes, he's as a *Roman* Face, he has been at fair Wars,
And plenteous too, and rich, his Trappings shew it.

Such faultless Monsters as the World ne'er saw.

Such Characters are like Pictures with all Light and no Shade, nothing but a *Glare* to set them off, which strikes the Eye of the injudicious, but not the least resembling the Life, are despised by all that know the least of Poetry or Painting. These perfect Characters are more unpardonable, when they are drawn in direct Outrage against the most publickly known Facts of History. *Cæsar* was so infamous for his Debaucheries, even of the grossest Kind, that *Suetonius*, who seems to write very impartially, sums up his Character, as to this Particular, with *Curio's* famous Saying so him, "That he was every Woman's "Man, and every Man's Woman." *Cleopatra* is perhaps the most illustrious Whore on Record, with whom, says the same Historian, "*Cæsar* often spent whole Nights in Banqueting," which was very near ruining him, as it afterwards actually did his Successor *Antony*. It is not necessary to mark out to the Reader of Taste, the noble Strain of rich Metaphors that run through the Remainder of this and the next Scene, paticularly in the rough Character of *Sceva*, which (I am almost afraid to say) seems to me not only an Imitation of, but a great Improvement on the Character of *Ænobarbus* in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*.

Sep.

Sep. An they'll not know me now, they'll never know me,
Who dare bluſh now at my Acquaintance? Ha?
Am I not totally a Span-new Gallant
Fit for the choiceſt Eyes? Have I not Gold?
The Friendſhip of the World? if they ſhun me now,
(Though I were the arranteſt Rogue, as I'm well forward)
Mine own Curſe and the Devil's too light on me.

Ant. Is't not *Septimius?*

Sce. Yes,

Dol. He that kill'd *Pompey?*

Sce. The ſame, Dog, Scab; that gilded Botch, that Raſcal.

Dol. How glorious Villany appears in *Ægypt?*

Sep. Gallants, and Soldiers; ſure they do admire me.

Sce. Stand further off, thou ſtink'ſt.

Sep. A likely matter:
Theſe Cloaths ſmell muſtily, do they not, Gallants?
They ſtink, they ſtink, alas, poor things, contemptible;
By all the Gods in *Ægypt*, the Perfumes
That went to trimming theſe Cloaths, coſt me ——

Sce. Thou ſtink'ſt ſtill.

Sep. The powdring of this Head too ——

Sce. If thou haſt it,
I'll tell thee all the Gums in ſweet *Arabia*
Are not ſufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the Scent of a rank Raſcal from thee.

Ant. I ſmell him now: Fie, how the Knave perfumes him,
How ſtrong he ſcents of Traitor?

Dol. You'd an ill Milliner,
He laid too much o'th' Gum of Ingratitude
Upon your Coat, you ſhould have waſh'd off that, Sir;
Fie how it choaks; too little of your Loyalty,
Your Honeſty, your Faith, that are pure Ambers;
I ſmell the rotten Smell of a hir'd Coward,
A dead Dog's ſweeter.

Sep. Ye're merry Gentlemen,
And by my Troth, ſuch harmleſs Mirth takes me too,
You ſpeak like good blunt Soldiers; and 'tis well enough:
But did you live at Court, as I do, Gallants,

You

You would refine, and learn an apter Language;
I've done ye ſimple Service on your *Pompey*,
You might have look'd him yet this brace of twelve Months,
And hunted after him, like founder'd Beagles,
Had not this fortunate Hand ——
Ant. He brags on't too:
By the good Gods, rejoyces in't; thou Wretch,
Thou moſt contemptible Slave.
Sce. Dog, mangy Mongrel,
Thou murd'ring Miſchief, in the Shape of Soldier,
To make all Soldiers hateful; thou Diſeaſe,
That nothing but the Gallows can give eaſe to. ——
Dol. Thou art ſo impudent, that I admire thee,
And know not what to ſay.
Sep. I know your Anger,
And why you prate thus: I've found your Melancholy,
Ye all want Mony, and you are liberal Captains,
And in this Want will talk a little deſperately:
Here's Gold, come ſhare; I love a brave Commander:
And be not peeviſh, do as *Ceſar* does:
He's merry with his Wench now, be you jovial,
And let's all laugh and drink: Would ye have Partners?
I do conſider all your Wants, and weigh 'em;
He has the Miſtreſs, you ſhall have the Maids,
Ill bring 'em to ye, to your Arms.
Ant. I bluſh,
All over me, I bluſh, and ſweat to hear him:
Upon my Conſcience, if my Arms were on now
Through them I ſhould bluſh too: Pray ye let's be walking.
Sce. Yes, yes: But e'er we go, I'll leave this Leſſon,
And let him ſtudy it: Firſt Rogue, then Pandar,
Next Devil that will be; get thee from Mens Preſence,
And where the Name of Soldier has been heard of
Be ſure thou live not: To ſome hungry Deſart,
Where thou canſt meet with nothing but thy Conſcience,
And that in all the Shapes of all thy Villanies,
Attend thee ſtill, where brute Beaſts will abhor thee,
And even the Sun will ſhame to give thee Light,
Go hide thy Head: Or, if thou think'ſt it fitter,
Go hang thy ſelf.

Dol.

Dol. Hark to that Clauſe.
Sce. And that ſpeedily,
That Nature may be eas'd of ſuch a Monſter. [*Exe.*
Sep. Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on me:
(49) I keep my God ſtill, and my Confidence.
Their want of Breeding makes theſe Fellows murmur;
Rude Valours, ſo I let 'em paſs; rude Honours:
There is a Wench yet, that I know affects me,
And Company for a King: A young plump Villain,
That when ſhe ſees this Gold, ſhe'll leap upon me.

Enter Eros.

And here ſhe comes: I'm ſure of her at Midnight;
My pretty *Eros* welcome.
Eros. I have Buſineſs.
Sep. Above my Love, thou canſt not.
Eros. Yes indeed, Sir,
Far, far above.
Sep. Why, why ſo coy? Pray ye tell me;
We are alone.
Eros. I'm much aſham'd we are ſo.
Sep. You want a new Gown now, and a handſome Petticoat,
A Scarf, and ſome odd Toys: I've Gold here ready,
Thou ſhalt have any thing.
Eros. I want your Abſence?
Keep on your Way, I care not for your Company.
Sep. How? How? You're very ſhort: Do you know me, *Eros?*
And what I have been to ye?
Eros. Yes, I know ye:
And hope I ſhall forget ye: Whilſt you were honeſt
I lov'd ye too.
Sep. Honeſt? Come prithee kiſs me.
Eros. I kiſs no Knaves, no Murderers, no Beaſts,

(49). *I keep my* God *ſtill,*] *Septimius* had before called *Gold* his *God*, therefore the Expreſſion ſeems unexceptionable, and even poetical in this Place, though neither Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Sympſon*, nor the judicious Corrector of this Play in the ſecond Folio thought it ſo; for they all read —— *Gold.*

No

No baſe Betrayers of thoſe Men that fed 'em,
I hate their Looks; and though I may be wanton,
(50) I ſcorn to nouriſh it with thy Blood-purchaſe,
Purchaſe ſo foully got; I pray ye, unhand me,
I'd rather touch the Plague, than one unworthy:
Go ſeek ſome Miſtreſs that a Horſe may marry,
And keep her company, ſhe's too good for ye. [*Exit.*

Sep. Marry this goes near; now I perceive I'm hateful,
When theſe light Stuffs can diſtinguiſh, it grows dangerous,
(51) For Mony ſeldom they refuſe a Leper:
But ſure I am more odious, more diſeas'd too:

Enter three lame Soldiers.

It ſits cold here. What are theſe? three poor Soldiers?
Both poor and lame: Their Miſery may make 'em
A little look upon me, and adore me;
If theſe will keep me Company, I'm made yet.

1 *Sol.* The Pleaſure *Cæſar* ſleeps in makes us miſerable,
We are forgot, our Maims and Dangers laugh'd at;
He banquets, and we beg.

2 *Sol.* He was not wont
To let poor Soldiers, that have ſpent their Fortunes,
Their Bloods, and Limbs, walk up and down like Vagabonds.

Sep. Save ye good Soldiers: Good poor Men, Heav'n help ye:
You've borne the Brunt of War, and ſhew the Story.

1 *Sol.* Some new Commander ſure.

Sep. You look, my good Friends,
By your thin Faces, as you would be Suitors.

2 *Sol.* To *Cæſar*, for our Means, Sir.

Sep. And 'tis fit, Sir.

3 *Sol.* We are poor Men, and long forgot.

(50) *I ſcorn to nouriſh it with Blood purchaſe,*] A Syllable ſeems wanting to the Meaſure here, and an Hyphen to the Senſe.

(51) *For Mony ſeldom they refuſe a* Leaper:] This is the Reading of the old Folio and the Octavo, and as *Leaper* may ſignify a Whoremaſter, and the Verb *leap* is often uſed in that Senſe by our Authors, it may miſlead the Reader; the ſecond Folio ſpells it right *Leper*, which is forty times a better Word than the former.

Sep.

Sep. I grieve for it:
Good Soldiers ſhould have good Rewards, and Favours,
I'll give up your Petitions, for I pity ye,
And freely ſpeak to *Cæſar*.
All. O we honour ye.
1 *Sol.* A good Man ſure ye are: The Gods preſerve ye.
Sep. And to relieve your Wants the while, hold Soldiers;
Nay, 'tis no Dream: 'Tis good Gold: Take it freely,
'Twill keep you in good Heart.
2 *Sol.* Now Goodneſs quit ye.
Sep. I'll be a Friend to your Afflictions,
And eat, and drink with ye too, and we'll be merry:
And every Day I'll ſee ye.
1 *Sol.* You're a Soldier,
And one ſent from the Gods, I think.
Sep. (52) I'll cloath ye,
Ye are lame, and then provide good Lodging for ye:
And at my Table, where no Want ſhall meet ye.

Enter Sceva.

All. Was ever ſuch a Man?
1 *Sol.* Dear honour'd Sir,
Let us but know your Name, that we may worſhip ye.
2 *Sol.* That we may ever thank ——
Sep. Why, call me any thing,
No matter for my Name, that may betray me.
Sce. A cunning Thief, call him *Septimius*, Soldiers,
The Villain that kill'd *Pompey*.
All. How?
Sce. Call him the Shame of Men: [*Exit.*
1 *Sol.* O that this Mony
(53) Were Weight enough to beat thy Brains out: Fling all:
And fling our Curſes next; let them be mortal.

(52) *I'll cloath ye,*
Ye are lame; ——] Theſe Soldiers are before ſaid to be *lame*; and therefore I don't diſcard the Word, but think it more ſuitable to the Context in this Place to read *bare*.

(53) *Were Weight enough to* break *thy Brains out*] Former Editions.

Out bloody Wolf, doſt thou come gilded over,
And painted with thy Charities, to poiſon us?
2 *Sol.* I know him now: May never Father own thee,
But as a monſtrous Birth ſhun thy baſe Memory:
And if thou hadſt a Mother, (as I cannot
Believe thou wert a natural Burden) let her Womb
Be curs'd of Women for a Bed of Vipers.
3 *Sol.* Methinks the Ground ſhakes to devour this Raſcal,
(54) And the kind Air turns into Fogs and Vapours
Th' infectious Miſts, to crown his Villanies;
Thou may'ſt go wander like a thing Heav'n hated.
1 *Sol.* And valiant Minds hold poiſonous to remember;
The Hangman will not keep thee Company,
He has an honourable Houſe to thine;
No, not a Thief, though thou could'ſt ſave his Life for't,
Will eat thy Bread, (55) nor one Thirſt-ſtarv'd drink with thee.
2 *Sol.* Thou art no Company for an honeſt Dog,
And ſo we'll leave thee to a Ditch, thy Deſtiny. [*Exeunt.*
Sep. Contemn'd of all? And kick'd too? Now I find it;
My Valour's fled too, with mine Honeſty,
For ſince I would be Knave, I muſt be Coward:
This 'tis to be a Traitor, and Betrayer;
What a Deformity dwells round about me?
How monſtrous ſhews that Man, that is ungrateful?

(54) *And the kind Air turns into Fogs and Vapours*
The infectious Miſts,] Both the ſecond Folio and Mr. *Sympſon* omit the Particle *The* in the ſecond Line, and give this Senſe,

May the kind Air turn into Fogs and Vapours,
Infectious Miſts, to crown his Villanies.

But before I ſaw their Reading, another occurr'd to me that I think, leſs exceptionable; for the Word *Vapours*, not implying any thing noxious, rather flattens the other Reading, which at beſt is but a Repetition of the ſame Idea thrice over. My Reading gives this Senſe:

May all the Air become Fogs, may all
Wholeſome Vapours become infectious Miſts, &c.

(55) *Nor one* for Thirſt ſtarv'd *drink with thee.*] The trifling Change made here, by ſtriking out the *for*, and adding a Hyphen, both improves the Meaſure and Poetry ſo much, and is ſo much in our Author's Stile, that I verily believe it was their Reading.

(56) I am afraid the very Beasts will tear me:
Inspir'd with what I have done, the Winds will blast me.
Now I am paid, and my Reward dwells in me,
The Wages of my Fact, my Soul's oppress:
Honest and noble Minds, you find most Rest. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Photinus, *and* Achillas.

Ptol. I have commanded, and it shall be so,
A Preparation I have set o' foot,
Worthy the Friendship and the Fame of *Cæsar*;
My Sister's Favours shall seem poor and wither'd,
Nay she herself, trim'd up in all her Beauties,
Compar'd to what I'll take his Eyes withal,
Shall be a Dream.

Pho. D' you mean to shew the Glory,
And Wealth of *Ægypt?*

Ptol. Yes; and in that Lustre,
Rome shall appear, in all her famous Conquests,
And all her Riches, of no Note unto it.

Acho. Now you are reconcil'd to your fair Sister,
Take heed, Sir, how you step into a Danger,
A Danger of this Precipice: But note, Sir,
For what *Rome* ever rais'd her mighty Armies?
First for Ambition; then for Wealth: 'Tis madness,
Nay more, a secure Impotence, to tempt
An armed Guest: Feed not an Eye that conquers,
Nor teach a fortunate Sword the way to be covetous.

Ptol. Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter me;
(57) Let all be ready, as I gave direction:
The secret way of all our Wealth appearing
Newly, and handsomely; and all about it:
No more dissuading: 'Tis my Will.

(56) *I am afraid the very Beasts will tear me:*
Inspir'd with what I have done, the Winds will blast me.]
The Word *inspir'd* not only more naturally belongs to the *Winds* than to the *Beasts*; but it is stronger, and more poetical, to suppose the very inanimate Elements sensible of and abhorring his Wickedness, than meerly the irrational Beasts.

(57) Yet *all be ready*,——] Former Editions.

Acho. I grieve for't.
Ptol. I'll dazle *Cæsar* with excess of Glory.
Pho. I fear you'll curse your Will; we must obey ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, *and* Sceva *above.*

Cæs. I wonder at the Glory of this Kingdom,
And the most bounteous Preparations,
Still as I pass, they court me with.
(58) *Sce.* I'll tell ye:
In *Gaul* and *Germany*, we saw such Visions,
And stood not to admire 'em, but possess 'em.
When they are ours, they're worth our Admiration.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. The young Queen comes: Give room.
Cæs. Welcome, my dearest,
Come bless my side.
Sce. Ay marry: Here's a Wonder,
As she appears now, I am no true Soldier,
If I ben't readiest to recant.
Cle. Be merry, Sir,
My Brother will be proud to do you Honour,
That now appears himself.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Achillas, Photinus, *and* Apollodorus.

Ptol. Hail to great *Cæsar*,
My Royal Guest, first I will feast thine Eyes

(58) Sce. *I'll tell ye:* &c.] It may perhaps seem strange that the Poets should make the honest *Sceva* propose here a glaring Act of Injustice; but this is really a high Proof of their Judgment. *Sceva*'s Honesty is no more than a strong Attachment to *Cæsar*'s Party, and a warm Zeal for his Honour as a General. As to making War upon slight Pretences, and seizing the Wealth of others without any Pretence, these were so common to *Cæsar* and his Army, that a Soldier of his would think them only the Privileges and Rights of his Profession. *Urbes diruit, lapius ob prædam quam ob delictum.* Vide *Suetonium* in *Jul. Cæs.* Paragr. 54.

With

With wealthy *Ægypt*'s Store, and then thy Palate,
And wait myſelf upon thee. [*Treaſure brought in.*
Cæſ. What rich Service?
What Mines of Treaſure? richer ſtill?
Cle. My *Cæſar*,
What d' you admire? pray turn, and let me talk to ye.
Have ye forgot me, Sir? how, a new Object?
And I grown old o'th' ſudden? *Cæſar?*
Cæſ. Tell me
From whence comes all this Wealth?
Cle. Is your Eye that way?
And all my Beauties baniſht?
Ptol. I'll tell thee, *Cæſar*,
We owe for all this Wealth to the old *Nilus:*
We need no dropping Rain to cheer the Husbandman,
Nor Merchant that ploughs up the Sea to ſeek us;
Within the wealthy Womb of reverend *Nilus*,
All this is nouriſh'd: Who, to do thee Honour,
Comes to diſcover his ſeven Deities,
His conceal'd Heads, unto thee: See with pleaſure.
Cæſ. The matchleſs Wealth of this Land!
Cle. Come, ye ſhall hear.
Cæſ. Away: Let me imagine.
Cle. How? frown on me?
The Eyes of *Cæſar* wrapt in Storms!
Cæſ. I'm ſorry:
But let me think——

MUSICK *and* SONG.

Enter Iſis, *and three Labourers.*

Iſis, *the Goddeſs of this Land,*
Bids thee, great Cæſar, *underſtand*
And mark our Cuſtoms, and firſt know,
With greedy Eyes theſe watch the Flow
Of plenteous Nilus; *when he comes,*
With Songs, with Dances, Timbrels, Drums,
They entertain him; cut his way,
And give his proud Heads leave to play:
Nilus *himſelf ſhall riſe, and ſhow*
His matchleſs Wealth in Overflow.

Labourers SONG.

Come let us help the Reverend Nile,
He's very old, alas the while;
Let us dig him easy ways,
And prepare a thousand Plays:
To delight his Streams let's sing,
A loud welcome to our Spring.
This way let his curling Heads
Fall into our new-made Beds.
This way let his wanton Spawns
Frisk, and glide it o'er the Lawns.
This way Profit comes, and Gain:
How he tumbles here amain?
How his Waters haste to fall
Into our Channels? Labour all
And let him in: Let Nilus *flow,*
And perpetual Plenty shew.
With Incense let us bless the Brim,
And as the wanton Fishes swim,
Let us Gums and Garlands fling,
And loud our Timbrels ring.
Come, old Father, come away,
Our Labour is our Holy-day.

Isis. *Here comes the aged River now*
With Garlands of great Pearl, his Brow
Begirt and rounded: In his Flow,
All things take life; and all things grow.
A thousand wealthy Treasures still,
To do him Service at his Will,
Follow his rising Flood, (59) *and pour*
Perpetual Blessings on our Shore.

(59) ——*and pour*
Perpetual Blessings in our Store.] *i. e.* A thousand *Treasures pour perpetual Blessings in our Store.* Such Stiffness and such Tautology are very unlike our Poets general Stile, and very unworthy to make part of this beautiful Masque. As the Change of two Letters gives an easy and poetical Sense, I have ventur'd to insert my Conjecture into the Text.

Hear

Hear him; and next there will advance,
His sacred Heads to tread a Dance,
In honour of my Royal Guest:
Mark them too; and you've a Feast.

Cle. A little Dross betray me?

Cæs. I am asham'd I warr'd at home, my Friends,
When such Wealth may be got abroad: What Honour,
Nay everlasting Glory had *Rome* purchas'd,
Had she a just Cause but to visit *Ægypt*?

Nilus SONG, *and Dance.*

Make room for my rich Waters fall,
And bless my Flood,
Nilus *comes flowing, to you all*
Increase and good.
Now the Plants and Flow'rs shall spring,
And the merry Ploughman sing.
In my hidden Waves I bring,
Bread, and Wine, and every thing.
Let the Damsels sing me in:
Sing aloud that I may rise:
Your holy Feasts and Hours begin,
And each Hand bring a Sacrifice.
Now my wanton Pearls I show,
That to Ladies fair Necks grow.
Now my Gold
And Treasures that can ne'er be told,
Shall bless this Land, by my rich Flow,
And after this, to crown your Eyes,
My hidden holy Head arise.

Cæs. The Wonder of this Wealth so troubles me,
I am not well: Good-night.

Sce. I'm glad ye have it:
Now we shall stir again.

(60) *Dol.* Thou Wealth, still haunt him.

(60) Ptol. *Thou Wealth, still haunt him.*] This should seem to belong to one of *Cæsar*'s Captains, being a Continuation of *Sceva*'s Wish, that the Love of Wealth might make him seize *Ptolomy*'s Riches, and so occasion a new War. I have therefore given it to *Dolabella*, as the nearest in the Trace of the Letters to *Ptol.*

Sce. A greedy Spirit set thee on: We're happy.
Ptol. Lights, lights for *Cæsar*, and Attendance.
Cle. Well,
I shall yet find a time to tell thee, *Cæsar*,
(61) Thou'st wrong'd her Love; the rest here.
Ptol. Lights along still:
Musick, and Sacrifice to sleep for *Cæsar*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Ptolomy, Photinus, Achillas, *and* Achoreus.

Acho. I Told ye carefully, what this wou'd prove to,
What this inestimable Wealth and Glory
Wou'd draw upon ye: I advis'd your Majesty
Never to tempt a Conquering Guest, nor add
A Bait, to catch a Mind, bent by his Trade
To make the whole World his.
Pho. I was not heard, Sir:
Or what I said, lost, and contemn'd: I dare say,
And freshly now, 'twas a poor weakness in ye,
A glorious Childishness: I watch'd his Eye,
And saw how Faulcon-like it towr'd, and flew
Upon the wealthy Quarry: How round it mark'd it;
I observ'd his Words, and to what it tended;
How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,
And what Commerce we held for such abundance:
The shew of *Nilus*, how he labour'd at,
To find the secret Ways the Song deliver'd.
Acho. He never smil'd, I noted, at the Pleasures,
But fixt his constant Eyes upon the Treasure;
I do not think his Ears had so much leisure,

(61) *Thou'st wrong'd her Love*; the rest here.] The Meaning of the last Sentence may be; *The rest of what I intend to do and say, I keep to myself till a fit Opportunity.* But Mr. *Sympson* conjectures the Words to have been a Stage Direction, which I think not improbable; for the Measure is more perfect without them, and they may signify, either, *Let the rest of the Attendance be here ready*, or that the *Rest* or Pause was here, it being the End of the third Act.

After

After the Wealth appear'd, to hear the Muſick?
Moſt ſure he has not ſlept ſince, (62) his Mind's Troubles
With Objects they wou'd make their own ſtill labour.
Pho. Your Siſter he ne'er gaz'd on; that's a main Note:
Th' prime Beauty of the World had no pow'r over him.
Acho. Where was his Mind the whilſt?
Pho. Where was your carefulneſs,
To ſhew an armed Thief the way to rob ye?
Nay, wou'd you give him this, it will excite him
To ſeek the reſt. (63) Ambition feels no Gift,
Nor knows no Bounds; indeed y' have done moſt weakly.
Ptol. Can I be too kind to my noble Friend?
Pho. To be unkind unto your noble ſelf, but favours
Of Indiſcretion, and your Friend has found it.
Had ye been train'd up in the Wants and Miſeries
A Soldier marches through, and known his Temperance
In offer'd Courteſies, you wou'd have made
A wiſer Maſter of your own, and ſtronger.
Ptol. Why, ſhou'd I give him all, he wou'd return it:
'Tis more to him, to make Kings.
Pho. Pray be wiſer,
And truſt not with your loſt Wealth, your lov'd Liberty;
To be a King ſtill at your own Diſcretion,
Is like a King; to be at his, a Vaſſal.
Now take good Counſel, or no more take to ye
The freedom of a Prince.
Achil. 'Twill be too late elſe:

(62) ——*his Mind's troubled*
With Objects they wou'd make their own ſtill labour.] The Relative *they* wants an Antecedent here, which I hope I have reſtored, by reading *Troubles* inſtead of *troubled.*

(63) ——*Ambition feels no* Gift,
Nor knows no Bounds; ——] *i. e.* Ambition does not look on any thing it has power to ſeize, as a Gift from the Owner; no Preſent you can make *Cæſar* will affect him with Gratitude: His Sword is the Arbitrator of Right and Wrong, and he acknowledges no other Law. *Cæſar* himſelf (as *Cicero* obſerves in his Offices) ſeems to have acknowledged this, by frequently repeating a Sentence of *Euripides*, which *Cicero* thus renders; *Nam ſi violandum eſt jus, regnandi gratiâ violandum eſt: aliis rebus pietatem colas.* Mr. *Theobald*, either not ſeeing, or diſapproving this Interpretation, would read,
——*Ambition feels no* Girth.

For

For, ſince the Maſque, he ſent three of his Captains,
Ambitious as himſelf, to view again
The Glory of your Wealth.
Pho. The next himſelf comes,
Not ſtaying for your Courteſie, and takes it.
Ptol. What Counſel, my *Achoreus?*
Acho. I'll go pray, Sir,
For that's beſt Counſel now, the Gods may help ye.
[*Exit.*
Pho. I found ye out a way but 'twas not credited,
A moſt ſecure way: Whither will ye fly now?
Achil. For when your Wealth is gone, your Pow'r muſt follow.
Pho. And that diminiſht alſo, what's your Life worth?
Who wou'd regard it?
Ptol. You ſay true.
Achil. What Eye
Will look upon King *Ptolomy?* If they do look,
'T muſt be in ſcorn: For a poor King's a Monſter;
What Ear remember ye? 'twill be then a Courteſy,
A noble one, to take your Life too from ye:
But if reſerv'd, you ſtand to fill a Victory;
As who knows Conquerors Minds? though outwardly
They bear fair Streams. O Sir, does this not ſhake ye?
If to be honey'd on to theſe Afflictions——
Ptol. I never will: I was a Fool.
Pho. For then, Sir,
Your Country's Cauſe falls with ye too, and fetter'd:
All *Ægypt* ſhall be plough'd up with diſhonour.
Ptol. No more: I'm ſenſible: And now my Spirit
Burns hot within me.
Achil. Keep it warm and fiery.
Pho. And laſt be counſell'd.
Ptol. I will, though I periſh.
Pho. Go in: We'll tell you all: And then we'll execute.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Cleopatra, Arsinoe, *and* Eros.

Arſ. You're ſo impatient.
Cle. Have I not cauſe?
Women of common Beauties, and low Births,
When they are ſlighted, are allow'd their Angers;
Why ſhould not I, a Princeſs, make him know
The baſeneſs of his Uſage?
Arſ. Yes, 'tis fit:
But then again you know what Man.
Cle. He's no Man:
The Shadow of a Greatneſs hangs upon him,
And not the Virtue: He is no Conqueror,
Has ſuffer'd under the baſe droſs of Nature:
Poorly deliver'd up his Pow'r to Wealth;
The God of bed-rid Men, taught his Eyes Treaſon;
Againſt the truth of Love he's rais'd Rebellion:
Defy'd his holy Flames.
Eros. He will fall back again,
And ſatisfy your Grace.
Cle. Had I been old,
Or blaſted in my Bud, he might have ſhew'd
Some ſhadow of diſlike: But, to prefer
(64) The Luſtre of a little Art, *Arſinoe*,
And the poor Glow-worm light of ſome faint Jewels,
Before

(64) *The Luſtre of a little* Art,——] Art here is certainly Senſe, as both Jewels and Gold receive their Luſtre from the Poliſh and Refinement of Art; but Mr. *Sympſon* thinks we ſhould read *Dirt*, as they are before call'd the *baſe Droſs of Nature*. And again, *I had* Traſh *enough*. The Conjecture therefore is certainly a happy one, it has more of the poetick Spirit than the old Text. When we ſpeak in contempt of any thing, we generally reſolve it into its firſt Principles: Thus, Man is Duſt and Aſhes, and the Food we eat, the Dung, by which firſt our vegetable and from thence our animal Food is nouriſh'd. This Sentiment has, in *Shakeſpear's Antony* and *Cleopatra*, eſcaped the Obſervation of two that deſervedly bear the firſt Names in Criticiſm, Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, and Mr. *Warburton*. *Cleopatra* finding ſhe can no longer riot in the Pleaſures of Life, with the uſual Workings of a diſappointed

Before the life of Love, and ſoul of Beauty,
Oh how it vexes me: He is no Soldier,
All honourable Soldiers are Love's Servants;
He is a Merchant, a meer wandring Merchant,
Servile to gain: He trades for poor Commodities,
And makes his Conqueſts, Theſts; ſome fortunate Captains
That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,
Have flung the Name of happy *Cæſar* on him,
Himſelf ne'er won it: He's ſo baſe and covetous,
He'll ſell his Sword for Gold.

Arſ. This is too bitter.

diſappointed Pride, pretends a Diſguſt to them, and thus ſpeaks in Praiſe of Suicide. *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, Act V. Scene II.

——— *and it is great*
To do that thing that ends all other Deeds;
Which ſhackles Accidents, and bolts up Change;
Which ſleeps and never palates more the Dung,
The Beggar's Nurſe and Cæſar's.

From the Obſervation above, nothing can be clearer than this Paſſage; *both the Beggar and* Cæſar *are fed and nurſed by the Dung of the Earth*; and in this Senſe it always appeared to me, before the following Demonſtration of it occurr'd. In the firſt Scene of the ſame Play *Antony* ſays,

Kingdoms are Clay; our dungy *Earth alike*
Feeds Beaſt as Man.

Mr. *Warburton* happening to overlook this makes the Action of Suicide the Beggar's Nurſe and *Cæſar*'s, by ſuppoſing a whole Line loſt, and reading *Dugg* inſtead of *Dung*. He therefore forms a Line, and reads the whole thus;

——— *and it is great*
To do that thing which ends all other Deeds;
Which ſhackles Accidents and bolts up Change;
[Lulls wearied Nature to a ſoft Repoſe,]
(Which ſleeps, and never palates more the Dugg*)*
The Beggar's Nurſe and Cæſar's.

Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, who accepted Mr. *Warburton*'s Conjecture in part, does not ſeem to admit *Suicide* to be the *Nurſe* ſpoke of, but reads,

Which makes us ſleep, nor palate more the Dugg
O'th' Beggar's Nurſe and Cæſar's.

Here the *Nurſe* muſt be the *Earth*, whoſe *Dugg* both *Cæſar* and the *Beggar* are ſaid to *palate*. But this, tho' near the true Senſe, is extremely forced. The Miſtakes of ſuch great Men ſhould not elevate but humble us petty Criticks.

Cle.

Cle. Oh I could curſe myſelf, that was ſo fooliſh,
So fondly Childiſh to believe his Tongue,
His promiſing Tongue, ere I cou'd catch his Temper:
I'd traſh enough t' have cloy'd his Eyes withal,
His covetous Eyes; ſuch as I ſcorn to tread on:
Richer than e'er he ſaw yet, and more tempting;
Had I known h' had ſtoop'd at that, I'd ſav'd mine Honour,
I had been happy ſtill: But let him take it,
And let him brag how poorly I am rewarded:
Let him go conquer ſtill weak wretched Ladies:
(65) Love has his angry Quiver too, his deadly,
And when he finds ſcorn, arms him at the ſtrongeſt:
I am a Fool to fret thus for a Fool,
An old blind Fool too? I loſe my Health: I will not,
I will not cry; I will not honour him,
With Tears diviner than the Gods he worſhips:
I will not take the pains to curſe a poor thing.

(66) *Eros.* Doe not: You ſhall not need.

Cle. Would I were Priſoner
To one I hate, that I might anger him;
I will love any Man, to break the Heart of him,
Any that has the Heart and Will to kill him.

Arſ. Take ſome fair Truce.

Cle. I will go ſtudy Miſchief,
And put a Look on, arm'd with all my Cunnings,
Shall meet him like a Baſilisk, and ſtrike him:
Love put deſtroying Flames into mine Eyes,
Into my Smiles, deceits, that I may torture him,
That I may make him love to Death, and laugh at him.

(65) *Love has his angry Quiver too, his deadly,*
And when he finds ſcorn, arm'd *at the ſtrongeſt:*] The ſecond Line is undoubtedly hurt both in Senſe and Meaſure: Two ways of curing it hath occurr'd, and I have receiv'd a third from Mr. *Sympſon*. Either —*arms him at the ſtrongeſt*, or —*aims it at the ſtrongeſt*; or with Mr. *Sympſon*, —*aims at it the ſtrongeſt*. The two laſt put the *Quiver* for the *Arrow*, and therefore I have preferr'd the firſt.

(66) Eros. Die *not:*] Both Mr. *Sympſon* and I had read *cry* here, but I dare ſay he will join in readily giving it up, ſince the ſecond Folio and Mr. *Theobald* read *Doe not*, which is equally Senſe, and nearer the Trace of the Letters.

Enter

Enter Apollodorus.

Apol. *Cæsar* commends his Service to your Grace.
Cle. His Service? what's his Service?
Eros. Pray ye be patient,
The noble *Cæsar* loves still.
Cle. What's his Will?
Apol. He craves access unto your Highness.
Cle. No;
Say no, I will have none to trouble me.
Ars. Good Sister:
Cle. None, I say; I will be private.
Would thou hadst flung me into *Nilus*, Keeper,
When first thou gav'st consent, to bring my Body
To this unthankful *Cæsar*.
Apol. 'Twas your Will, Madam,
Nay more, your Charge upon me, as I honour'd ye;
You know what Danger I endur'd.
Cle. Take this, [*Giving a Jewel.*
And carry it to that Lordly *Cæsar* sent thee:
There's a new Love, a handsome one, a rich one,
(67) One that will hug his Mind; bid him make Love to it:
Tell the ambitious Broker, this will suffer———

(67) *One that will hug his Mind*;——] It might perhaps be clearer if we read, *One that his Mind will hug*; —— but the Sense is much the same. Here the Character of the *Majestick Whore* shines forth in full Lustre; and as the Prologue says,

——her great Mind is
Express'd to th' height.——

There is, as was observ'd, more of the Dignity of the Queen than *Shakespear* has given to any Part of his *Cleopatra*; but the working up of her Passions, the Strength and Vigour of the Sentiments, and the noble Strain of Metaphors that every where enrich the Stile, have all so much of *Shakespear*'s Genius, that were it a Fragment, I verily believe the best Criticks might be puzzled to distinguish it from his Hand, and even from his best Manner. If the Reader does not agree with me, I beg the Favour of his giving it a second Reading, and if not then, a third and fourth.

Enter

Enter Cæsar.

Apol. He enters,
Cle. How?
Cæs. I do not use to wait, Lady;
Where I am, all the Doors are free and open,
Cle. I guess so by your rudeness.
Cæs. Ye are not angry?
Things of your tender Mold should be most gentle:
Why do you frown? good Gods, what a set-anger
Have you forc'd into your Face? Come, I must temper ye:
What a coy Smile was there, and a disdainful?
How like an ominous flash it broke out from ye?
Defend me, Love, Sweet, who has anger'd ye?
Cle. Shew him a Glass; that false Face has betray'd me,
(68) That base Heart wrong'd me.
Cæs. Be more sweetly angry;
I wrong'd ye, Fair?
Cle. Away with your foul Flatteries,
They are too gross; but that I dare be angry,
And with as great a God as *Cæsar* is,
To shew how poorly I respect his Memory,
I would not speak to ye.
Cæs. Pray ye undo this Riddle,
And tell me how I've vex'd ye?
Cle. Let me think first,
Whether I may put on a Patience
That will with Honour suffer me; know, I hate ye,
Let that begin the Story: Now I'll tell ye.
Cæs. But do it milder: In a noble Lady,
Softness of Spirit, and a sober Nature, [ness,
That moves like Summer Winds, cool, and blows Sweet-
Shews blessed like herself.

(68) *That base Heart* wrought *me.*] This being made an imperfect Sentence, *wrought me* might signify, *wrought me into this Passion.* But as I am not over fond of solving Difficulties only by a Dash, (which makes a sort of universal Salve for all Faults) I at first Reading suspected it might be *wrong'd me,* before I saw it confirm'd by *Cæsar*'s Answer, *I wrong'd you, Fair.*

Cle.

Cle. And that great Bleſſedneſs
You firſt reap'd of me; 'till you taught my Nature
Like a rude Storm to talk aloud, and thunder,
(69) Sleep was not gentler than my Soul, and ſtiller;
You had the Spring of my Affections,
And my fair Fruits I gave you leave to taſte of;
You muſt expect the Winter of mine Anger;
You flung me off, before the Court diſgrac'd me,
When in the Pride I appear'd of all my Beauty,
Appear'd your Miſtreſs; took into your Eyes
The common Strumpet, Love of hated Lucre,
Courted with covetous Heart the Slave of Nature,
Gave all your Thoughts to Gold, that Men of Glory,
And Minds adorn'd with noble Love, would kick at;
Soldiers of royal Mark, ſcorn ſuch baſe purchaſe:
Beauty and Honour are the Marks they ſhoot at:
I ſpake t' ye then, I courted ye, and woo'd ye,
Call'd ye dear *Cæſar*, hung about ye tenderly,
Was proud t'appear your Friend.

Cæſ. You have miſtaken me.

Cle. But neither Eye, nor Favour, (70) not a Smile,
Was I bleſs'd back withal, but ſhook off rudely;
And, as ye had been ſold to ſordid Infamy,
You fell before the Images of Treaſure,
And in your Soul you worſhip'd; I ſtood ſlighted,
Forgotten and contemn'd, my ſoft Embraces,
And thoſe ſweet Kiſſes that you call'd *Elyſium*,
As Letters writ in Sand, no more remembred;
The name and glory of your *Cleopatra*
Laugh'd at, and made a ſtory to your Captains;
Shall I endure?

Cæſ. You are deceiv'd in all this;
Upon my Life you are, 'tis your much Tenderneſs.

Cle. No, no; I love not that way, you are cozen'd;

(69) *Sleep was not gentler* to *my Soul, and ſtiller*;] The judicious Corrector of this Play, in the ſecond Folio, had prevented me in the Emendation here; and it is extremely evident as ſoon as attended to.

(70) ——— *not a Smile,*
Was I bleſs'd back, but ſhook off rudely;] Here both the Senſe and Verſe are left imperfect by an accidental Omiſſion.

I love with as much Ambition as a Conqueror,
And where I love, will triumph.
Cæs. So you shall;
My Heart shall be the Chariot that shall bear ye,
All I have won shall wait on ye. By the Gods,
The bravery of this Woman's Mind has fir'd me;
Dear Mistress, shall I but this Night——
Cle. How, *Cæsar?*
Have I let slip a second Vanity
That gives thee Hope?
Cæs. You shall be absolute,
And reign alone as Queen; you shall be any thing.
Cle. Make me a Maid again, and then I'll hear thee;
Examine all thy Art of War to do that,
And if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee;
Till then, farewel, unthankful.
Cæs. Stay.
Cle. I will not.
Cæs. I command.
Cle. Command, and go without, Sir.
I do command thee be my Slave for ever,
And vex while I laugh at thee.
Cæs. Thus low, Beauty?
Cle. It is too late; when I have found thee absolute,
The Man that Fame reports thee, and to me,
May be I shall think better. Farewel, Conqueror. [*Exit.*
Cæs. She mocks me too; I will enjoy her Beauty,
I will not be deny'd, I'll force my longing.
Love is best pleas'd, when roundly we compel him,
And as he is imperious, so will I be.
Stay Fool, and be advis'd; that dulls the Appetite,
Takes off the strength and sweetness of Delight.
By Heav'n she is a Miracle, I must use
A handsome way to win: How now? what fear
Dwells in your Faces? You look all distracted.

Enter Sceva, Antony, *and* Dolabella.

Sce. If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,
Not of ourselves; fear of your poor declining;
Our Lives and Deaths are equal Benefits,

And we make louder Prayers to die nobly, [here,
Than to live high and wantonly: Whilſt you're ſecure
And offer Hecatombs of lazy Kiſſes
To the lewd God of Love and Cowardice,
And moſt laſciviouſly die in Delights,
You are begirt with the fierce *Alexandrians.*
Dol. The Spawn of *Ægypt* flow about your Palace,
Arm'd all, and ready to Aſſault.
Ant. Led on
By th' falſe and baſe *Photinus* and his Miniſters;
No ſtirring out, no peeping through a loop-hole,
But ſtraight ſaluted with an armed Dart.
Sce. No Parley, (71) they are deaf to all but Anger;
They ſwear they'll flea us, and then dry our Quarters;
A raſher of a ſalt Lover, is ſuch a Shoeing-horn;
Can you kiſs away this Conſpiracy, and ſet us free?
Or will the Giant God of Love fight for ye?
Will his fierce War-like Bow kill a Cock-ſparrow?
Bring out the Lady, ſhe can quel this Mutiny,
And with her powerful Looks ſtrike awe into them;
She can deſtroy, and build again the City:
Your Goddeſſes have mighty gifts; ſhew 'em her fair Breaſts,
Th' impregnable Bulwarks of proud Love, and let 'em
Begin their Battery there, ſhe will laugh at 'em;
They're not above a hundred thouſand, Sir,
A miſt, a miſt, that when her Eyes break out,
Her powerful radiant Eyes, and ſhake their flaſhes,
Will flie before their heats.
Cæſ. Begirt with Villains?
Sce. They come to play you and your Love a Hunts-up,
You were told what this ſame whoreſon Wenching long ago would come to:
You are taken napping now; has not a Soldier
A time to kiſs his Friend, and a time to conſider,
But he muſt lie ſtill digging like a Pioneer,
Making of Mines, and burying of his Honour there?
'Twere good you'd think——

(71) ——*they are deaf to all but* Danger;] Former Editions.

Dol.

Dpl. And time too, or you'll find elſe
A harder task, than courting a coy Beauty.
Ant. Look out, and then believe.
Sce. No, no, hang Danger;
Take me provoking Broth, and then go to her;
Go to your Love, and let her feel your Valour;
Charge her whole Body; when the Sword's in your Throat, Sir,
You may cry, *Cæſar*, and ſee if that will help ye.
Cæſ. I'll be myſelf again, and meet their Furies,
Meet, and conſume their Miſchiefs: Make ſome ſhift, *Sceva*,
T' recover th' Fleet, and bring me up two Legions,
And you ſhall ſee me, how I'll break like Thunder
Amongſt theſe Beds of ſlimy Eels, and ſcatter 'em.
Sce. Now ye ſpeak Senſe, (72) I'll put my Life to the hazard.
Before I go, no more of this warm Lady,
She'll ſpoil your Sword-hand.
Cæſ. Go. Come, let's to Counſel
How to prevent, and then to execute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Soldiers.

1 *Sol.* (73) Did ye ſee this Penitence?
2 *Sol.* Yes, I ſaw, and heard it.
3 *Sol.* And I too, look'd upon him, and obſerv'd it,
He's the ſtrangeſt *Septimius* now———
1 *Sol.* I heard he was alter'd,
And had given away his Gold to honeſt Uſes,
Cry'd monſtrouſly.

(72) ——*I'll put my Life to the hazard Before I go. No more of this warm Lady.*] Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd with me in correcting the groſs Miſtakes of the Points here: But the ſecond Folio had prevented us both.

(73) *Did ye ſee* this *Penitence?*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *his Penitence*; but ſurely *Penitence* in the Abſtract is much more poetical.

2 *Sol.* He cries abundantly;
He's blind almoſt with Weeping.
3 *Sol.* 'Tis moſt wonderful,
That a hard-hearted Man, and an old Soldier, [dy'd
Should have ſo much kind Moiſture; when his Mother
He laugh'd aloud, and made the wicked'ſt Ballads——
1 *Sol.* 'Tis like enough, he never lov'd his Parents;
Nor can I blame him, for they ne'er lov'd him.
His Mother dream'd before ſhe was deliver'd,
That ſhe was brought abed with a Buzzard, and ever after
She whiſtled him up to th' World; his brave Clothes too
He'as flung away, and goes like one of us now;
Walks with his Hands in's Pockets, poor and ſorrowful,
And gives the beſt Inſtructions——
2 *Sol.* And tells Stories
Of honeſt and good People that were honour'd,
And how they were remembred; and runs mad,
If he but hear of an ungrateful Perſon,
A bloody or betraying Man——
3 *Sol.* If it be poſſible
That an Arch-Villain may e'er be recover'd,
This Penitent Raſcal will put hard; 'twere worth our labour
To ſee him once again.

Enter Septimius.

1 *Sol.* He ſpares that labour,
For here he comes:
Sep.——Bleſs ye my honeſt Friends,
Bleſs ye from baſe unworthy Men; come not near me,
For I am yet too taking for your Company.
1 *Sol.* Did I not tell ye?
2 *Sol.* What Book's that?
1 *Sol.* No doubt,
Some excellent Salve for a ſore Heart: Are you *Septimius*, that baſe Knave that betray'd *Pompey?*
Sep. I was, and am; unleſs your honeſt Thoughts
Will look upon my Penitence, and ſave me,
I muſt be ever Villain: O good Soldiers,
You that have *Roman* Hearts, take heed of Falſhood;

Take

Take heed of Blood; take heed of foul Ingratitude;
The Gods have ſcarce a Mercy for thoſe Miſchiefs:
Take heed of Pride, 'twas that that brought me to it.
2 *Sol.* This Fellow 'd make a rare Speech at the Gallows.
3 *Sol.* 'Tis very fit h' were hang'd to edify us.
Sep. Let all your Thoughts be humble and obedient,
Love your Commanders, honour them that feed ye:
Pray that ye may be ſtrong in Honeſty
As in the uſe of Arms: Labour, and diligently,
(74) To keep your Hearts from Eaſe, and her baſe Iſſues
Pride and ambitious Wantonneſs, thoſe ſpoil'd me:
Rather loſe all your Limbs, than the leaſt Honeſty,
You're never lame indeed, 'till loſs of Credit
Benumb ye through; Scars, and thoſe Maims of Honour
Are memorable Crutches, that ſhall bear,
When you are dead, your noble Names t' Eternity.
1 *Sol.* I cry.
2 *Sol.* And ſo do I.
3 *Sol.* An excellent Villain.
1 *Sol.* A more ſweet pious Knave, I never heard yet.
2 *Sol.* He was happy he was a Raſcal, to come to this.

Enter Achoreus.

Who's this, a Prieſt?
Sep. O ſtay, moſt holy Sir!
And by the Gods of *Ægypt* I conjure ye,
Iſis, and great *Oſiris*, pity me,
Pity a loaden Man, and tell me truly
With what moſt humble Sacrifice I may
Waſh off my Sin, and appeaſe the Powers that hate me:
Take from my Heart thoſe thouſand thouſand Furies,
That reſtleſs gnaw upon my Life, and ſave me;
Oreſtes' bloody Hands fell on his Mother,
Yet at the holy Altar he was pardon'd.
Acho. *Oreſtes* out of madneſs did his Murder,

(74) *To keep your Hearts from Eaſe, and her baſe Iſſues:*
Pride and ambitious Wantonneſs, thoſe ſpoil'd me:] Pride and ambitious Wantonneſs are the baſe Iſſues of Eaſe, which Sentiment is loſt in this Pointing. But the ſecond Folio has again prevented me in the Correction.

And therefore he found Grace; thou, worſt of all Men,
Out of cold Blood, and hope of Gain, baſe lucre,
Slew'ſt thine own Feeder; come not near the Altar,
Nor with thy reeking Hands pollute the Sacrifice;
Thou'rt mark'd for Shame eternal. [*Exit.*

Sep. Look all on me,
And let me be a Story left to Time
Of Blood and Infamy, how baſe and ugly
Ingratitude appears with all her Profits,
How monſtrous my hop'd Grace at Court. Good Soldiers,
Let neither Flattery, nor the witching Sound
Of high and ſoft Preferment, touch your Goodneſs:
T' be valiant, old, and honeſt, O what bleſſedneſs——

1 *Sol.* Doſt thou want any thing?

Sep. Nothing but your Prayers.

2 *Sol.* Be thus, and let the blind Prieſt do his worſt,
We've Gods as well as they, and they will hear us.

3 *Sol.* Come, cry no more: Thou'ſt wept out twenty *Pompeys*.

Enter Photinus, *and* Achillas.

Pho. So Penitent?

Achil. It ſeems ſo.

Pho. Yet for all this
We muſt employ him.

1 *Sol.* Theſe are the armed Soldier-leaders:
Away; and let's to th' Fort, we ſhall be ſnapt elſe.
[*Exeunt.*

Pho. How now? Why thus? What cauſe of this dejection?

Achil. Why doſt thou weep?

Sep. Pray leave me, you have ruin'd me,
You've made me a famous Villain.

Pho. Does that touch thee?

Achil. He will be hard to win: He feels his lewdneſs.

Pho. He muſt be won, or we ſhall want our right Hand.
This Fellow dares, and knows, and muſt be heartned.
Art thou ſo poor to blench at what thou haſt done?
Is Conſcience a Comrade for an old Soldier?

Achil. It is not that; It may be ſome Diſgrace

That

That he takes heavily, and would be cheriſh'd;
Septimius ever ſcorn'd to ſhew ſuch Weakneſs.
Sep. Let me alone; I am not for your purpoſe,
I'm now a new Man.
Pho. We have new Affairs for thee,
Thoſe that would raiſe thy Head.
Sep. I would 'twere off,
And in your Bellies, for the Love you bear me.
I'll be no more Knave; I have Stings enough
Already in my Breaſt.
Pho. Thou ſhalt be Noble;
And who dares think then that thou art not honeſt?
Achil. Thou ſhalt command in Chief all our ſtrong Forces;
And if thou ſerv'ſt an uſe, muſt not all juſtifie it?
Sep. I'm Rogue enough.
Pho. Thou wilt be more, and baſer;
(75) A poor Rogue's all Rogues; open to all Shames;
Nothing to ſhadow him: Doſt thou think crying
Can keep thee from the cenſure of the Multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the Altar ſave thee?
'Tis poor and ſervile: Wert thou thine own Sacrifice
'Twould ſeem ſo low, People would ſpit the fire out.
Achil. Keep thyſelf glorious ſtill, though ne'er ſo ſtain'd,
And that will leſſen it, if not work it out.
To go complaining thus, and thus repenting
Like a poor Girl that had betray'd her Maiden-head——
Sep. I'll ſtop mine Ears.
Achil. Will ſhew ſo in a Soldier,
So ſimply, ſo ridiculouſly, ſo tamely——
Pho. If People would believe thee, 'twere ſome Honeſty,
And for thy Penitence would not laugh at thee,
As ſure they will, and beat thee, for thy Poverty:
If they'd allow thy Foolery, there were ſome hope.
Sep. My Foolery?

(75) *A poor Rogue is all Rogues; open to all Shames*;] Mr. *Theobald* offers a Change here that I can by no means admit, tho' he has added the initial Letters of his Name to it. He would read,

A poor Rogue is a Rogue, open to all ſhames;

This is ſurely very flat in compariſon of the old Text, which with the true Sentiments of Villany aſcribes all the Baſeneſs of Roguery to Poverty, and that a poor Rogue is all Rogues in one.

Pho. Nay more than that, thy Misery,
Thy monstrous Misery.
Achil. He begins to hearken:
Thy Misery so great, Men will not bury thee.
Sep. That this were true!
Pho. Why does this conquering *Cæsar* [Troubles,
Labour through the World's deep Seas of Toils and
Dangers, and desperate Hopes? To repent afterwards?
Why does he slaughter thousands in a Battle,
And whip his Country with the Sword? To cry for't?
Thou kill'dst great *Pompey*: He'll kill all his Kindred,
And justifie it; nay raise up Trophies to it:
When thou hear'st him repent, (he's held most holy too)
And cry for doing daily bloody Murders,
Take thou Example, and go ask Forgiveness,
Call up the thing thou nam'st thy Conscience,
And let it work; then 'twill seem well, *Septimius*.
Sep. He does all this.
Achil. Yes, and is honour'd for it;
Nay call'd the honour'd *Cæsar*, so may'st thou be;
Thou wert born as near a Crown as he.
Sep. He was poor.
Pho. And desperate bloody tricks got him this credit,
Sep. I am afraid you will once more———
Pho. Help to raise thee;
Off with thy pining Black, it dulls a Soldier,
And put on Resolution like a Man,
A noble Fate waits on thee.
Sep. I now feel
Myself returning Rascal speedily,
O that I had the Power———
Achil. Thou shalt have all:
And do all through thy Power. Men shall admire thee,
And th' Vices of *Septimius* shall turn Virtues.
Sep. (76) Off, off: Thou Must; off, off my Cowardice,
Puling

(76) *Off, off,* thou must off; *off my Cowardice,*] The Change of the Points here, and turning the auxiliary Verb into a Substantive, gives so much Spirit and Dignity to the flat Part of this Line, and is so exactly in the Stile and Manner of our Poets, that tho' I must own I

Puling Repentance off.

Pho. Now thou ſpeak'ſt nobly.

Sep. Off my dejected Looks, and welcome Impudence;
My daring ſhall be Deity, to ſave me:
Give me Inſtructions, and put Action on me:
A glorious Cauſe upon my Sword's point, Gentlemen,
And let my Wit and Valour work: You'll raiſe me,
And make me out-dare all my Miſeries?

Pho. All this, and all thy Wiſhes.

Sep. Uſe me then,
Womaniſh Fear farewel, I'll never melt more,
(77) Lead on, to ſome great thing, to weal my Spirit:
I cut the Cedar *Pompey*, and I'll fell
This huge Oak *Cæſar* too.

Pho. Now thou ſing'ſt ſweetly,

I could not entirely gain the Aſſent of ſome ingenious Friends whom I have ſhow'd it to, yet I had no doubt of its being the true Reading, before the following Confirmation of it occurr'd. Act III. Scene II. *Septimius* ſays;

Theſe Cloaths ſmell muſtily.

This was ſpoke ironically when he was in his rich Dreſs; but afterwards he cloath'd himſelf in *pining Black*, in a real poor *muſty* Habit, which he now again flings off; and as was juſt before obſerv'd, *Muſt*, for *muſty Cloaths*; the Abſtract for the Concrete is one of the Beauties of Poetry.

(77) *Lead on, to ſome great thing, to* weal *my Spirit:*
I cut the Cedar Pompey, *and I'll fell*
This huge Oak Cæſar *too.*] To *weal* ſignifies to render well or healthy, and therefore ſeems a ſtronger Word than *heal*, which both Mr *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* would ſubſtitute inſtead of it: As *weal* is not very common in this Senſe, I at firſt Reading heſitated upon it, and thought that *ſteel my Spirit* might be the true Reading, as it is a more metaphorical Phraſe, and common to our Authors. Thus, in the ſecond Scene of the next Act, the ſame *Septimius* ſays;

——— Cæſar, Ptolomy,
Now I am ſteel'd, *are to me empty Names.*

But, upon the whole, I ſee no Reaſon for any Change. The two Metaphors in the next Line may vie with the very nobleſt of all that have been ever ſtruck out by either *Greek*, *Latin*, or *Engliſh* Poet. The Majeſty, Dignity and Magnificence of *Pompey* by the Cedar, and the Strength, Vigour, and warlike Robuſtneſs of *Cæſar*, are as nobly expreſs'd by the Oak; nor is the Choice of the Verbs that accompany them leſs admirable. There is more Poetry in this Line and a half, than in whole Scenes of *Corneille*'s *Pompey*.

And

And *Ptolomy* ſhall Crown thee for thy Service.

Achil. He's well wrought, (78) put him on apace 'fore cooling. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, *and* Dolabella.

Ant. THE Tumult ſtill increaſes.

Cæſ. O my Fortune!
My luſtful Folly rather? but 'tis well,
And worthily I am made a Bondman's Prey,
That after all my glorious Victories,
In which I paſs'd ſo many Seas of Dangers;
When all the Elements conſpir'd againſt me,
Would yield up the Dominion of this Head
To any mortal Power; ſo blind and ſtupid,
To truſt theſe baſe *Egyptians*, that proclaim'd
Their Perjuries in noble *Pompey*'s Death,
And yet that could not warn me.

Dol. Be ſtill *Cæſar*,
Who ever lov'd to exerciſe his Fate
Where Danger look'd moſt dreadful.

Ant. If you fall,
Fall not alone; let the King and his Siſter
Be buried in your Ruins; on my life
They both are guilty; Reaſon may aſſure you
Photinus nor *Achillas* durſt attempt you,
Or ſhake one Dart, or Sword, aim'd at your Safety,
Without their Warrant.

Cæſ. For the young King, I know not
How he may be miſled; but for his Siſter
Unequal'd *Cleopatra*, 'twere a kind
Of Blaſphemy to doubt her; ugly Treaſon
Durſt never dwell in ſuch a glorious Building,

(78) —— *put him on apace* for cooling.] *For cooling* muſt mean *for fear of cooling*, or elſe it is not Senſe here: But as this ſeems ſtiff, I prefer *'fore cooling* as the natural Expreſſion.

Nor

Nor can so clear and great a Spirit as hers is
Admit of Falshood.
Ant. Let us seize on him then;
And leave her to her Fortune.
Dol. If he have Power
Use it to your Security, and let
His Honesty acquit him; (79) if he be false,
It is too great an Honour he should die
By your victorious Hand.
Cæs. He comes, and I
Shall do as I find cause.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus *and* Apollodorus.

Ptol. Let not great *Cæsar*
Impute the breach of Hospitality
To you, my Guest, to me; I am contemn'd,
And my rebellious Subjects lift their Hands
Against my Head; and would they aim'd no farther,
Provided that I fell a Sacrifice
To gain your safety: That this is not feign'd,
The boldness of my Innocence may confirm you:
Had I been privy to their bloody Plot,
I now had led them on, and given fair gloss
To their bad Cause, by being present with them:
But I, that yet taste of the Punishment
In being false to *Pompey*, will not make
A second fault to *Cæsar* uncompell'd:
With such as have not yet shook off Obedience,
I yield myself to you, and will take part
In all your Dangers.
Cæs. This pleads your Excuse,
And I receive it.
Acho. If they have any touch
Of Justice, or Religion, I will use

(79) —— *if he be* safe,] Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympson* concurr'd with me in reading *false* for *safe*, and we were all prevented by the second Folio. The first Folio reads *fase*, which the Octavo in copying put the Word nearest the Trace of the Letters, without any regard to the Context. This is the usual Case of Corrections made by Transcribers and Setters of the Press.

Th'

Th' Authority of our Gods, to call them back
From their bad purpoſe.
Apol. This part of the Palace
Is yet defenſible; we may make it good
'Till your Pow'rs reſcue us.
Cæſ. *Cæſar* beſieg'd?
O Stain to my great Actions! 'Twas my cuſtom,
An Army routed, as my Feet had Wings,
To be firſt in the Chaſe; nor Walls, nor Bulwarks
Could guard thoſe that eſcap'd the Battle's Fury
From this ſtrong Arm; and I to be inclos'd!
My Heart! my Heart! but 'tis Neceſſity,
To which the Gods muſt yield, and I obey,
'Till I redeem it, by ſome glorious way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Photinus, Achillas, Septimius, *and Soldiers.*

Pho. There's no retiring now, we are broke in;
The Deed paſt hope of Pardon: If we proſper
'Twill be ſtil'd lawful, and we ſhall give Laws
To thoſe that now command us: Stop not at
Or Loyalty, or Duty; bold Ambition
To dare, and Power to do, gave the firſt difference
Between the King and Subject; *Cæſar's Motto,*
Aut Cæſar aut Nihil, each of us muſt claim,
And uſe it as our own.
Achil. The Deed is bloody,
If we conclude in *Ptolomy's* Death.
Pho. The better,
The Globe of Empire muſt be ſo manur'd.
Sep. *Rome,* that from *Romulus* firſt took her Name,
Had her Walls water'd with a Crimſon Show'r
Drain'd from a Brother's Heart; nor was ſhe rais'd
To this prodigious height, that overlooks
Three full parts of the Earth that pay her Tribute,
But by enlarging of her narrow bounds
By th' Sack of Neighbour Cities, not made hers
'Till they were cemented with the Blood of thoſe

That

That did poſſeſs 'em: *Cæſar*, *Ptolomy*,
Now I am ſteel'd, to me are empty Names,
Eſteem'd as *Pompey*'s was.
Pho. Well ſaid, *Septimius*,
Thou now art right again.
Achil. But what courſe take we
For th' Princeſs *Cleopatra?*
Pho. Let her live
A while, to make us ſport: She ſhall authorize
Our Undertakings to the ignorant People,
As if what we do were by her Command:
But our triumvirate Government once confirm'd,
She bears her Brother company: that's my Province;
Leave me to work her.
Achil. I will undertake
For *Ptolomy*.
Sep. *Cæſar* ſhall be my Task,
And as in *Pompey* I began a Name,
I'll perfect it in *Cæſar*.

Enter above Cæſar, Ptolomy, Achoreus, Apollodorus, Antony *and* Dolabella.

Pho. 'Tis reſolv'd then,
We'll force our Paſſage.
Achil. See, they do appear,
As they deſir'd a Parley.
Pho. I am proud yet
I've brought them to Capitulate.
Ptol. Now *Photinus?*
Pho. Now *Ptolomy?*
Ptol. No addition?
Pho. We are equal,
Though *Cæſar*'s Name were put into the Scale,
In which our Worth is weigh'd.
Cæſ. Preſumptuous Villain,
Upon what grounds haſt thou preſum'd to raiſe
Thy ſervile Hand againſt the King, or me,
That have a greater Name?
Pho. On thoſe by which
Thou didſt preſume to paſs the *Rubicon*

Againſt

Againſt the Laws of *Rome*; and at the Name
Of Traitor ſmile, as thou didſt when *Marcellus*
The Conſul, with the Senate's full conſent,
Pronounc'd thee for an Enemy to thy Country;
Yet thou went'ſt on, and thy rebellious Cauſe
Was crown'd with fair ſucceſs: Why ſhould we fear then?
Think on that, *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. O the Gods! be brav'd thus?
And be compell'd to bear this from a Slave,
That would not brook great *Pompey* his Superior?

Achil. Thy Glories now have touch'd the higheſt point,
And muſt deſcend.

Pho. Deſpair, and think we ſtand
The Champions of *Rome*, to wreak her Wrongs,
Upon whoſe Liberty thou'ſt ſet thy Foot.

Sep. And that the Ghoſts of all thoſe noble *Romans*
That by thy Sword fell in this Civil War,
Expect Revenge.

Ant. Dar'ſt thou ſpeak, and remember
There was a *Pompey*?

Pho. There is no hope to 'ſcape us:
If that againſt the odds we have upon you,
You dare come forth and fight, receive the Honour
To die like *Romans*; if ye faint, reſolve
To ſtarve like Wretches: I diſdain to change
Another Syllable with you. [*Exit.*

Ant. Let us die nobly;
And rather fall upon each other's Sword,
Than come into theſe Villains Hands.

Cæſ. That Fortune,
Which to this Hour hath been a Friend to *Cæſar*,
Though for a while ſhe cloath her Brow with frowns,
Will ſmile again upon me: Who will pay her,
Or Sacrifice, or Vows, if ſhe forſake
Her beſt of works in me? Or ſuffer him,
Whom with a ſtrong Hand ſhe hath led Triumphant
Through the whole Weſtern World, and *Rome* acknowledg'd
Her Sovereign Lord, to end inglorioufly,
A Life admir'd by all? The threatned Danger

Muſt,

Muſt, by a way more horrid, be avoided,
And I will run the hazard: Fire the Palace,
And the rich Magazines that neighbour it,
In which the Wealth of *Ægypt* is contain'd:
Start not, it ſhall be ſo; that while the People
Labour in quenching (80) the enſuing Flames,
Like *Cæſar*, with this handful of my Friends,
Through Fire, and Swords, I force a paſſage to
My conquering Legions. King, if thou dar'ſt follow
Where *Cæſar* leads, or live, or die a Free-man;
If not, ſtay here a Bond-man to thy Slave,
And dead, be thought unworthy of a Grave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Septimius.

Sep. I feel my Reſolution melts again,
And that I am not Knave alone, but Fool
In all my purpoſes. This Devil *Photinus*
Employs me, as a Property, and grown uſeleſs
Will ſhake me off again: He told me ſo
When I kill'd *Pompey:* Nor can I hope for better,
When *Cæſar* is diſpatch'd: Services done
For ſuch as only ſtudy their own ends,
(81) Too great to be rewarded, are return'd

(80) ——— *the enſuing Flames,*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *conſuming Flames*, but I ſee no ſort of Reaſon for a Change, *enſuing Flames* means the Flames which would enſue from their firing the Palace. *Plutarch* and *Lucan* ſay, that it was the Enemies Ships in the Harbour that *Cæſar* fir'd, as they were attempting from them to ſcale the Palace in which *Cæſar* was beſieg'd, and that the Flames were by that means communicated to the Palace, by which the famous *Alexandrian* Library, the great Treaſure of *Egyptian*, *Grecian* and Eaſtern Learning, was totally deſtroyed. Our Poets have given it a turn that much heightens *Cæſar*'s Heroiſm.

(81) *Too great to be rewarded,* or *return'd*] Mr. *Sympſon* and I were prevented, by the Editor of the ſecond Folio, in the Emendation of this groſs Miſtake. It was very unlucky for the Octavo, that it ſhould generally follow the ſecond Folio, which is for the moſt part much more incorrect than the firſt; and here, where the ſecond had ſo many juſt Emendations, the Octavo has copied the firſt.

With

With deadly hate; I learn'd this Principle
In his own School: Yet ſtill he fools me; well!
And yet he truſts me; ſince I in my Nature
Was faſhion'd to be falſe, wherefore ſhould I,
That kill'd my General, and a *Roman*, one
To whom I owe all nouriſhments of Life,
Be true to an *Ægyptian*? To ſave *Cæſar*,
And turn *Photinus*'s Plots on his own Head,
As it is in my Power, redeem my Credit,
And live, to lye, and ſwear again in Faſhion,
Oh, 'twere a Maſter-piece? Ha?——me *Cæſar*;
How's he got off?

Enter Cæſar, Ptolomy, Antony, Dolabella, Achoreus, Apollodorus, *and Soldiers.*

Cæſ. The Fire has took,
And ſhews the City like a ſecond *Troy*,
The Navy too is ſcorch'd, the People greedy
To ſave their Wealth, and Houſes, while their Soldiers
Make ſpoil of all: Only *Achillas*'s Troops
Make good their Guard: Break through them, we are ſafe;
I'll lead you like a Thunder-bolt.

Sep. Stay, *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. Who's this? The Dog *Septimius*?

Ant. Cut his Throat.

Dol. You bark'd but now, fawn you ſo ſoon?

Sep. O hear me,
What I'll deliver is for *Cæſar*'s Safety,
For all your good.

Ant. Good from a Mouth like thine,
That never belch'd but Blaſphemy and Treaſon, on Feſtival Days.

Sep. I am an alter'd Man, alter'd indeed,
And I will give you cauſe to ſay I am
A *Roman*. *Dol.* Rogue, I grant thee. *Sep.* Truſt me, I'll make
The Paſſage ſmooth and eaſy, for your 'ſcape.

Ant. I'll truſt the Devil ſooner,
And make a ſafer Bargain.

Sep.

Sep. I am trusted
With all *Photinus*'s Secrets.
Ant. There's no doubt then,
Thou wilt be false.
Sep. Still to be true to you.
Dol. (82) Ay, very likely?
Cæs. Be brief, the Means?
Sep. Thus *Cæsar*:
To me alone, but bound by terrible Oaths
Not to discover it, he hath reveal'd
A dismal Vault, whose dreadful Mouth do's open
A Mile beyond the City: In this Cave
Lie but two hours conceal'd.
Ant. If you believe him,
He'll bury us alive.
Dol. I'll fly in the Air first.
Sep. Then in the dead of Night, I'll bring you back
Into a private Room, where you shall find
Photinus, and *Achillas*, and the rest
Of their Commanders, close at Counsel.
Cæs. Good; what follows?
Sep. Fall me fairly on their Throats,
Their Heads cut off and shorn, the Multitude
Will easily disperse.
Cæs. O Devil! Away with him:
Nor true to Friend nor Enemy? *Cæsar* scorns
To find his Safety, or revenge his Wrongs,
So base a way; or owe the means of Life
To such a leprous Traitor. I have tow'r'd
For Victory like a Falcon in the Clouds,
Not dig'd for't like a Mole. Our Swords, and Cause,
Make way for us; and that it may appear
We took a noble Course, and hate base Treason,
Some Soldiers, that would merit *Cæsar*'s Favour,
Hang him on yonder Turret, and then follow
The Lane this Sword makes for you. [*Exit.*
1 *Sol.* Here's a Belt,
Though I die for't I'll use it.

(82) And *very likely.*] Former Editions.

2 *Sol.* 'Tis too good
To truſs a Cur in.
Sep. Save me, here's Gold.
1 *Sol.* If *Rome*
Were offer'd for thy Ranſom, 't could not help thee.
2 *Sol.* Hang not an Arle.
1 *Sol.* Goad him on with thy Sword:
Thou doſt deſerve a worſer End; and may
All ſuch conclude ſo, that their Friends betray. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter, ſeverally, Arſinoe, Eros, *and* Cleopatra.

Arſ. We are loſt.
Eros. Undone.
Arſ. Confuſion, Fire, and Swords,
And fury in the Soldier's Face, more horrid,
Circle us round.
Eros. The King's Command they laugh at,
And jeer at *Cæſar*'s Threats.
Arſ. My Brother ſeiz'd on
By th' *Roman*, as thought guilty of the Tumult,
And forc'd to bear him Company, as mark'd out
For his Protection, or Revenge.
Eros. They have broke
Into my Cabinet: My Trunks are ranſack'd.
Arſ. I've loſt my Jewels too; but that's the leaſt:
The barbarous Raſcals, againſt all Humanity
Or ſenſe of Pity, 've kill'd my little Dog,
And broke my Monky's Chain.
Eros. They rufled me:
But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,
Would they proceed no further.
Arſ. O my Siſter!
Eros. My Queen, my Miſtreſs! *Arſ.* Can you ſtand unmov'd, when
An Earthquake of Rebellion ſhakes the City?
And the Court trembles?
Cle. Yes, *Arſinoe*,

And

And with a maſculine Conſtancy deride
Fortune's worſt Malice, as a Servant to
My Virtues, not a Miſtreſs: Then we forſake
The ſtrong Fort of ourſelves, when we once yield,
Or ſhrink at her Aſſaults; I'm ſtill myſelf,
(83) Although diſrob'd of Sovereignty, and raviſh'd
Of ceremonious Duty that attends it:
Nay, grant they'd ſlav'd my Body, my free Mind,
(84) Like to the Palm-tree walling fruitful *Nile*,
Shall grow up ſtraighter, and enlarge itſelf,
(85) Spight of the envious weight it's loaded with:
Think of thy Birth, *Arſinoe*; common Burthens
Fit common Shoulders: Teach the Multitude,
By ſuffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
The greatneſs of thy Mind does ſoar a pitch,
Their dim Eyes, darkned by their narrow Souls,
Cannot arrive at.

Arſ. I am new created,
And owe this ſecond Being to you, beſt Siſter;
For now I feel you have infus'd into me
Part of your Fortitude.

Eros. I ſtill am fearful:
I dare not tell a Lie: You that were born

(83) And though *diſrob'd*——] If this be the true Reading, the Sentence muſt be an imperfect one, and be clos'd with a Daſh —; but as I don't approve of making imperfect Sentences without apparent Cauſe, I think the ſlight Change made in the Text is a much better Salve.

(84) *Like to the Palm-tree walling fruitful* Nile,] The Reader will undoubtedly have obſerved the Art and Merit of our Poets, in ſo often taking their Images and Similes from the Country where the Scene is laid. This is a Beauty that there is not the leaſt Trace of in *Corneille's Pompey*; all his Characters, Sentiments and Language, are entirely *French*. As this is the laſt time I ſhall mention this Rival of *Shakeſpear* and our Authors, I muſt do him the Juſtice to own, that ſeveral Scenes and Incidents are very artfully contrived, to magnify the Clemency, Virtue, and Heroiſm of *Cæſar*; only, as in the *French* Gallantry, Love is always to be the firſt Principle, *Cæſar* is made to have quarrell'd with and conquer'd *Pompey*, only for fear he ſhould have been rival'd and ſupplanted in his Love to *Cleopatra*.

(85) *Spight of the envious weight* that loads it with:] *With*, here, being neceſſary to the Verſe, but not to the Senſe, Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd with me in changing the Expreſſion.

Daughters and Sisters unto Kings, may nourish [maid,
Great Thoughts, which I, that am your humble Hand-
Must not presume to Rival.

Cle. Yet, my *Eros*,
Though thou hast profited nothing, by observing
The whole course of my Life, learn in my Death,
Though not to equal, yet to imitate
Thy fearless Mistress.

Enter Photinus.

Eros. O, a Man in Arms!
His Weapon drawn too!

Cle. Though upon the Point
Death sate, I'll meet it, and out-dare the Danger.

Pho. Keep the Watch strong, and guard the Passage sure
That leads unto the Sea.

Cle. What Sea of Rudeness
Breaks in upon us? Or what Subject's Breath
Dare raise a Storm, when we command a Calm?
Are Duty and Obedience fled to Heav'n,
And in their room, Ambition and Pride
Sent into *Ægypt?* That Face speaks *Photinus*,
A thing thy Mother brought into the World,
My Brother's and my Slave: But thy Behaviour
Oppos'd to that, an insolent Intruder
Upon that Soveraignity thou should'st bow to:
If in the Gulf of base Ingratitude,
All Loyalty to *Ptolomy* the King
Be swallow'd up, remember who I am,
Whose Daughter, and whose Sister; or suppose
That is forgot too; let the Name of *Cæsar*,
Which Nations quake at, stop thy desperate Madness
From running headlong on to thy confusion.
Throw from thee quickly those rebellious Arms,
And let me read Submission in thine Eyes,
Thy Wrongs to us we will not only pardon,
But be a ready Advocate, to plead for thee
To *Cæsar*, and my Brother.

Pho. Plead my Pardon?
To you I bow, but scorn as much to stoop thus

To

To *Ptolomy*, to *Cæsar*, nay the Gods,
As to put off the Figure of a Man,
And change my Essence with a sensual Beast:
All my Designs, my Counsels, and dark Ends,
Were aim'd to purchase you.
Cle. (86) How durst thou, being
The scorn of Baseness, nourish such a Thought!
Pho. They that have Power are royal; and those base
That live at the Devotion of another.
What Birth gave *Ptolomy*, or Fortune *Cæsar*,
By Engines fashion'd in this Protean Anvil,
I have made mine: And only stoop at you,
Whom I would still preserve free to command me.
For *Cæsar*'s Frowns, they are below my Thoughts,
And but in these fair Eyes I still have read
The story of a supreme Monarchy,
To which all Hearts, with mine, gladly pay Tribute,
Photinus' Name had long since been as great
As *Ptolomy*'s e'er was, or *Cæsar*'s is;
This made me as a weaker tie to unloose
The knot of Loyalty, that chain'd my Freedom;
And slight the fear that *Cæsar*'s Threats might cause,
That I and they might see no Sun appear
But *Cleopatra*, in th' *Ægyptian* Sphere.
Cle. O Giant-like Ambition! Married to
(87) *Cymerian* Darkness! Inconsiderate Fool,

Though

(86) *How durst thou, being*
The scorn *of Baseness*,———] Mr. *Sympson* proposes a Conjecture here, instead of the *scorn of Baseness*, he thinks it might have been the *scum* of Baseness, *i. e.* The basest Part of Baseness itself. The Thought is certainly nervous and just; but the old Reading fully equals it: "Thou whom as an Eunuch the basest of Women would "despise, how darst thou think of me?" This is finely express'd by *The scorn of Baseness*.

(87) Cymerian *Darkness!*] This is a *Latin* Phrase taken from the Name of the Inhabitants round the Lake *Avernus*, where the supposed *Cumæan Sibyl*'s Cave is shew'd at this Day. This Vale was called the Mouth of Hell, from the Quantity of sulphureous and pestilential Vapours ascending from all Sides of it. See *Virgil*'s Description in the sixth *Æneid*. It retains nothing of this at present, as the Country round it changes its Properties and Countenance from Age to Age.

Though flatter'd with Self-love, could'ſt thou believe,
Were all Crowns on the Earth made into one,
And that, by Kings, ſet on thy Head; all Scepters
Within thy Graſp, and laid down at my Feet,
I wou'd vouchſafe a Kiſs to a No-man?
A gelded Eunuch?

Pho. Faireſt, that makes for me;
And ſhews it is no ſenſual Appetite,
But true Love to the greatneſs of thy Spirit,
That when that you are mine, ſhall yield me Pleaſures,
Hymen, though bleſſing a new married Pair,
Shall bluſh to think on, and our certain Iſſue,
The glorious ſplendour of dread Majeſty;
Whoſe Beams ſhall dazzle *Rome*, and awe the World:
My Wants in that kind, others ſhall ſupply,
And I give way to't.

Cle. Baſer than thy Birth:
Can there be Gods, and hear this, and no Thunder
Ram thee into the Earth?

Pho. They are aſleep,
And cannot hear thee: Or with open Eyes
Did *Jove* look on us, I wou'd laugh and ſwear
That his Artillery is cloy'd by me:
Or if that they have Power to hurt, his Bolts
Are in my Hand.

Cle. Moſt Impious!

Pho. They are Dreams,

But the Vale round the *Lago del Cane*, which is very near it, has both the ſulphureous and the peſtilential Vapours deſcrib'd by *Virgil*. *Milton*, in his *L'allegro*, has follow'd *Fletcher* in the Uſe of this Expreſſion. The Reader will obſerve that the Uniformity of the Metaphor is not preſerv'd here, and where, in the ſame Sentence, there are different Metaphors, and both extremely nervous, there the Breach of Uniformity is rather a Beauty than a Fault; eſpecially where the firſt Part of the Metaphor would be more ſtriking, and in ſome meaſure foreſtall the Sequel if preſerv'd uniform. Thus had our Authors wrote,

O Giant-like Ambition! marry'd to
A Dwarfiſh Impotence!——

Tho' the Uniformity of the Metaphor had been preſerved, there had not been Newneſs enough in the latter Part to ſtrike with ſufficient Energy. I could give many parallel Inſtances from *Shakeſpear* and *Milton*.

Religious

Religious Fools ſhake at: Yet to aſſure thee,
If *Nemeſis*, that ſcourges Pride and Scorn,
Be any thing but a Name, ſhe lives in me;
For by myſelf, an Oath to me more dreadful
Than *Styx* is to your Gods, weak *Ptolomy* dead,
And *Cæſar*, both being in my Toil, remov'd,
The pooreſt Raſcals that are in my Camp
Shall, in my preſence, quench their luſtful heat
In thee, and young *Arſinoe*, while I laugh
To hear you howl in vain: I deride thoſe Gods,
That you think can protect you.

Cle. To prevent thee,
In that I am the Miſtreſs of my Fate:
So hope I of my Siſter: To confirm it,
I ſpit at thee, and ſcorn thee.

Pho. I will tame
That haughty Courage, and make it ſtoop too.

Cle. Never.
I was born to command, and I will die ſo.

Enter Achillas, *and Soldiers, with the Body of* Ptolomy.

Pho. The King dead? this is a fair entrance to
Our future Happineſs.

Arſ. O my dear Brother?

Cle. Weep not *Arſinoe*, common Women do ſo,
Nor loſe a Tear for him, it cannot help him;
But ſtudy to die nobly.

Pho. Cæſar fled?
'Tis deadly Aconite to my cold Heart:
It choaks my vital Spirits: Where was your care?
Did the Guards ſleep?

Achil. He rowz'd them with his Sword:
We talk of *Mars*, but I am ſure his Courage
(88) Admits of no Compariſon but itſelf;
And,

(88) *Admits of no Compariſon but itſelf*;] Mr. *Theobald* has wrote *Parallel* againſt this Line, and ſeems to have deſign'd a Note in Defence of the Line, which Mr. *Pope* and his Aſſiſtants in the *Bathos* ſo ingeniouſly banter'd him upon:

None but himſelf can be his Parallel.

And, as inſpir'd by him, his following Friends,
With ſuch a confidence, as young Eaglets prey
Under the large Wing of their fiercer Dam,
Brake through our Troops, and ſcatter'd 'em; he went on,
But ſtill purſu'd by us: When on the ſudden
He turn'd his Head, and from his Eyes flew terror,
Which ſtrook in us no leſs fear and amazement,
Than if we had encounter'd with the Lightning
Hurl'd from *Jove*'s cloudy Brow.

Cle. 'Twas like my *Cæſar*.

Achil. We faln back, he made on; and as our Fear
Had parted from us with his dreadful Looks;
Again we follow'd: But got near the Sea,
On which his Navy anchor'd, in one Hand
Holding a Scroll he had above the Waves,
And in the other graſping faſt his Sword
As it had been a Trident forg'd by *Vulcan*,
To calm the raging Ocean, he made away
As if he had been *Neptune*: His Friends, like
So many *Tritons* follow'd; their bold Shouts,
Yielding a chearful Muſick; we ſhower'd Darts
Upon them, but in vain; they reach'd their Ships,
And in their ſafety we are ſunk; for *Cæſar*
Prepares for War.

Pho. How fell the King?

Achil. Unable
To follow *Cæſar*, he was trod to Death
By the Purſuers, and with him the Prieſt
Of *Iſis*, good *Achoreus*.

Arſ. May the Earth
Lye gently on their Aſhes.

He had certainly Authorities ſufficient, both in *Shakeſpear* as well as *Fletcher*; but as the Sentiment is in itſelf ſomewhat abſurd, and the three greateſt Wits in *Europe* joined in expoſing it, the Laugh will always be againſt him.

The following Deſcription of one of the moſt illuſtrious Incidents of *Cæſar*'s Life is worthy our Authors, and worthy of *Cæſar*. *Lucan* ſeems to have either exerted, or deſign'd to have exerted, all the Vigour of his Genius in this Deſcription; but the *Pharſalia* unhappily juſt there breaks off unfiniſh'd.

Pho.

Pho. I feel now,
That there are Powers above us: And that 'tis not
Within the ſearching Policies of Man,
To alter their Decrees.
Cle. I laugh at thee:
Where are thy Threats now, Fool, thy Scoffs, and Scorns
Againſt the Gods? I ſee Calamity
Is the beſt Miſtreſs of Religion,
And can convert an Atheiſt. [*Shout within.*
Pho. O they come!
Mountains fall on me! O, for him to die
That plac'd his Heav'n on Earth, is an aſſurance
Of his Deſcent to Hell: Where ſhall I hide me?
The greateſt daring to a Man diſhoneſt,
Is but a baſtard Courage, ever fainting. [*Exit.*

Enter Cæſar, Sceva, Antony, *and* Dolabella.

Cæſ. Look on your *Cæſar*; baniſh Fear, my faireſt,
You now are ſafe.
Sce. By *Venus*, not a Kiſs
Till our Work's done: The Traitors once diſpatch'd,
(89) To't, and we'll cry ay-me.
Cæſ. I will be ſpeedy. [*Exeunt.*
Cle. Farewel again; *Arſinoe!* how now *Eros?*
Ever faint-hearted?
Eros. But that I am aſſur'd
Your Excellency can command the General,
I fear the Soldiers, for they look as if
They would be nibling too.
Cle. He is all Honour,
Nor do I now repent me of my Favours;
Nor can I think Nature e'er made a Woman,
That in her Prime deſerv'd him.

(89) *To it, and we'll cry* aim.] *Ay-me* is a favourite Cant Term of our Authors to expreſs the Whining of Lovers: I believe, therefore, there can be no Doubt of that being the true Word in this Place.

Enter

Enter Cæsar, Sceva, Antony, Dolabella, *and Soldiers with the Heads.*

(90) *Arſ.* He's come back.

Cæſ. Purſue no further; curb the Soldiers fury.
See, Beauteous Miſtreſs, their accurſed Heads,
That did conſpire againſt us.

Sce. Furies plague 'em;
They had too fair an end, to die like Soldiers.
Pompey fell by the Sword; the Croſs or Halter
Should have diſpatch'd them.

Cæſ. All is but Death, good *Sceva*,
Be therefore ſatisfy'd: And now, my deareſt,
Look upon *Cæſar*, as he ſtill appear'd
A Conqueror; and this unfortunate King
Entomb'd with Honour, we'll for *Rome*, where *Cæſar*
Will ſhew he can give Kingdoms: For the Senate,
Thy Brother dead, ſhall willingly decree
The Crown of *Egypt*, that was his, to thee.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(90) Arſ. *He's come back,*
Purſue no further; curb the Soldiers fury.] This groſs Miſtake of giving Part of *Cæſar*'s Speech to *Arſinoe*, had eſcap'd Mr. *Sympſon*, and the judicious Corrector of this Play in the ſecond Folio. I mention this only to ſhew how extremely ſubject we all are to Inattention, and not to magnify the Sagacity either of Mr. *Theobald*, or myſelf, who happened to hit upon it: We have a hundred times miſſed full as obvious ones.

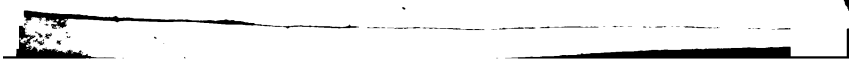
I ſhall once again take leave of theſe prolix Notes, and confine myſelf, as at firſt, to verbal Emendations; and I fear I muſt alſo take leave of the Aſſiſtance I have met with in this Play from the ſecond Folio.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

I Now ſhould wiſh another had my Place,
But that I hope to come off, and with Grace.
And but expreſs ſome Sign that you are pleas'd,
We of our Doubts, they of their Fears are eas'd.
I would beg further, Gentlemen, and much ſay
In favour of ourſelves, them, and the Play;
Did I not reſt aſſur'd, the moſt I ſee
Hate Impudence, and cheriſh Modeſty.

THE



THE

LITTLE

FRENCH LAWYER.

A

COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

TO promiſe much, before a Play begin,
And when 'tis done, ask Pardon, were a Sin;
We'll not be guilty of: and to excuſe
Before we know a Fault, were to abuſe
The Writers and Ourſelves; for I dare ſay
We all are fool'd if this be not a Play,
And ſuch a Play as ſhall (ſo ſhould Plays do)
Imp Time's dull Wings, and make you merry too.
'Twas to that purpoſe writ, ſo we intend it,
And we have our wiſh'd Ends, if you commend it.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DINANT, *a Gentleman that formerly lov'd, and ſtill pretends to love* Lamira.
Cleremont, *a merry Gentleman, his Friend.*
Champernel, *a lame old Gentleman, Husband to* Lamira.
Vertaign, *a Nobleman, and a Judge.*
Beaupre, *Son to* Vertaign.
Verdone, *Nephew to* Champernel.
Monſieur La Writt, *a wrangling Advocate, or the Little Lawyer.*
Sampſon, *a fooliſh Advocate, Kinſman to* Vertaign.
Provoſt.
Gentlemen.
Clients.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Lamira, *Wife to* Champernel, *and Daughter to* Vertaign.
Anabell, *Neice to* Champernel.
Old Lady, *Nurſe to* Lamira.
Charlotte, *Waiting-Gentlewoman to* Lamira.

SCENE, FRANCE.

THE

THE

Little *French* Lawyer.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Dinant, *and* Cleremont.

DINANT.

DISSUADE me not.
Cler. 'Twill breed a Brawl.
Din. I care not;
I wear a Sword. *Cler.* And wear Diſcretion with it,
Or caſt it off; let that direct your Arm,
'Tis Madneſs elſe, not Valour, and more baſe
Than to receive a Wrong.
Din. Why would you have me
Sit down with a Diſgrace, and thank the Doer?
We are not Stoicks, and that paſſive Courage
Is only now commendable in Lackies,
Peaſants, and Tradeſmen, not in Men of Rank
And Quality, as I am.
Cler. Do not cheriſh
That daring Vice, for which the whole Age ſuffers.
The Blood of our bold Youth, that heretofore
Was ſpent in honourable Action,
Or to defend, or to enlarge the Kingdom,

For th' Honour of our Countty, and our Prince,
Pours itſelf out with prodigal Expence
Upon our Mother's Lap, the Earth that bred us,
For every trifle; and theſe private Duels,
Which had their firſt Original from the *French*,
And for which, to this Day, we're juſtly cenſur'd,
Are baniſh'd from all Civil Governments:
Scarce three in *Venice*, in as many Years;
In *Florence* they are rarer, and in all
The fair Dominions of the *Spaniſh* King,
They are ne'er heard of: Nay, (1) thoſe Neighbour Countries,
Which gladly imitate our other Follies,

And

(1) ——*thoſe Neighbour Countries,*
Which gladly imitate our other Follies,
And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
Begin now to deteſt them.] The laſt *them* is a grammatical Inaccuracy: *Follies* is its immediate Antecedent, but the Senſe determines it to *Duels*. The *Latins* would diſtinguiſh Duels and Follies by *has et illas*, but the ſame Exactneſs is ſeldom obſerv'd in *Engliſh*. I ſhould not have made a Note on this, had not the like Inaccuracy, in *Shakeſpear*'s *Julius Cæſar*, led the beſt Judges, Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and Mr. *Warburton*, both into Error. Act I. Scene V. Page 16. *Warburton*'s Edition.

Cæſar *doth bear me hard; but he loves* Brutus.
If I were Brutus *now, and he were* Caſſius,
He ſhould not humour me.

On this Mr. *Warburton* ſays; " This is a Reflexion on *Brutus*'s In-
" gratitude; which concludes, as is uſual on ſuch Occaſions, in an
" Encomium on his own better Conditions. *If I were* Brutus,
" (ſays he) *and* Brutus, Caſſius, *he ſhould not cajole me as I do him.*
" To *humour* ſignifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his
" Paſſions. The *Oxford Editor* alters the laſt Line to

" Cæſar *ſhould not love me.*

" What he means by it is not worth enquiring." Thus Mr. *Warburton*. But ſurely to make *Caſſius* reflect on and condemn *Brutus* for his Ingratitude to *Cæſar*, to make him own himſelf to be an artful treacherous Villain, and laugh at his Friend for being ſuch a Fool to be drawed into his Snare; all this ſeems utterly out of Character. The foregoing Part of the Speech alſo will be full as much ſo.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I ſee
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought,
From what it is diſpoſed; therefore 'tis meet
That noble Minds keep ever with their Likes;
For who ſo firm that cannot be ſeduced?

The

And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
Begin now to deteſt them.

Din. Will you end yet———

Cler. And I have heard that ſome of our late Kings,
For the Lie, wearing of a Miſtreſs' Favour,
A cheat at Cards or Dice, and ſuch like Cauſes,
Have loſt as many gallant Gentlemen

The Meaning of the two laſt Lines, according to this Interpretation, muſt be; 'It is meet that a Perſon ſo noble as *Brutus*, keep company 'only with ſuch noble Minds as *Cæſar*, *Antony*, and the reſt of that 'Party; for if he converſes with ſuch a Rogue as Me, and my Com-'panions, we ſhall cajole him into Ingratitude and Murder.' If this be the true Interpretation, I muſt own I ſhould think *Julius Cæſar* not half ſo good a Play as it has always been eſteem'd; the ſpirited and noble Quarrel between the two Friends, their affectionate Reconciliation; the free Confeſſion *Caſſius* makes of his *raſh Humours* and *ill-temper'd* Blood; his candid Acknowledgment and Love of *Brutus*'s ſuperior Qualities; his friendly and compaſſionate Grief for the Loſs of *Porcia*; and above all, the pathetick Sublimity of their parting before the Battle of *Philippi*; all theſe Beauties will entirely vaniſh, if we are told that One of the Two is, by his own Confeſſion, the veriеſt *Rogue* that was ever *unhang'd*. No, *Caſſius*'s Character in *Shakeſpear* is conſonant to that in Hiſtory; a Zeal for Liberty and the old *Roman* Conſtitution, fermented into Violence by a ſtrong Tincture of Pride and Paſſion. Hence his Friend and Lover, who look'd on the fair Side of his Character, calls him when dead, *Thou laſt of all the* Romans! His Enemy *Antony*, who view'd him in the contrary Light, ſays, that he kill'd *Cæſar* out of Envy. This Mixture of Character is nobly maintained through the whole Play, and in this Scene in particular. He knew *Brutus* to be in Principle as much attach'd to the old Conſtitution as himſelf; but fear'd that his Zeal was cool'd by *Cæſar*'s Love and Favours to him. He therefore, with a Pride very natural to him, thinks himſelf more ſteadily virtuous, and a more unſhaken Friend to his Country; that it was fit *Brutus* ſhould only converſe with him, and ſuch as him, otherwiſe

His honourable Metal might be wrought
From what it was diſpos'd.

As to himſelf, *Were he in* Brutus's *Caſe, and as much loved by* Cæſar, *He*, [*viz.* Cæſar,] *with all his Favours, ſhould not humour him out of his Principles* Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, who did not depart ſo far from the true Senſe, ſtill took unwarrantable Liberties in changing the whole Face of the Words; and *Humour*, which gives the true Idea into *Love*, by no means expreſſes the Poet's Sentiment. Thus a ſmall grammatical Inaccuracy, common to all our beſt *Engliſh* Writers, has lead both theſe Gentlemen into Error, from which neither great Abilities, Extent of Literature, nor Elegance of Taſte are at all times a Security.

As might have met the great *Turk* in the Field,
With confidence of a glorious Victory;
And ſhall we then———

Din. No more, for ſhame, no more,
(2) Are you become a Patron too? 'Tis a new one,
No more on't, burn it, give it to ſome Orator,
To help him to enlarge his Exerciſe;
With ſuch a one it might do well, and profit
The Curate of the Pariſh, but for *Cleremont*,
The bold and undertaking *Cleremont*,
To talk thus to his Friend, his Friend that knows him,
Dinant that knows his *Cleremont*, is abſurd,
And meer Apocrypha.

Cler. Why, what know you of me?

Din. Why, if thou haſt forgot thyſelf, I'll tell thee,
And not look back, to ſpeak of what thou wert
At Fifteen, for at thoſe Years I have heard
Thou waſt fleſh'd, and enter'd bravely.

Cler. Well, Sir, well.

Din. But Yeſterday thou waſt the common ſecond,
Of all that only knew thee, thou hadſt Bills
Set up on every Poſt, to give thee notice
Where any Difference was, and who were Parties;
And as to ſave the Charges of the Law,
Poor Men ſeek Arbitrators, thou wert choſen
By ſuch as knew thee not, to compound Quarrels:
But thou wert ſo delighted with the ſport,
That if there were no juſt Cauſe, thou wouldſt make one,
Or be engag'd thyſelf: This goodly Calling
Thou'ſt followed five and twenty Years, and ſtudy'd
The Criticiſms of Contentions; and art thou

(2) *Are you become a Patron too? 'Tis a new one,*
No more on't, burn it, give it to ſome Orator,] *Patron*, here, has its *Latin* Meaning, *i. e.* a Pleader, or Advocate; but the Word *Speech*, *Declamation*, *Harangue*, or ſomething to that effect, muſt be underſtood to make the following Line Senſe; and it is highly probable that a whole Line is loſt, which might have been ſomething like the following.

Are you become a Patron too? How long
Have you been conning this Speech? *'Tis a new one;*
No more on't, &c.

In

In ſo few Hours transform'd? certain this Night
Thou'ſt had ſtrange Dreams, or rather Viſions.
Cler. Yes, Sir,
I have ſeen Fools and Fighters chain'd together,
And th' Fighters had the Upper-hand, and whip'd firſt,
The poor Sots laughing at 'em. What I have been
It skills not; what I will be is reſolv'd on.
Din. Why, then you'll fight no more?
Cler. Such is my purpoſe.
Din. On no Occaſion?
Cler. There you ſtagger me.
Some kind of Wrongs there are, which Fleſh and Blood
Cannot endure.
Din. Thou wouldſt not willingly
Live a proteſted Coward, or be call'd one?
Cler. (3) Words are but Words.
Din. Nor wouldſt thou take a Blow?
Cler. Not from my Friend, tho' drunk, and from an Enemy,
I think much leſs.
Din. There's ſome hope of thee left then;
Wouldſt thou hear me behind my Back diſgrac'd?
Cler. D' you think I am a Rogue? they that ſhould do it
Had better been born dumb.
Din. Or in thy Preſence,
See me o'er-charg'd with odds?
Cler. I'd fall myſelf firſt.
Din. Wouldſt thou endure thy Miſtreſs t' be ta'en from thee,
And thou ſit quiet?
Cler. There you touch my Honour,
No *Frenchman* can endure that.

(3) *Words are but Words.*] After *Cleremont* has ſaid this, which ſeems to aſſert that he would not mind being called a Coward, nor make that a Cauſe of Fighting, *Dinant* goes on as if he had ſaid directly the contrary; and perhaps a Line may here be loſt again to the following Import.

Words are but Words, but Coward *is a Name*
I could not brook.

With this Addition the whole Context ſeems conſonant to itſelf.

Din. Pl——— upon thee,
Why doſt thou talk of Peace then? that dar'ſt ſuffer
Nothing, or in thyſelf, or in thy Friend,
That is unmanly?

Cler. That I grant, I cannot;
But I'll not quarrel with this Gentleman
For wearing (4) Stammel Breeches, or this Gameſter
For playing a thouſand Pounds, that owes me nothing;
For this Man's taking up a common Wench
In Raggs, and louſy, then maintaining her
Caroach'd in Cloth of Tiſſue, nor five hundred
Of ſuch like Toys, that at no part concern me:
Marry, where m' Honour, or my Friend's is queſtion'd,
I have a Sword, and I think I may uſe it
To th' cutting of a Raſcal's Throat, or ſo,
Like a good Chriſtian.

Din. Thou'rt of a fine Religion,
And rather than we'll make a Schiſm in Friendſhip,
I will be of it: But to be ſerious,
Thou art acquainted with my tedious Love-ſuit
To fair *Lamira?*

Cler. Too well, Sir, and remember
Your Preſents, Courtſhip, that's too good a name,
Your Slave-like Services, your Morning Muſick;
Your walking three Hours in the Rain at Midnight
To ſee her at her Window, ſometimes laugh'd at,
Sometimes admitted, and vouchſaf'd to kiſs
Her Glove, her Skirt; nay, I have heard, her Slippers,
How then you triumph'd? Here was Love forſooth.

Din. Theſe Follies I deny not,
Such a contemptible thing my Dotage made me,
But my Reward for this———

(4) ——*Stammel Breeches,*——] *i, e.* Red Breeches. Mr. *Sympſon* has given an Explanation of the Word from *Ben Johnſon*, more clear than what we have in Dictionaries. Octavo Edition, Page 238.

Red hood the firſt that does appear
In Stammel; *Scarlet is too dear.*

It is highly probable that *Red Breeches* were in our Authors Time wore only by *Smarts*, and were eſteemed Coxcomical. In that Age of Duelling therefore, a Sneer upon this Topick might have produc'd Blood ſhed.

Cler.

Cler. As you deſerv'd,
For he that makes a Goddeſs of a Puppet,
Merits no other Recompence.
Din. This Day, Friend,
For thou art ſo——
Cler. I am no Flatterer.
Din. This proud ingrateful She, is married to
Lame *Champernel.*
Cler. I know him, he has been
As tall a Sea-man, and has thriv'd as well by't,
The loſs of a Leg and an Arm deducted, as any
That ever put from *Marſeilles:* You are tame,
Pl—— on't, it mads me; if it were my caſe,
I ſhould kill all the Family.
Din. Yet but now
You did preach Patience.
Cler. I then came from Confeſſion,
And 'twas enjoin'd me three hours for a Penance,
To be a peaceable Man, and to talk like one;
But now, all elſe being pardon'd, I begin
On a new Tally, 'foot do any thing,
I'll ſecond you.
Din. I would not willingly
Make red my yet white Conſcience, yet I purpoſe
In th' open Street, as they come from the Temple,
For this way they muſt paſs, to ſpeak my Wrongs,
And do it boldly. [*Muſick plays.*
Cler. Were thy Tongue a Cannon,
I would ſtand by thee, Boy; they come; upon 'em.
Din. Obſerve a little firſt.
Cler. This is fine fidling.

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Lamira, *Nurſe,* Beaupre, *and* Verdone.

SONG at the Wedding.

COME away, bring on the Bride,
And place her by her Lover's Side:
You fair Troop of Maids attend her,
Pure and holy Thoughts befriend her.

Bluſh, and wiſh, you Virgins all,
Many ſuch fair Nights may fall.

CHORUS.

Hymen, *fill the Houſe with joy,*
All thy ſacred Fires employ:
Bleſs the Bed with holy Love,
Now fair Orb of Beauty move.

Din. Stand by, for I'll be heard.
Vert. This is ſtrange rudeneſs.
Din. 'Tis Courtſhip, ballanced with Injuries;
You all look pale with Guilt, but I will dye
Your Cheeks with bluſhes, if in your fear'd Veins
There yet remain ſo much of honeſt Blood
To make the Colour; firſt to you my Lord,
The Father of this Bride, whom you have ſent
Alive into her Grave.
Champ. How? To her Grave?
Din. Be patient Sir, I'll ſpeak of you anon:
You that allow'd me liberal Acceſs,
To make my way with ſervice, and approv'd of
My Birth, my Perſon, Years, and no baſe Fortune:
You that are rich, and but in this held wiſe too,
That as a Father ſhould have look'd upon
Your Daughter in a Husband, and aim'd more
At what her Youth and heat of Blood requir'd
In lawful Pleaſures, than the parting from
Your Crowns to pay her Dow'r: You that already
Have one Foot in the Grave, yet ſtudy Profit,
As if you were aſſur'd to live here ever;
What poor end had you in this choice? In what
Deſerve I your Contempt? My Houſe, and Honours,
At all parts equal yours, my Fame as fair,
And not to praiſe myſelf, the City ranks me
In the firſt file of her moſt hopeful Gentry:
But *Champernel* is rich, and needs a Nurſe,
And not your Gold: And add to that, he's old too,
His whole Eſtate in likelyhood to deſcend
Upon your Family; here was Providence,

I grant, but in a Nobleman baſe Thrift:
No Merchants, nay no Pirates, ſell for Bondmen
Their Country-men, but you, a Gentleman,
To ſave a little Gold, have ſold your Daughter
To worſe than Slavery.
Cler. This was ſpoke home indeed.
Beau. Sir, I ſhall take ſome other time to tell you,
That this harſh Language was delivered to
An old Man, but my Father.
Din. At your pleaſure.
Cler. Proceed in your Deſign, let me alone,
To anſwer him, or any Man.
Verd. You preſume
Too much upon your Name, but may be cozen'd.
Din. But for you, moſt unmindful of my Service,
For now I may upbraid you, and with Honour,
Since all is loſt; and yet I am a Gainer,
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
For ſuch you muſt have been, you to whom Nature
Gave with a liberal Hand moſt excellent Form;
Your Education Language, and Diſcourſe,
And Judgment to diſtinguiſh, when you ſhall
With feeling Sorrow underſtand how wretched
And miſerable you have made yourſelf,
And but yourſelf have nothing to accuſe,
Can you with hope from any beg Compaſſion?
But you will ſay, you ſerv'd your Father's pleaſure,
Forgetting that unjuſt Commands of Parents
Are not to be obey'd; or that you're Rich,
And that to Wealth all Pleaſures elſe are Servants;
Yet but conſider, how this Wealth was purchas'd,
'Twill trouble the Poſſeſſion.
Champ. You, Sir, know
I got it, and with Honour.
Din. But from whom?
Remember that, and how: You'll come indeed
To Houſes bravely furniſh'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this Soldier will not lye,
But anſwer truly, this rich Cloth of Arras
I made my prize in ſuch a Ship, this Plate

Was

Was my Share in another; theſe fair Jewels,
Coming aſhore, I got in ſuch a Village,
The Maid, or Matron kill'd, from whom they were raviſh'd;
The Wines you drink are guilty too, for this,
This *Candy* Wine, three Merchants were undone,
(5) Theſe Suckets break as many more: In brief,
All you ſhall wear, or touch, or ſee, is purchas'd
By lawleſs Force, and you but revel in
The Tears and Groans of ſuch as were the Owners.
Champ. 'Tis falſe, moſt baſely falſe.
Vert. Let Loſers talk.
Din. Laſtly, thoſe Joys, thoſe beſt of Joys, which *Hymen*
Freely beſtows on ſuch, that come to tie
The ſacred Knot he bleſſes, won unto it
By equal Love, and mutual Affection,
Not blindly led with the deſire of Riches,
Moſt miſerable you ſhall never taſte of.
This Marriage Night you'll meet a Widow's Bed,
Or failing of thoſe Pleaſures all Brides look for,
Sin in your Wiſh, it were ſo.
Champ. Thou'rt a Villain,
A baſe, malicious Slanderer.
Cler. Strike him.
Din. No, he is not worth a blow.
Champ. O that I had thee
In ſome cloſe Vault, that only would yield room
To me to uſe my Sword, to thee no hope
To run away, I'd make thee on thy Knees
Bite out the Tongue that wrong'd me.
Vert. Pray you have patience.
Lam. This Day I am to be your Sovereign,
Let me command you.
Champ. I am loſt with Rage,
And know not what I am myſelf, nor you:
Away, daze ſuch as you, that love the ſmoke
Of Peace, more than the fire of glorious War,
And like unprofitable Drones, feed on

(5) *Suckets,*] *i. e.* Banqueting Diſhes.

Your

Your Grandſires Labours, (that, as I am now,
Were gathering Bees, and fill'd their Hive, this Country,
With brave triumphant Spoils,) cenſure our Actions?
Y' object my Prizes to me; had you ſeen
The horror of a Sea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine; the Fire I fearleſs fought in,
And quench'd it in mine Enemies Blood, which ſtraight
(6) Like Oil pour'd out on't, made it burn anew;
My Deck blown up, with noiſe enough to mock
The lowdeſt Thunder, and the deſperate Fools
That boarded me, ſent, to defie the Tempeſts
That were againſt me, to the angry Sea,
Frighted with Men thrown o'er; no Victory,
But in deſpight of the four Elements,
The Fire, the Air, the Sea, and Sands hid in it,
To be atchiev'd; you would confeſs, poor Men,
Though hopeleſs, ſuch an honourable way
To get or Wealth, or Honour, in yourſelves,
He that through all theſe dreadful Paſſages
Purſu'd and overtook them, unaffrighted,
Deſerves Reward, and not to have it ſtil'd
By the baſe Name of Theft.

Din. This is the Courtſhip
That you muſt look for, Madam.

Cler. 'Twill do well,
When nothing can be done, to ſpend the Night with:
Your Tongue is ſound good Lord, and I could wiſh
For this young Lady's ſake, this Leg, this Arm,
And there is ſomething elſe, I will not name,
Though 'tis the only thing that muſt content her,
Had the ſame vigour.

Champ. You ſhall buy theſe Scoffs
With your beſt Blood: Help me once noble Anger,
Nay ſtir not, I alone muſt right myſelf,
And with one Leg tranſport me, to correct

(6) *Like Oil pour'd out on't, made it burn anew;*] I would chooſe to read, *Like Oil pour'd on it*; but I believe the old Reading may give the ſame Idea. The Metaphor is a little difficult here; *the Blood both quenches and makes the Fire burn anew*; but *quenches*, here, muſt only ſignify *to abate the Fire for a Moment*, and then the whole is clear.

Theſe

Theſe ſcandalous Praters: O that noble Wounds [*Falls.*
Should hinder juſt Revenge? D'ye jear me too?
I got theſe, not as you do your Diſeaſes
In Brothels, or with riotous abuſe
Of Wine in Taverns; I have one Leg ſhot,
One Arm diſabled, and am honour'd more,
By loſing them, as I did, in the Face
Of a brave Enemy, than if they were
As when I put to Sea; you are *Frenchmen* only,
In that you have been laid, and cur'd; go to;
You mock my Leg, but every Bone about you
Makes you good Almanack-makers, to foretel
What Weather we ſhall have.
Din. Put up your Sword.
Cler. Or turn it to a Crutch, there't may be uſeful,
And live on the Relation to your Wife
Of what a brave Man you were once.
Din. And tell her,
What a fine Virtue 'tis in a young Lady
To give an old Man Pap.
Cler. Or hire a Surgeon
To teach her to roll up your broken Limbs.
Din. To make a Pulteſs, and endure the ſcent
Of Oils, and naſty Plaſters.
Vert. Fie, Sir, fie,
You that have ſtood all dangers of all kinds, to
Yield to a Rival's Scoff?
Lam. Shed Tears upon
Your Wedding-day? This is unmanly, Gentlemen.
Champ. They're Tears of Anger: O that I ſhould live
To play the Woman thus! All-pow'rful Heav'n,
Reſtore me, but one Hour, that Strength again,
That I had once, to chaſtiſe in theſe Men
Their Follies, and ill Manners; and that done,
When you pleaſe, I'll yield up the Fort of Life,
And do it gladly.
Cler. We ha' the better of him,
We ha' made him cry.
Verd. You ſhall have ſatisfaction.
And I will do it nobly, or diſclaim me.

Beaup.

Beaup. I ſay no more, you've a Brother, Siſter;
This is your Wedding-day, we're in the Street,
And howſoever they forget their Honour,
'Tis fit I loſe not mine, by their example.
Vert. If there be Laws in *Paris*, look to anſwer
This inſolent Affront.
Cler. You that live by them,
Study 'em for Heav'n's ſake; for my part I know not,
Nor care not what they are. Is there ought elſe
That you would ſay?
Din. Nothing, I have my ends.
Lamira weeps, I've ſaid too much I fear;
So dearly once I lov'd her, that I cannot
Endure to ſee her Tears. [*Exeunt* Dinant *and* Cleremont.
Champ. See you perform it,
And do it like my Nephew. *Verd.* If I fail in't,
Ne'er know me more; Couſin *Beaupre*——
Champ. Repent not
What thou haſt done, my Life, thou ſhalt not find
I am decrepit; in my Love and Service,
I will be young, and conſtant; and believe me,
For thou ſhalt find it true, in ſcorn of all
The ſcandals theſe rude Men have thrown upon me,
I'll meet thy Pleaſures with a young Man's ardour,
And in all Circumſtances of a Husband
Perform my part.
Lam. Good Sir, I am your Servant,
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which as I am a Virgin yet, I do not)
T' undo the knot, that by the Church is ty'd.
Only I would beſeech ye, as you have
A good Opinion of me, and my Virtues,
For ſo you've pleas'd to ſtile my innocent Weakneſs,
That what hath paſs'd between *Dinant* and me,
Or what now in your hearing he hath ſpoken,
Beget not doubts, or fears.
Champ. I apprehend you,
You think I will be jealous; as I live
Thou art miſtaken, Sweet; and to confirm it
Diſcourſe with whom thou wilt, ride where thou wilt,

Feaſt

Feaſt whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt,
For I will have no other Guards upon thee
Than thine own Thoughts.
Lam. I'll uſe this Liberty
With moderation, Sir.
Beaup. I am reſolv'd.
Steal off, I'll follow you.
Champ. Come, Sir, you droop;
'Till you find cauſe, which I ſhall never give,
Diſlike not of your Son-in-law.
Vert. Sir, you teach me
The Language I ſhould uſe; I am moſt happy
In being ſo near you. [*Exeunt* Verdone, *and* Beaupre.
Lam. O my fears! good Nurſe
Follow my Brother unobſerv'd, and learn
Which way he takes.
Nurſe. I will be careful, Madam. [*Exit* Nurſe.
Champ. Between us Compliments are ſuperfluous;
On, Gentlemen; th' Affront we have met here
We'll think upon hereafter; 'twere unfit
To cheriſh any Thought to breed unreſt,
Or to ourſelves, or to our Nuptial Feaſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dinant, *and* Cleremont.

Cler. We ſhall have ſport, ne'er fear't.
Din. What ſport, I prithee?
Cler. Why we muſt fight, I know it, and I long for't,
It was apparent in the fiery Eye
Of young *Verdone*; *Beaupre* look'd pale and ſhook too,
Familiar ſigns of Anger. They're both brave Fellows
Try'd and approv'd, and I am proud t'encounter
With Men, from whom no Honour can be loſt;
They will play up to a Man, and ſet him off.
Whene'er I go to the Field, Heav'n keep me from
The meeting of an unfleſh'd Youth or Coward;
The firſt, to get a Name, comes on too hot,
The Coward is ſo ſwift in giving ground,
There is no overtaking him without
A hunting Nag, well breath'd too.

Din.

Din. All this while,
You ne'er think on the Danger.
Cler. Why 'tis no more
Than meeting of a dozen Friends at Supper,
And drinking hard; Miſchief comes there unlook'd for,
I'm ſure as ſudden, and ſtrikes home as often,
For this we are prepar'd.
Din. *Lamira* loves
Her Brother *Beaupre* dearly.
Cler. What of that?
Din. And ſhould he call me t' an account for what
But now I ſpake, nor can I with mine Honour
Recant my Words, that little hope is left me,
E'er to enjoy what (next to Heav'n) I long for,
Is taken from me.
Cler. Why what can you hope for,
She being now married?
Din. Oh my *Cleremont*,
To you all Secrets of my Heart lie open,
And I reſt moſt ſecure that whatſoe'er
I lock up there, is as a private Thought,
And will no farther wrong me. I am a *Frenchman*,
And for the greater part we are born Courtiers,
She is a Woman, and however yet
No heat of Service had the power to melt
Her frozen Chaſtity, time and opportunity
May work her to my ends, I confeſs ill ones,
And yet I muſt purſue 'em: Now her Marriage,
In probability, will no way hurt,
But rather help me.
Cler. Sits the Wind there? Pray you tell me
How far off dwells your Love from Luſt?
Din. Too near,
But prithee chide me not.
Cler. Not I, go on, Boy,
I've faults myſelf, and will not reprehend
A Crime I am not free from: For her Marriage,
I do eſteem it (and moſt Batchelors are
Of my Opinion) as a fair protection,
To play the Wanton without loſs of Honour.

Din.

Din. Would ſhe make uſe of't ſo, I were moſt happy.
Cler. No more of this. Judge now,
Whether I have the gift of Prophecy.

Enter Beaupre, *and* Verdone.

Beaup. Monſieur *Dinant*,
I'm glad to find you, Sir.
Din. I'm at your Service.
Verd. Good Monſieur *Cleremont*, I have long wiſh'd
To be known better to you.
Cler. My deſires
Embrace your wiſhes, Sir.
Beaup. Sir, I've ever
Eſteem'd you truly noble, and profeſs
I ſhould have been moſt proud, to've had the Honour
To call you Brother, but my Father's pleaſure
Deny'd that Happineſs. I know no Man lives,
That can command his Paſſions, and therefore
Dare not condemn the late intemperate Language
Y' were pleas'd to uſe t' my Father and my Siſter,
He's old and ſhe a Woman, I moſt ſorry
My Honour does compel me to entreat you,
To do me the favour, with your Sword to meet me
A Mile without the City.
Din. You much honour me
In the demand, I'll gladly wait upon you.
Beaup. O Sir you teach me what to ſay: The time?
Din. With the next Sun, if you think fit.
Beaup. The Place?
Din. Near to the Vineyard Eaſtward from the City.
Beaup. I like it well; this Gentleman, if you pleaſe,
Will keep me company.
Cler. That is agreed on;
And in my Friend's behalf I will attend him.
Verd. You ſhall not miſs my Service.
Beaup. Good day, Gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* Beaupre, *and* Verdone.
Din. At your Commandment.
Cler. Proud to be your Servants.

(7) I think there is no Nation under Heav'n
That cut their Enemies Throats with Compliment,
And ſuch fine Tricks as we do: If you have
Any few Prayers to ſay, this Night you may
Call 'em to mind and uſe 'em; for myſelf,
As I have little to loſe, my care is leſs,
So 'till to Morrow Morning I bequeath you
To your Devotions; and thoſe paid, but uſe
That noble Courage I have ſeen, and we
Shall fight, as in a Caſtle.

Din. Thou'rt all Honour,
Thy Reſolution would ſteel a Coward,
And I moſt fortunate in ſuch a Friend;
All tenderneſs and nice reſpect of Woman
Be now far from me, Reputation take
A full Poſſeſſion of my Heart, and prove
Honour the firſt place holds, the ſecond Love.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

(8) *Enter* Lamira, *and* Charlotte.

Lam. SLEEPS my Lord ſtill, *Charlotte?*
Char. Not to be wak'd.
B'your Ladyſhip's chearful Looks I well perceive
That this Night the good Lord hath been

(7) *I think there is no Nation under Heav'n,*
That cut their Enemies Throats with Compliment,
And ſuch fine Tricks as we do: ——] *Moliere* has a Scene built upon the Politeneſs of the *French* Duellers, which is extremely like this. I mention it not as ſuppoſing that excellent Writer to have copy'd from our Authors; but to ſhew how admirably the latter drew their Characters; ſince in the Portraits of *Frenchmen*, they hit the very ſame maſterly Strokes with the greateſt Maſter of *French* Comedy.

(8) Enter *Lamira*, and *Charlotte.*] I think it very clear, that this is the Beginning of the ſecond Act; for a whole Night is paſt ſince the laſt Scene, and the Players ſeem to have divided the Acts at the End of the next Scene, only to make them of a more equal Length.

At an unuſual Service, and no wonder
If he reſts after it. *Lam.* You're very bold.
Char. Your Creature, Madam, and when you are pleas'd
Sadneſs to me's a Stranger; your good pardon
If I ſpeak like a Fool, I could have wiſht
To have ta'en your place to Night, had bold *Dinant*,
Your firſt and moſt obſequious Servant, taſted
Thoſe Delicates, which by his Lethargy,
As it appears, have cloy'd my Lord.
Lam. No more.
Char. I'm ſilenc'd, Madam.
Lam. Saw you my Nurſe this Morning?
Char. No, Madam.
Lam. I'm full of Fears. [*Knock within.*
Who's that?
Char. She you enquir'd for.
Lam. Bring her in, and leave me. [*Exit* Charlotte.
Now Nurſe, what News?

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. O Lady, dreadful ones.
They are to fight this Morning, there's no remedy.
I ſaw my Lord your Brother, and *Verdone*,
Take Horſe as I came by.
Lam. Where's *Cleremont?*
Nurſe. I met him too, and mounted.
Lam. Where's *Dinant?*
Nurſe. There's all the hope, I've ſtaid him with a trick,
If I have done well ſo.
Lam. What trick?
Nurſe. I told him,
Your Ladyſhip laid your Command upon him
T'attend you preſently; and to confirm it,
Gave him the Ring he oft hath ſeen you wear,
That you beſtow'd on me: He waits without
Diſguis'd, and if you have that power in him,
As I preſume you have, it is in you
To ſtay or alter him.
Lam. Have you learnt the Place

Where

Where they are to encounter?
Nurſe. Yes, 'tis where
The Duke of *Burgundy* met *Lewis* th' Eleventh.
Lam. Enough, I will reward thee liberally,
[*Exit Nurſe.*
Go bring him in: Full dear I lov'd *Dinant*,
While it was lawful, but thoſe Fires are quench'd,
I being now another's; Truth forgive me,
And let Diſſimulation be no Crime,
Though moſt unwillingly I put it on
To guard a Brother's ſafety.

Enter Dinant.

Din. Now your pleaſure,
Though ill you have deſerv'd it, you perceive
I'm ſtill your Fool, and cannot but obey
Whatever you command.
Lam. You ſpeak, as if
You did repent it, 'tis not worth my thanks then;
But there has been a time, in which you would
Receive this as a Favour.
Din. Hope was left then
Of Recompence.
Lam. Why I am ſtill *Lamira*,
And you *Dinant*, and 'tis yet in my power,
I dare not ſay I'll put it into act,
T' reward your Love and Service.
Din. There's ſome comfort.
Lam. But think not that ſo low I prize my Fame,
To give it up to any Man that refuſes
To buy it; or with danger of Performance
Of what I ſhall enjoin him——
Din. Name that Danger,
Be't of what horrid ſhape ſoever, Lady,
Which I will ſhrink at; only at this inſtant
Be ſpeedy in't.
Lam. I'll put you to the trial:
You ſhall not fight to day; d' you ſtart at that?
Not with my Brother, I have heard your difference,
Mine is no *Helen*'s Beauty to be purchas'd

With Blood, and ſo defended; if you look for
Favours from me, deſerve them with Obedience,
There's no way elſe to gain 'em.
Din. You command
What with mine Honour I cannot obey
Which lies at Pawn againſt it, and a Friend
Equally dear as that, or Life, engag'd,
Not for himſelf, but me.
Lam. Why fooliſh Man,
Dare you ſollicit me to ſerve your Luſt,
In which not only I abuſe my Lord,
My Father, and my Family, but write Whore,
Though not upon my Forehead, in my Conſcience,
To be read hourly, and yet name your Honour?
Yours ſuffers but in circumſtance; mine in ſubſtance.
If you obey me, you part with ſome credit,
From whom? the giddy Multitude: But Mankind
Will cenſure me, and juſtly.
Din. I will loſe,
What moſt I do deſire, rather than hazard
So dear a Friend, or write myſelf a Coward,
'Tis better be no Man.
Lam. This will not do;
Why, I deſire not you ſhould be a Coward,
Nor do I weigh my Brother's Life with yours,
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly,
Let me not ſuffer for you, I am careleſs.
Din. Suffer for me?
Lam. For you, my kindneſs to you
Already brands me with a Strumpet's name.
Din. O that I knew the Wretch!
Lam. I will not name him,
Nor give you any Character to know him;
But if you dare, and inſtantly ride forth
At the Weſt Port of the City, and defend there
My Reputation, againſt all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not ſwear, *Dinant*,
To ſatisfie, though ſure I think I ſhall,
Whatever you deſire; if you deny this,
Be deſperate, for willingly, by this Light,

I'll

I'll never ſee thee more.

Din. Two hours, do you ſay?

Lam. Only two hours.

Din. I were no Gentleman,
Should I make ſcruple of it; this Favour arms me,
And boldly I'll perform it. [*Exit.*

Lam. I am glad on't.
This will prevent their Meeting yet, and keep
My Brother ſafe, which was the Mark I ſhot at. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cleremont, *as in the Field.*

Cler. I'm firſt i'th' Field, that Honour's gain'd of our ſide,
Pray Heav'n I may get off as honourably:
The hour is paſt, I wonder *Dinant* comes not,
This is the Place, I cannot ſee him yet;
It is his Quarrel too that brought me hither,
And I ne'er knew him yet but to his Honour
A firm and worthy Friend; yet I ſee nothing,
Nor Horſe nor Man; 'twould vex me to be left here,
To th' Mercy of two Swords, and two approv'd ones.
I never knew him laſt.

Enter Beaupre, *and* Verdone.

Beaup. You are well met, *Cleremont.*

Verd. You're a fair Gentleman, and love your Friend, Sir.
What, are you ready? th' time has overta'en us.

Beaup. And this, you know, the Place.

Cler. No *Dinant* yet?

Beaup. We come not now to argue, but to do;
We wait you, Sir.

Cler. There's no time paſt yet, Gentlemen,
We've Day enough: Is't poſſible he comes not?
You ſee I'm ready here, and do but ſtay
Till my Friend come; walk but a turn or two,
'Twill not be long.

Verd. We came to fight.
Cler. Ye ſhall fight, Gentlemen,
And fight enough; but a ſhort turn or two;
I think I ſee him, ſet up your Watch, we'll fight by it.
Beaup. That is not he; we will not be deluded.
Cler. Am I bob'd thus? Pray take a Pipe of Tobacco,
Or ſing but ſome new Air; by that time, Gentlemen——
Verd. Come draw your Sword, you know the Cuſtom here, Sir,
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd.
Cler. Though it be held a Cuſtom,
And practis'd ſo, I do not hold it honeſt;
What Honour can you both win on me ſingle?
Beaup. Yield up your Sword then.
Cler. Yield my Sword? that's *Hebrew*;
I'll be firſt cut a pieces; hold but awhile,
I'll take the next that comes.

Enter an old Gentleman.

You're an old Gentleman?
Gent. Yes indeed am I, Sir.
Cler. And wear no Sword?
Gent. I need none, Sir.
Cler. I would you did, and had one;
I want now ſuch a fooliſh Courteſie.
You ſee theſe Gentlemen?
Gent. You want a Second.
In good Faith, Sir, I was ne'er handſom at it,
I would you had my Son, but he's in *Italy*,
A proper Gentleman; you may do well, Gallants,
If your Quarrel be not capital, to've more Mercy,
The Gentleman may do his Country——
Cler. Now I beſeech you, Sir,
If y' dare not fight, don't ſtay to beg my Pardon.
There lies your way.
Gent. Good-morrow, Gentlemen. [*Exit.*
Verd. You ſee your Fortune,
You'd better yield your Sword.
Cler. Pray ye ſtay a little.

Enter

Enter two Gentlemen.

Upon mine Honeſty, you ſhall be fought with;
Well, *Dinant*, well; theſe wear Swords, and ſeem brave Fellows.
As you are Gentlemen, one of you ſupply me,
I want a Second now to meet theſe Gallants,
You know what Honour is.
1 *Gent.* Sir, you muſt pardon us,
We go about the ſame work, you are ready for;
And muſt fight preſently, elſe we were your Servants.
2 *Gent.* God ſpeed you, and good day.
[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*
Cler. Am I thus colted?
Beaup. Come, either yield——
Cler. As you're honeſt Gentlemen,
Stay but the next, and then I'll take my Fortune,
And if I fight not like a Man——Fy *Dinant*,
Cold now and treacherous.

Enter Monſieur La-writ, *within.*

La-writ. I underſtand your Cauſes.
Yours about Corn, yours about Pins and Glaſſes,
Will y' make me mad, have I not all the Parcels?
And his Petition too, about Bell-founding?
Send in your Witneſſes, what will you have me do?
Will you have me break my Heart? my Brains are melted;
And tell your Maſter, as I am a Gentleman,
His Cauſe ſhall be the firſt; commend me to your Miſtreſs,
And tell her, if there be an extraordinary Feather,
And tall enough for her——I ſhall diſpatch you too,
I know your Cauſe, for tranſporting of Farthingales;
Trouble me no more, I ſay again to you,
No more Vexation: Bid my Wife ſend me ſome Puddings;
I have a Cauſe to run through, requires Puddings,
Puddings enough. Farewel.
Cler. God ſpeed you, Sir.
Beaup. Would he would take this Fellow.
Verd. A rare Youth.
Cler. If you ben't haſty, Sir.

La-writ. Yes, I am haſty,
Exceeding, haſty, Sir, I am going to the Parliament,
You underſtand this Bag, if you have any Buſineſs
Depending there, be ſhort, and let me hear it,
And pay your Fees.
Cler. 'Faith, Sir, I have a Buſineſs,
But it depends upon no Parliament.
La-writ. I have no skill in't then.
Cler. I muſt deſire you,
'Tis a Sword matter, Sir.
La-writ. I am no Cutler,
I am an Advocate, Sir.
Beaup. How the thing looks?
Verd. When he brings him to fight:
Cler. Be not ſo haſty,
You wear a good Sword.
La-writ. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a Sword——
Cler. I muſt intreat you try, Sir, and bear a part
Againſt theſe Gentlemen, I want a Second;
Ye ſeem a Man, and 'tis a noble Office.
La-writ. I am a Lawyer, Sir, I am no Fighter.
Cler. You that breed Quarrels, Sir, know beſt to ſatisfie.
Beaup. This is ſome ſport yet.
Verd. If this Fellow ſhould fight.
La-writ. And for any thing I know, I am an arrant Coward,
Do not truſt me, I think I am a Coward.
Cler. Try, try, you are miſtaken: Walk on Gentlemen,
The Man ſhall follow preſently.
La-writ. Are ye mad, Gentleman?
My Buſineſs is within this half hour.
Cler. That's all one,
We'll diſpatch within this quarter, there in that Bottom,
'Tis moſt convenient, Gentlemen.
Beaup. Well, we'll wait, Sir.
Verd. Why this will be a comick Fight, you'll follow.
La-writ. As I'm a true Man, I can't fight.
[*Exeunt* Beaupre *and* Verdone.

Cler.

Cler. (Away, away;)
I know you can: I like your Modeſty,
I know you will fight, and ſo fight, with ſuch Metal,
And with ſuch Judgment meet your Enemy's Fury;
I ſee it in your Eye, Sir.
La-writ. I'll be hang'd then;
And I charge you in the King's Name, name no more fighting.
Cler. I charge you in the King's Name, play the Man,
Which if you do not quickly, I begin with you,
I'll make you dance, do you ſee your Fiddleſtick?
Sweet Advocate thou ſhalt fight.
La-writ. Stand farther, Gentleman,
Or I'll give you ſuch a Duſt o'th' Chaps——
Cler. Spoke bravely.
And like thyſelf, a noble Advocate:
Come to thy Tools.
La-writ. I do not ſay I'll fight.
Cler. I ſay thou ſhalt, and bravely.
La-writ. If I do fight;
I ſay, if I do, but don't depend upon't,
And yet I have a fooliſh Itch upon me,
What ſhall become of my Writings?
Cler. Let 'em lye by,
They will not run away, Man.
La-writ. I may be kill'd too,
And where are all my Cauſes then? my Buſineſs?
I will not fight, I cannot fight, my Cauſes——
Cler. Thou ſhalt fight, if thou hadſt a thouſand Cauſes,
Thou art a Man to fight for any Cauſe,
And carry it with Honour.
La-writ. Hum, ſay you ſo? if I ſhould
Be ſuch a Coxcomb to prove valiant now——
Cler. I know thou art moſt valiant.
La-writ. D' you think ſo?
I am undone for ever, if it prove ſo,
I tell you that, my honeſt Friend, for ever;
For I ſhall ne'er leave quarrelling.
How long muſt we fight? for I cannot ſtay,
Nor will not ſtay, I've Buſineſs.

Cler.

Cler. We'll do't in a minute, in a moment.
La-writ. Here will I hang my Bag then, it may ſave my Belly,
I never lov'd cold Iron there.
Cler. You do wiſely.
La-writ. Help me to pluck my Sword out then, quickly, quickly,
'Thas not ſeen Sun theſe ten Years.
Cler. How it grumbles?
This Sword is vengeance Angry.
La-writ. Now I'll put my Hat up,
And ſay my Prayers as I go; away Boy,
If I be kill'd remember the little Lawyer. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Beaupre.

Beaup. They're both come on, that may be a ſtubborn Raſcal,
Take you that Ground,

Enter La-writ.

I'll ſtay here,
Fight bravely.
La-writ. To't chearfully my Boys, you'll let's have fair play,
None of your foining Tricks.
Beaup. Come forward Monſieur? [*Fight.*
What haſt thou there? a Pudding in thy Belly?
I ſhall ſee what it holds.
La-writ. Put your Spoon home then:
Nay, ſince I muſt fight, have at you without Wit, Sir:
God-a-mercy Bag. *Beaup.* Nothing but Bumbaſt in ye?
The Rogue winks and fights.
La-writ. Now your fine fencing, Sir:
[Beaup. *loſes his Sword.* La-writ *treads on it.*
Stand off, thou dieſt on point elſe,
I have it, I have it: Yet further off:
I have his Sword. *Cler.* Then keep it, be ſure you keep it.
La-writ. I'll put it in my Mouth elſe.
Stand further off yet, and ſtand quietly,
And look another way, or I'll be with you:

Is

Is this all? I'll undertake within theſe two days
To furniſh any Cutler in this Kingdom.
Beaup. Pox, what Fortune's this? Diſarm'd by a Puppy?
A Snail? a Dog?
La-writ. No more o' theſe Words, Gentleman,
Sweet Gentleman no more, do not provoke me;
Go walk i'th' Horſe-fair, whiſtle Gentleman;
What muſt I do now?

Enter Cleremont, *purſued by* Verdone.

Cler. Help me, I'm almoſt breathleſs.
La-writ. With all my Heart, there's a cold Pye for you, Sir.
Cler. Thou ſtrik'ſt me, Fool.
La-writ. Thou Fool, ſtand further off then,
Deliver, deliver.
Cler. Hold faſt.
La-writ. I never fail in't,
[*He ſtrikes up the other's Heels, and takes his Sword too.*
There's twelve Pence, go buy you two leaden Daggers.
Have I done well? *Cler.* Moſt like a Gentleman.
Beaup. And we two baſely loſt.
Verd. 'Tis but a Fortune.
We ſhall yet find an hour.
[*Exeunt* Beaupre *and* Verdone *ſad.*
Cler. I ſhall be glad on't.
La-writ. Where's my Cloak, and my Trinkets?
Or will you fight any longer, for a craſh or two:
Cler. I am your noble Friend, Sir.
La-writ. It may be ſo.
Cler. What Honour ſhall I do you,
For this great Courteſie?
La-writ. All I deſire of ye,
Is to take the Quarrel to yourſelf, and let me hear no more on't,
I have no liking to't, 'tis a fooliſh matter,
And help me to put up my Sword.
Cler. Moſt willingly.
But I am bound to gratifie you, and I muſt not leave you.
La-writ. I tell you, I will not be gratified,

Nor

Nor I will hear no more on't: Take the Swords too,
And do not anger me but leave me quietly,
For th' matter of Honour, 'tis at your own diſpoſure,
And ſo, and ſo. [*Exit* La-writ.

Cler. This is a moſt rare Lawyer:
I'm ſure moſt valiant. Well *Dinant*, as you ſatisfie me,
I ſay no more: I'm loaden like an Armorer.
[*Exit* Cleremont.

Enter Dinant.

Din. To be diſpatcht upon a ſleeveleſs Errand?
To leave my Friend engag'd, mine Honour tainted?
Theſe are trim Things. I am ſet here like a Perdue,
To watch a Fellow that has wrong'd my Miſtreſs,
A ſcurvy Fellow that muſt paſs this way,
But what this ſcurvy Fellow is, or whence,
Or whether his Name be *William*, or *John*,
Or *Antony*, or *Dick*, or any thing, I know not;
A ſcurvy raſcally Fellow I muſt aim at,
And there's the Office of an Aſs flung on me.
Sure *Cleremont* has fought, but how come off,
And what the World ſhall think of me hereafter:
Well, Woman, Woman, I muſt look your Raſcals,
And loſe my Reputation: Ye've a fine power over us.
Theſe two long hours I've trotted here, and curiouſly
Survey'd all Goers by, yet find no Raſcal,
Nor any Face to quarrel with;

La-writ *ſings within, then Enters.*

What's that?
This is a raſcally Voice, ſure it comes this way.

La-writ. He ſtrook ſo hard, the Baſon broke,
And Tarquin *heard the Sound.*

Din. (9) What Miſter-thing is this? let me ſurvey it.

La-writ. And then he ſtrook his Neck in two.

Din.

(9) *What* Maſter-thing *is this?*——] The Idea this gave was, *What Maſter-piece of Oddity have we here?* But Mr. *Sympſon* has hit on a more humourous Reading; *What Miſter-thing is this? Miſter Wight* being common to *Spenſer* and *Chaucer*. I am far from approving the Inſertion of obſolete Words in general; but here, where *La-writ*

Din. This may be a Raſcal, but 'tis a mad Raſcal,
What an Alphabet of Faces he puts on?
Hey, how it fences? if this ſhould be the Rogue,
As 'tis the likelieſt Rogue I ſee this Day——
La-writ. Was ever Man for Ladies ſake? down, down.
Din. And what are you, good Sir? down, down, down, down.
La-writ. What's that to you, good Sir? down, down.
Din. A pox on you, good Sir, down, down, down,
You with your Buckram Bag, what make you here?
And from whence come you? I could fight with my Shadow now.
La-writ. Thou fierce Man that like Sir *Lancelot* doſt appear.
I need not tell thee what I am, nor eke what I make here.
Din. This is a precious knave; ſtay, ſtay, good *Triſtram*,
And let me ask thy Mightineſs a Queſtion;
Did ye ne'er abuſe a Lady? *La-writ.* Not; to abuſe
A Lady's very hard, Sir. *Din.* Say you ſo, Sir?
But didſt thou never yet abuſe her Honour?
La-writ. Not; to abuſe her Honour, is impoſſible.
Din. Certain, this is the Raſcal: What's thy Name?
La-writ. My Name is *Cock o' two*, (10) uſe me reſpectively,
I will be Cock of three elſe. *Din.* What's all this?
You ſay, you did abuſe a Lady. *La-writ.* You lie.
Din. And that you wrong'd her Honour.
La-writ. That's two Lies,
Speak ſuddenly, for I am full of Buſineſs.
Din. What art thou, or what canſt thou be, thou Peagooſe,
That durſt give me the Lie thus? thou mak'ſt me wonder.
La-writ. And wonder on, till time make all things plain.

writ is talking and ſinging Knight-Errantry, a Word common in the Tales of Knight-Errants is certainly natural and obvious. In the excellent Gloſſary to *Urry*'s *Chaucer*, *Miſter*, from the French *Meſtier*, a *Profeſſion* or *Trade*. Hence it is us'd for any *ſort*, *kind*, or *condition*; as *Miſter-folk* kind of Men, &c.

(10) ——— *uſe me* reſpectively,] Here *reſpectively* is ſynonymous to *reſpectfully*. We never, I believe, now uſe it in that Senſe.

Din.

Din. You muſt not part ſo, Sir; art thou a Gentleman?
La-writ. Ask thoſe upon whoſe Ruins I am mounted.
Din. This is ſome Cavalero Knight o'th' Sun.
La-writ. I tell thee I am as good a Gentleman
As th' Duke;
I have atchiev'd——go follow thy Buſineſs.
Din. But for this Lady, Sir——
La-writ. Why, hang this Lady, Sir, [Ladies?
And the Lady Mother too, Sir, what have I to do with

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. 'Tis the little Lawyer's Voice: Has he got my way?
It ſhould be hereabouts.
Din. Ye dry Biſket Rogue,
I will ſo ſwinge you for this Blaſphemy——
Ha' I found you out?
Cler. That ſhould be *Dinant*'s Tongue too.
La-writ. And I defie thee, do thy worſt: *O he quoth* Lancelot *tho.*
And that thou ſhalt know, I'm a true Gentleman,
And ſpeak according to the Phraſe triumphant;
Thy Lady is a ſcurvy Lady, and a ſhitten Lady,
And though I never heard of her, a deboſhed Lady,
And thou a Squire of low degree; will that content thee?
Doſt thou way-lay me with Ladies? A pretty Sword, Sir,
A very pretty Sword, I have a great mind to't.
Din. You ſhall not loſe your longing, Rogue.
Cler. Hold, hold.
Hold, *Dinant*, as thou art a Gentleman.
La-writ. As much as you will, my Hand is in now.
Cler. I am your Friend, Sir: *Dinant*, you draw your Sword
Upon the Gentleman preſerv'd your Honour:
This was my Second, and did back me nobly;
For ſhame forbear.
Din. I ask your Mercy, Sir, and am your Servant now.
La-writ. May we not fight then?
Cler. I'm ſure you ſhall not now.

La-writ.

La-writ. I'm ſorry for't, I'm ſure I'll ſtay no longer then,
Not a Jot longer: Are there any more on ye afore?
I will ſing ſtill, Sir. [*Exit* La-writ, *ſinging.*
Din. I look now you ſhould chide me, and 'tis fit,
And with much bitterneſs expreſs your Anger,
I have deſerv'd: Yet when you know——
Cler. I thank ye,
Do you think that the wrong you have offer'd me,
The moſt unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong——
Din. I do confeſs——
Cler. That Boyiſh Slight——
Din. Not ſo, Sir.
Cler. That poor and baſe renouncing of your Honour,
Can be allay'd with Words?
Din. I give you way ſtill.
Cler. Colour'd with ſmooth Excuſes? Was it a Friend's part,
A Gentleman's, a Man's that wears a Sword,
And ſtand upon the point of Reputation,
To hide his Head then, when his Honour call'd him;
Call'd him aloud, and led him to his Fortune?
To halt and ſlip the Collar? By my Life,
I wou'd have giv'n my Life I'd never known thee,
Thou'ſt eaten Canker-like into my Judgment
With this diſgrace, thy whole Life cannot heal again.
Din. This I can ſuffer too, I find it honeſt.
Cler. Can you pretend a 'ſcuſe now may abſolve you,
Or any thing like honeſt, to bring you off?
Engage me like an Aſs?
Din. Will you but hear me?
Cler. Expoſe me like a Jade to tug, and hale through,
Laugh'd at, and almoſt hooted; your Diſgraces
Invite Mens Swords and Angers to diſpatch me.
Din. If you will be patient.
Cler. And be abus'd ſtill: But that I've call'd thee Friend,
And to that Name allow a Sanctuary,
You ſhould hear further from me, I'd not talk thus:
But henceforth ſtand on your own Bottom, Sir,

And

And bear your own abuſes, I ſcorn my Sword
Should travel in ſo poor and empty Quarrels.
Din. Ha' you done yet? take your whole ſwinge of Anger,
I'll bear all with content.
Cler. Why were you abſent?
Din. You know I am no Coward, you have ſeen that,
And therefore, out of Fear forſook you not:
You know I am not falſe, of a treacherous Nature,
Apt to betray my Friend, I have fought for you too;
You know no buſineſs, that concern'd my State,
My Kindred, or my Life.
Cler. Where was the Fault then?
Din. The Honour of that Lady I adore,
Her Credit, and her Name: Ye know ſhe ſent for me,
And with what haſte.
Cler. What was he that traduc'd?
Din. The Man i'th' Moon, I think, hither I was ſent,
But to what end——

Enter old Lady.

Cler. This is a pretty Flim-flam.
Old Lady. I am glad I have met you, Sir, I have been ſeeking,
And ſeeking every where.
Cler. And now you have found him,
Declare what buſineſs, (11) old Ambaſſador.
Old Lady. What's that to ye, good Man Flouter? O, Sir, my Lady——
Din. Prithee no more of thy Lady, I have too much on't.
Cler. Let me have a little, ſpeak to me.
Old Lady. To you, Sir?
'Tis more than time: All occaſions ſet aſide, Sir,
Or whatſoever may be thought a Buſineſs——
Din. What then?

(11) ——our *Ambaſſador.*] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks this might probably be *old Ambaſſador*, and then there's a ſtrong Reaſon for her calling him *Flouter*. It is certainly an Improvement, and bids fair for having been the Original.

Old Lady.

Old Lady. Repair to me within this hour.
Cler. Where?
Old Lady. What's that to you? come you, Sir, when y'are ſent for.
Cler. God-a-mercy *Mumpſimus*,
You may go *Dinant*, and follow this old Fairy,
Till you have loſt yourſelf, your Friends, your Credit,
(12) And honey out your Youth in rare Adventures,
I can but grieve I've known you.
Old Lady. Will ye go, Sir?
I come not often to you with theſe Bleſſings,
You may believe that thing there, and repent it,
That dogged thing.
Cler. Peace, Touchwood.
Din. I will not go:
Go bid your Lady ſeek ſome Fool to fawn on her,
Some unexperienc'd Puppy to make ſport with,
I've been her Mirth too long; thus I ſhake from me
The Fetters ſhe put on, thus her Enchantments
I blow away like Wind, no more her Beauty——
Old Lady. Take heed, Sir, what you ſay.
Cler. Go forward, *Dinant.*
Din. The Charms ſhot from her Eyes——
Old Lady. Be wiſe.
Cler. Be valiant.
Din. That Tongue that tells fair Tales to Mens [deſtructions
(13) Shall never rack me more.

(12) *And* hunt away *your Youth in rare Adventures,*] I have reſtor'd the Reading of the old Folio here. *To honey out his Youth,* is extremely poetical, for *waſting it in the palling Sweets of unlawful Love:* But the ſecond Folio (having now loſt the judicious Corrector it had in *The Falſe One*) diſcards this fine Metaphor as unintelligible; and the Octavo here again unluckily begins to copy from it.

(13) *Shall never rack me more.*] *Rack*, i. e. *torment*, is certainly good Senſe here, and I therefore don't change it, tho' *wrack*, the old way of ſpelling *wreck*, i. e. *Ship-wreck*, ſeems much more poetical: For his Honour, by her Devices, had juſt before been *wrack'd*, which *Dinant* a little lower expreſſes by the ſame Metaphor.

——*like a bold Merchant,*
——*I've ventur'd all theſe.*

i. e. Time, Friends, Honour and Life.

And ſplit my Bottom.

This Confirmation occurr'd after the Conjecture itſelf.

Old Lady. Stay there. *Cler.* Go forward.
Din. I will now hear her, ſee her as a Woman,
Survey her, (14) and the Power Man has allow'd her,
As I would do the Courſe of common things,
Unmov'd, unſtruck.
Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.
Din. She is not fair, and that that makes her proud,
Is not her own, our Eyes beſtow it on her;
To touch and kiſs her is no Bleſſedneſs,
A Sun-burnt *Ethiop*'s Lip's as ſoft as hers.
Go, bid her ſtick ſome other Triumph up,
And take into her Favour ſome dull Fool,
That has no precious Time to loſe, no Friends,
No Honour, nor no Life; like a bold Merchant,
A bold and Bankrupt Man, I've ventur'd all theſe,
And ſplit my Bottom; return this anſwer to her,
I am awake again and ſee her Miſchiefs,
(15) And am not now on every idle Errand,
And new-coin'd Anger, to be hurried,
And then deſpis'd again; I have forgot her.
Cler. If this be true——
Old Lady. I'm ſorry I have troubled you;
More ſorry that my Lady has adventur'd
So great a Favour in ſo weak a Mind:
This Hour you have refus'd, that when you come to know it,
Will run you mad, and make you curſe that Fellow;
She is not fair, nor handſome, ſo I leave you.
Cler. Stay, Lady, ſtay, but is there ſuch a Buſineſs?
Old Lady. You'd break your Neck, 'twere yours.

(14) ——*and the Power Man has allow'd*, Sir,] Former Editions.

(15) *And am not now on every idle Errand,*
And new-coin'd Anger, to be hurried,
And then deſpis'd again;] Mr. *Sympſon* ſuſpects the Word *hurried*, as making no Antitheſis to *deſpis'd*, and therefore propoſes to read *honeyed*, a Word common to our Authors. But as *Dinant* had juſt before been *hurried on an idle Errand, and a new-coin'd Anger*, I ſee no ſort of Reaſon for the Change: Perhaps, indeed, *Anger* might have been *Danger*, becauſe it was the Pretence of that which had induced him to go of her former Errand; but neither is this Change neceſſary.

Cler.

Cler. My Back, you would ſay.
Old Lady. But play the Friend's part ſtill, Sir, and undo him,
'Tis a fair Office.
Din. I've ſpoke too liberally.—
Old Lady. I ſhall deliver what you ſay.
Cler. You ſhall be hang'd firſt,
You'd fain be prating now; take the Man with you,
Old Lady. Not I, I have no Power.
Cler. You may go, *Dinant.*
Old Lady. 'Tis in's own Will, I had no further charge, Sir,
Than t' tell him what I did, which if I'd thought
It ſhould have been receiv'd ſo——
Cler. 'Faith you may,
You do not know how far it may concern you.
If I perceiv'd any Trick in't.
Din. 'Twill end there.
Cler. 'Tis my fault then, there is an Hour in Fortune,
That muſt be ſtill obſerv'd: You think I'll chide you,
When things muſt be; nay, ſee, an he will hold his Head up?
Would ſuch a Lady ſend with ſuch a charge too?
Say ſhe has plaid the fool, play the fool with her again,
The great Fool, and the greater ſtill the better.
He ſhall go with you, Woman.
Old Lady. As it pleaſe him,
I know the way alone elſe.
Din. Where is your Lady?
Old Lady. I ſhall direct you quickly.
Din. Well, I'll go,
But what her Wrongs will give me leave to ſay.
Cler. We'll leave that to yourſelves: I ſhall hear from you.
Din. As ſoon as I come off——
Cler. Come on then bravely;
Farewel 'till then, and play the Man.
Din. You're merry;
All I expect is Scorn: I'll lead you, Lady.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Champernel, Lamira, Beaupre, Verdone, *and* Charlotte.

Beaup. WE'll venture on him.
Champ. Out of my Doors I charge thee, ſee me no more.
Lam. Your Nephew?
Champ. I diſclaim him,
He has no part in me, nor in my Blood,
My Brother that kept Fortune bound, and left
Conqueſt Hereditary to his Iſſue,
Could not beget a Coward.
Verd. I fought, Sir,
Like a good Fellow, and a Soldier too,
But Men are Men, and cannot make their Fates:
Aſcribe you to my Father what you pleaſe.
I am born to ſuffer.
Champ. All Diſgraces, Wretch.
Lam. Good Sir, be patient.
Champ. Was there no Tree,
(For to fall by a noble Enemy's Sword,
A Coward is unworthy) nor (16) no River,
To force thy Life out backward, and to drown it
But that thou muſt ſurvive thy Infamy?
And kill me with the ſight of one I hate,
And gladly would forget?
Beaup. Sir, his Misfortune
Deſerves not this Reproof.
Champ. In your Opinion,
'Tis fit you two ſhould be of one Belief,
You are indeed fine Gallants, and fight bravely
I'th' City with your Tongues, but in the Field
Have neither Spirit to dare, nor Power to do,

(16) ——— *no River,*
To force thy Life out backward, or *to drown it*] The Diſjunctive *or* is ſurely improper here; for *forcing Life out backward* is only an exceedingly droll Deſcription of *drowning*.

Your

Your Swords are all Lead there.

Beaup. I know no Duty,
(However you may wreak your Spleen on him,)
That binds me to endure this.

Champ. From *Dinant*
You'll ſuffer more; that ever curſed I,
Should give my Honour up, to the defence
Of ſuch a thing as he is; or my Lady,
(17) That is all-innocent, for whom a Dove would
Aſſume the Courage of a daring Eagle,
Repoſe her Confidence in one that can
No better guard her. In contempt of you
I love *Dinant*, mine Enemy, nay admire him,
His Valour claims it from me, and with Juſtice,
He that could fight thus, in a Cauſe not honeſt
His Sword edg'd with defence of Right and Honour,
Would pierce as deep as Lightning, with that ſpeed too,
And kill as deadly.

Verd. You are as far from Juſtice,
In him you praiſe, as Equity in the cenſure
You load me with.

Beaup. Dinant? He durſt not meet us.

Lam. How? Durſt not, Brother?

Beaup. Durſt not, I repeat it.

Verd. Nor was it *Cleremont*'s Valour that diſarm'd us,
I had the better of him; for *Dinant*,
If that might make my Peace with you, I dare
Write him a Coward upon every Poſt,
And with the hazard of my Life defend it.

Lam. If 'twere laid at the Stake you'd loſe it, Nephew.

Champ. Came he not, ſay you?

Verd. No, but in his room
There was a Devil, hir'd from ſome Magician
I'th' ſhape of an Attorney.

Beaup. 'Twas he did it.

Verd. And his the Honour.

(17) *That is* all Innocent,———] *All-innocent* is poetical, but from no Hyphen being added in the former Editions, and *Innocent* being wrote with a great Letter, perhaps the true Reading may be, *all Innocence*.

Beaup. I could wiſh *Dinant*——
But what talk I of one that ſtept aſide,
And durſt not come?
Lam. I'm ſuch a Friend to Truth,
I cannot hear this: Why do you detract
Thus poorly (I ſhould ſay to others, baſely)
From one of ſuch approv'd Worth?
Champ. Ha! How's this?
Lam. From one ſo excellent in all that's Noble,
Whoſe only Weakneſs is exceſs of Courage?
That knows no Enemies, that he cannot maſter,
But his Affections, and in them, the worſt
His Love to me.
Champ. To you?
Lam. Yes, Sir, to me,
I dare (for what is that which Innocence dares not)
To you profeſs it; and he ſhun'd not the Combat
For fear or doubt of theſe: Bluſh and repent,
That you in Thought e'er did that Wrong to Valour.
Beaup. Why, this is rare.
Champ. 'Fore Heav'n, exceeding rare;
Why modeſt Lady, you that ſing ſuch Encomiums
Of your firſt Suitor——
Verd. How can ye convince us
In your Reports?
Lam. With what you cannot anſwer,
'Twas my Command that ſtaid him.
Champ. Your Command?
Lam. Mine, Sir, and had my Will rank'd with my Power,
And his Obedience, I could have ſent him
With more eaſe, weaponleſs to you, and bound,
Than 've kept him back, ſo well he loves his Honour
Beyond his Life.
Champ. Better and better ſtill.
Lam. I wrought with him in private, to divert him
From your aſſur'd Deſtruction, had he met you.
Champ. In private?
Lam. Yes, and us'd all Arts, all Charms
Of one that knew herſelf the abſolute Miſtreſs

Of

Of all his Faculties.
Champ. Gave all Rewards too
His Service could deſerve; did not he take
The meaſure of my Sheets?
Lam. Do not look Yellow,
I've cauſe to ſpeak; Frowns cannot fright me, Sir.
By all my Hopes, as I am ſpotleſs to you,
If I reſt once aſſur'd you do but doubt me,
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me——
Champ. What then?
Lam. I'll not alone abuſe your Bed, that's nothing,
But to your more Vexation, 'tis reſolv'd on,
I'll run away, and then try if *Dinant*
Have Courage to defend me.
Champ. Impudent!
Verd. And on the ſudden——
Beaup. How are ye transform'd
From what you were?
Lam. I was an innocent Virgin,
And I can truly ſwear, a Wife as pure
As ever lay by Husband, and will die ſo,
Let me live unſuſpected, I'm no Servant,
Nor will be us'd like one: If you deſire
To keep me conſtant as I would be, let
Truſt and Belief in you beget and nurſe it;
Unneceſſary Jealouſies make more Whores
Than all Baits elſe laid to entrap our Frailties.
Beaup. There's no conteſting with her, from a Child
Once mov'd, ſhe hardly was to be appeas'd,
Yet I dare ſwear her honeſt.
Champ. So I think too,
On better Judgment: I am no *Italian*,
To lock her up: Nor would I be a *Dutchman*,
To have my Wife my Sovereign, to command me:
I'll try the gentler way, but if that fail,
Believe it, Sir, there's nothing but extreams
Which ſhe muſt feel from me.
Beaup. That as you pleaſe, Sir.
Char. You've won the Breeches, Madam, look up ſweetly,

My Lord limps tow'rd you.
Lam. You will learn more Manners.
Char. This is a Fee, for Counſel that's unask'd for.
Champ. Come, I miſtook thee, Sweet, prithee forgive me,
I never will be jealous: Ere I cheriſh
Such a mechanick Humour, I'll be nothing;
I'll ſay, *Dinant* is all that thou would'ſt have him,
Will that ſuffice?
Lam. 'Tis well, Sir.
Champ. Uſe thy freedom
Uncheck'd, and unobſerv'd, if thou wilt have it,
Theſe ſhall forget their Honour, I my Wrongs.
We'll all dote on him, Hell be my Reward
If I diſſemble.
Lam. And that Hell take me
If I affect him, he's a luſtful Villain,
But yet no Coward, and ſollicits me
To my Diſhonour, that's indeed a Quarrel,
And truly mine, which I will ſo revenge,
As it ſhall fright ſuch as dare only think
To be Adulterers.
Champ. Uſe thine own ways,
I give up all to thee.
Beaup. O Women, Women!
When you are pleas'd you are the leaſt of Evils.
Verd. I'll rhime to't; But provok'd, the worſt of Devils. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Monſieur Sampſon, *and three Clients.*

Samp. I know Monſieur *La-writ.*
1 *Cli.* Would he knew himſelf, Sir.
Samp. He was a pretty Lawyer, a kind of a pretty Lawyer,
Of a kind of an unable thing.
2 *Cli.* A fine Lawyer, Sir,
And would have firk'd you up a buſineſs,
And out of this Court into that.
Samp. Ye are too forward,
Not ſo fine, my Friends, ſomething he could have done,

But

But ſhort, ſhort.
1 *Cli.* I know your Worſhip's Favour,
You're Nephew to the Judge, Sir.
Samp. It may be ſo,
And ſomething may be done, without trotting i'th' Dirt, Friends;
It may be I can take him in his Chamber,
And have an hour's talk, it may be ſo,
And tell him that in's Ear; there are ſuch courteſies;
I will not ſay, I can.
3 *Cli.* We know you can, Sir.
Samp. Peradventure ay, peradventure no? But where's *La-writ?*
Where's your ſufficient Lawyer?
1 *Cli.* He's blown up, Sir.
2 *Cli.* Run mad, and quarrels with the Dog he meets;
He is no Lawyer of this World now.
Samp. Your Reaſon?
Is he Defunct? Is he Dead?
2 *Cli.* No, he's not dead yet, Sir;
But I would be loth to take a leaſe on's Life for two hours:
Alas, he is poſſeſt, Sir, with the Spirit of Fighting,
And quarrels with all People; but how he came to it—
Samp. If he fight well and like a Gentleman,
The Man may fight, for 'tis a lawful Calling,
Look you, my Friends, I am a civil Gentleman,
And my Lord my Uncle loves me.
3 *Cli.* We all know it, Sir.
Samp. I think he does, Sir, I have buſineſs too, much buſineſs,
Turn you ſome forty or fifty Cauſes in a Week;
Yet when I get an hour of vacancy,
I can fight too, my Friends, a little does well,
I would be loath to learn to fight.
1 *Cli.* But an't pleaſe you, Sir,
His fighting has neglected all our Buſineſs.
We are undone, our Cauſes caſt away, Sir,
His not appearance.
Samp. There he fought too long,
A little and fight well, he fought too long indeed Friends;

But

But ne'ertheleſs things muſt be as they may,
And there be ways ——
1 Cli. We know, Sir, if you pleaſe ——
Samp. Something I'll do; Go rally up your Cauſes.

Enter La-writ, *and a Gentleman, at the Door.*

2 Cli. Now you may behold, Sir,
And be a Witneſs, whether we lie or no.
La-writ. I'll meet you at the Ordinary, ſweet Gentlemen,
And if there be a Wench or two ——
Gent. We'll have 'em.
La-writ. No handling any Duels before I come,
We'll have no going elſe, I hate a Coward.
Gent. There ſhall be nothing done.
La-writ. Make all the Quarrels
You can deviſe before I come, and let's all fight,
There's no ſport elſe.
Gent. We'll ſee what may be done, Sir.
1 Cli. Ha; Monſieur *La-writ.*
La-writ. Baffled in way of Buſineſs,
My Cauſes caſt away, Judgment againſt us?
Why there it goes.
2 Cli. What ſhall we do the whilſt, Sir?
La-writ. Breed new Diſſenſions, go hang yourſelves,
'Tis all one to me: I have a new trade of Living.
1 Cli. Do you hear what he ſays, Sir?
Samp. The Gentleman ſpeaks finely.
La-writ. Will any of you fight? Fighting's my Occupation
If you find yourſelves aggriev'd.
Samp. A compleat Gentleman.
La-writ. Avant thou buckram Budget of Petitions,
(18) Thou Splitter of lame Cauſes; I lament for thee,

(18) *Thou* ſpittle *of lame Cauſes*; —] To call a *Petty-fogger* a Perſon ſpit out of lame Cauſes ſeems very ſtiff, and the common Cant Term *Splitter* is ſo near the Trace of the Letters, that there can be little Doubt of its being the Original. There are few Characters, either in *Shakeſpear*, *Johnſon*, or *Moliere*, that ſurpaſs *La-writ* in comick Humour.

And

And till Revenge be taken——

Samp. 'Tis moſt excellent.

La-writ. There, every Man chuſe his Paper, and his Place.

I'll anſwer ye all, I'll neglect no Man's Buſineſs,
But h' ſhall have ſatisfaction like a Gentleman,
The Judge may do and not do, he's but a Monſieur.

Samp. You have nothing of mine in your Bag, Sir.

La-writ. I know not, Sir,
But you may put any thing in, any fighting thing.

Samp. It is ſufficient, you may hear hereafter.

La-writ. I reſt your Servant, Sir.

Samp. No more words, Gentlemen,
But follow me, no more words as you love me,
The Gentleman's a noble Gentleman,
I ſhall do what I can, and then——

Cli. We thank you, Sir.

Samp. Not a word to diſturb him, he's a Gentleman.

[*Exeunt* Sampſon *and* Clients.

La-writ. No Cauſe go o' my ſide? The Judge caſt all?
Becauſe I was honourably employ'd in Action,
And not appear'd, pronounce? 'Tis very well,
'Tis well faith, 'tis well, Judge.

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. Who have we here?
My little furious Lawyer?

La-writ. I ſay 'tis well,
But mark the End.

Cler. How he is Metamorphos'd?
Nothing of Lawyer left, not a bit of Buckram,
No ſolliciting Face now, this is no ſimple Converſion.
Your Servant, Sir, and Friend.

La-writ. You come in time, Sir,

Cler. The happier Man, to be at your command then.

La-writ. You may wonder to ſee me thus: but that's all one,
Time ſhall declare: 'Tis true I was a Lawyer,
But I have mew'd that Coat; I hate a Lawyer,
Talk'd much in the Court, now I hate talking,

I did you the office of a Man.
Cler. I muſt confeſs it.
La-writ. And budg'd not, no I budg'd not.
Cler. No, you did not.
La-writ. There's it then, one good turn requires another.
Cler. Moſt willingly, Sir, I'm ready at your Service,
La-writ. There, read, and underſtand, and then deliver it.
Cler. This is a Challenge, Sir.
La-writ. 'Tis very like, Sir,
I ſeldom now write Sonnets.
Cler. * O! —— *To Monſieur* Vertaign, *the Preſident.*
La-writ. I chuſe no Fool, Sir.
Cler. Why, he's no Sword-man, Sir.
La-writ. Let him learn, let him learn,
Time, that trains Chickens up, will teach him quickly.
Cler. Why, he's a Judge, an Old Man.
La-writ. Never too Old
To be a Gentleman; and he that is a Judge
Can judge beſt what belongs to wounded Honour.
There are my Griefs, he has caſt away my Cauſes,
In which he has bow'd my Reputation.
And therefore Judge, or no Judge——
Cler. Pray be rul'd, Sir.
This is the maddeſt thing——
La-writ. You will not carry it.
Cler. I do not tell you ſo, but if you may be perſwaded.
La-writ. You know how you us'd me when I would not fight,
Do you remember, Gentleman?
Cler. The Devil's in him.
La-writ. I ſee it in your Eyes, that you dare do it.
You have a carrying Face, and you ſhall carry it.

* O admirantis,] An ingenious Friend ſuſpects this *Latin* Word to have been a Marginal Note crept into the Text. That *Clerement* ſaying only O, ſomebody wrote againſt it, *admirantis*, to ſhew that a Note of Admiration was omitted; and that this was the Expreſſion of one under a very comick Aſtoniſhment. I hope the Reader will aſſent to the Conjecture, and have therefore diſcarded the Word.

Cler.

Cler. The leaſt is Baniſhment.
La-writ. Be baniſh'd then;
'Tis a Friend's part, we'll meet in *Africa*,
Or any part of the Earth.
Cler. Say he will not fight.
La-writ. I know then what to ſay, take you no care, Sir.
Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,
And to morrow Morning meet you in the *Louvre*,
Till when, my Service.
La-writ. A Judge, or no Judge, no Judge.
[*Exit* La-writ.
Cler. This is the prettieſt Rogue that e'er I read of,
None to provoke to th' Field, but the old Preſident;
What Face ſhall I put on? If I come in earneſt,
I am ſure to wear a pair of Bracelets;
This may make ſome Sport yet, I will deliver it,
Here comes the Preſident.

Enter Vertaign, *with two Gentlemen.*

Vert. I ſhall find time, Gentlemen,
To do your Cauſes good: Is not that *Cleremont?*
1 *Gent.* 'Tis he, my Lord.
Vert. Why does he ſmile upon me?
Am I become ridiculous? Has your Fortune, Sir,
Upon my Son, made you contemn his Father?
The Glory of a Gentleman is fair bearing.
Cler. Miſtake me not, my Lord, you ſhall not find that,
I come with no blown Spirit to abuſe you,
I know your Place, and Honour due unto it,
The Reverence to your ſilver Age and Virtue.
Vert. Your Face is merry ſtill.
Cler. So is my Buſineſs,
And I beſeech your Honour miſtake me not,
I have brought you from a wild or rather Mad-man
As mad a piece of——you were wont to love Mirth
In your young days, I have known your Honour woo it,
This may be made no little one, 'tis a Challenge, Sir,
Nay, ſtart not, I beſeech you, it means you no harm,
Nor any Man of Honour, or Underſtanding,

'Tis

'Tis to ſteal from your ſerious hours a little laughter;
I am bold to bring it to your Lordſhip.
Vert. 'Tis to me indeed:
Do they take me for a Sword-man at theſe Years?
Cler. 'Tis only worth your Honour's Mirth, that's all, Sir,
'T had been in me elſe a ſaucy Rudeneſs.
Vert. From one *La-writ*, a very punctual Challenge.
Cler. But if your Lordſhip mark it, no great matter.
Vert. I have known ſuch a wrangling Advocate,
Such a little figent thing; Oh, I remember him,
A notable talking Knave, now out upon him,
Has challeng'd me downright, defied me mortally;
I do remember too, I caſt his Cauſes.
Cler. Why there's the Quarrel, Sir, the mortal Quarrel.
Vert. Why, what a Knave is this? As you're a Gentleman,
Is there no further purpoſe but meer Mirth?
What a bold Man of War! he invites me roundly.
Cler. If there ſhould be, I were no Gentleman,
Nor worthy of the Honour of my Kindred.
And though I am ſure your Lordſhip hates my Perſon,
Which Time may bring again into your Favour,
Yet for the Manners——
Vert. I'm ſatisfy'd,
You ſee, Sir, I have out-liv'd thoſe days of fighting,
And therefore cannot do him the Honour to beat him myſelf;
But I have a Kinſman much of his ability,
His Wit and Courage, (for this call him Fool)
One that will ſpit as ſenſeleſs fire as this Fellow.
Cler. And ſuch a Man to undertake, my Lord?
Vert. Nay, he's too forward, theſe two pitch Barrels together.
Cler. Upon my Soul, no harm.
Vert. It makes me ſmile.
Why, what a ſtinking ſmother will they utter?
Yes, he ſhall undertake, Sir, as my Champion,
Since you propound it Mirth, I'll venture on it,
And ſhall defend my Cauſe; but as you're honeſt
Sport not with Blood.

Cler.

Cler. Think not ſo baſely, good Sir.
Vert. A Squire ſhall wait upon you from my Kinſman,
To morrow Morning make you ſport at full,
You want no Subject; but no Wounds.
Cler. That's my care.
Vert. And ſo good day.
[*Exeunt* Vertaign, *and Gentlemen.*
Cler. Many unto your Honour.
This is a noble Fellow, of a ſweet Spirit;
Now muſt I think how to contrive this matter,
For together they ſhall go.

Enter Dinant.

Din. O, *Cleremont*,
I am glad I have found thee.
Cler. I can tell thee rare things.
Din. O, I can tell thee rarer:
Doſt thou love me?
Cler. Love thee?
Din. Doſt thou love me dearly?
Dar'ſt thou for my ſake?
Cler. Any thing that's honeſt,
Din. Though it be dangerous?
Cler. Pox o' dangerous.
Din. Nay wondrous dangerous.
Cler. Wilt thou break my Heart?
Din. Along with me then.
Cler. I muſt part to morrow.
Din. You ſhall, you ſhall, be faithful for this Night,
And thou haſt made thy Friend.
Cler. Away, and talk not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lamira, *and Nurſe.*

Lam. O Nurſe, welcome, where's *Dinant?*
Nurſe. He's at my Back.
'Tis the moſt liberal Gentleman, this Gold
He gave me for my pains, nor can I blame you,
If you yield up the Fort.
Lam. How? yield it up?
Nurſe. I know not, he that loves, and gives ſo largely,

And

And a young Lord to boot, or I am cozen'd,
May enter every where.
Lam. Thou'lt make me angry.

Enter Dinant, *and* Cleremont.

Nurſe. Why, if you are, I hope here's one will pleaſe you,
Look on him with my Eyes, good luck go with you:
Were I young for your ſake——
Din. I thank thee, Nurſe.
Nurſe. I would be tractable, and as I am——
Lam. Leave the Room,
So old, and ſo immodeſt! and be careful,
Since Whiſpers will wake ſleeping Jealouſies,
That none diſturb my Lord. [*Exit Nurſe.*
Cler. Will you diſpatch?
Till you come to the matter be not rapt thus,
Walk in, walk in, I am your Scout for once,
You owe me the like Service.
Din. And will pay it.
Lam. As you reſpect your Lives, ſpeak not ſo loud.
Cler. Why, do it in dumb ſhew then, I am ſilenc'd.
Lam. Be not ſo haſty, Sir, the golden Apples
Had a fell Dragon for their Guard, your Pleaſures
Are to be attempted with *Herculean* danger,
Or never to be gotten.
Din. Speak the means.
Lam. Thus briefly, my Lord ſleeps now, and alas,
Each Night, he only ſleeps.
Cler. Go, keep her ſtirring.
Lam. Now if he wake, as ſometimes he does,
He only ſtretches out his Hand and feels
Whether I am a Bed, which being aſſur'd of,
He ſleeps again; but ſhould he miſs me, Valour
Could not defend our Lives.
Din. What's to be done then?
Lam. Servants have ſervile Faiths, nor have I any
That I dare truſt; on noble *Cleremont*
We ſafely may rely.

Cler.

Cler. What Man can do,
Command and boldly.
Lam. Thus then, in my place
You muſt lie with my Lord.
Cler. With an old Man?
Two Beards together, that's prepoſterous.
Lam. There's no other way, and though 'tis dangerous,
He having Servants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves fed to act all that his Jealouſie
And Rage commands them, yet a true Friend ſhould not
Check at the hazard of a Life.
Cler. I thank you,
I love my Friend, but know no reaſon why
To hate myſelf; to be a kind of Pandar,
You ſee I am willing,
But to betray mine own Throat you muſt pardon.
Din. Then I am loſt, and all my hopes defeated;
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You ſhould find, *Cleremont*——
Cler. You ſhall not outdo me,
Fall what may fall, I'll do't.
Din. But for his Beard——
Lam. To cover that you ſhall have my night Linnen.
And you diſpos'd of, my *Dinant* and I
Will have ſome private Conference.

Enter Champernel *privately.*

Cler. Private doing,
Or I'll not venture.
Lam. That's as we agree. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nurſe and Charlotte, *paſs over the Stage with Pillows, Night-cloaths, and ſuch things.*

Champ. What can this Woman do, preſerving her Honour?
I have given her all the liberty that may be,
I will not be far off though, nor I will not be jealous,
Nor truſt too much, I think ſhe is virtuous,
Yet when I hold her beſt, ſhe's but a Woman,
As full of Frailty as of Faith, a poor ſlight Woman,

And her beſt Thoughts, but weak Fortifications,
There may be a Mine wrought: Well, let 'em work then,
I ſhall meet with it, 'till the Signs be monſtrous,
And ſtick upon my Head, I will not believe it,
[*Stands private.*
She may be, and ſhe may not; now to my obſervation.

Enter Dinant, *and* Lamira.

Din. Why do you make me ſtay ſo? If you love me——
Lam. You are too hot and violent.
Din. Why do you ſhift thus
From one Chamber to another?
Lam. A little delay, Sir,
Like Fire a little ſprinkled o'er with Water,
Makes the Deſires burn clear, and ten times hotter.
Din. Why do you ſpeak ſo loud? I pray go in,
Sweet Miſtreſs, I am mad, time ſteals away,
And when we would enjoy——
Lam. Now fie, fie, Servant,
Like ſenſual Beaſts ſhall we enjoy our Pleaſures?
Din. (19) Pray do not; kiſs me then.
Lam. Why, that I will, and you ſhall find anon, Servant.
Din. Softly, for Heav'n's ſake, you know my Friend's engag'd,
A little now, now; will you go in again?
Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Din. Why do you laugh ſo loud, Precious?
Will you betray me; ha' my Friend's Throat cut!
Lam. Come, come, I'll kiſs thee again.
Champ. Will you ſo? You are liberal,
If you do cozen me——

(19) *Pray do not kiſs me then.*] *Dinant*'s Anſwer and *Lamira*'s Reply ſeem to have loſt all their Humour by this Pointing. The former being eager with Expectation, ſhe asks him tauntingly, *Whether they ſhould enjoy their Pleaſure like ſenſual Beaſts?* He ſmartly anſwers, *By no means, don't let us do ſo; and for that Reaſon kiſs me. Kiſſing* being the Diſtinction between the Fondneſs of Human Creatures and that of Beaſts: She immediately complies, but ſpeaks and ſmacks ſo loud, that ſhe puts him into a Panick inſtead of a Rapture.

Enter

Enter Nurſe with Wine.

Din. What's this?
Lam. Wine, Wine, a draught or two.
Din. What does this Woman here?
Lam. She ſhall not hinder you.
Din. This might have been ſpar'd,
'Tis but delay and time loſt; pray ſend her ſoftly off.
Lam. Sit down, and mix your Spirits with Wine,
I will make you another *Hercules.*
Din. I dare not drink;
Fie, what delays you make? I dare not,
I ſhall be drunk preſently, and do ſtrange things then.
Lam. Not drink a Cup with your Miſtreſs! O the pleaſure.
Din. Lady, why this? [*Muſick.*
Lam. We muſt have Mirth to our Wine, Man.
Din. Pl—— o' the Muſick.
Champ. God-a-mercy, Wench.
If thou doſt Cuckold me I ſhall forgive thee.
Din. The Houſe will all riſe now, this will diſturb all.
Did you do this?
Lam. Peace, and ſit quiet, Fool,
You love me, come, ſit down and drink.

Enter Cleremont *above.*

Cler. What a Devil ail you?
How cold I ſweat? a Hog's pox ſtop your Pipes,
[*Muſick.*
The Thing will wake; now, now, methinks I find
His Sword juſt gliding through my Throat. What's that?
A vengeance choak your Pipes. Are you there, Lady?
Stop, ſtop thoſe Raſcals; do you bring me hither
To be cut into minc'd meat? Why *Dinant?*
Din. I cannot do withal;
I have ſpoke, and ſpoke; I am betray'd and loſt too.
Cler. Do you hear me? Do you underſtand me?
Plague dam your Whiſtles. [*Muſick ends.*
Lam. 'Twas but an over-ſight, they have done, lye down.

Cler. Would you had done too,
You know not
In what a miſery and fear I lye.
You have a Lady in your Arms.
Din. I would have—— [*The Recorders again.*
Champ. I'll watch you Goodman wou'd have.
Cler. Remove for Heav'n's ſake,
And fall to that you come for.
Lam. Lie you down,
'Tis but an hour's endurance now.
Cler. I dare not, ſoftly ſweet Lady——heart?
Lam. 'Tis nothing but your fear, he ſleeps ſtill ſoundly;
Lie gently down.
Cler. Pray make an end.
Din. Come, Madam.
Lam. Theſe Chambers are too near.
[*Exeunt* Dinant, *and* Lamira.
Champ. I ſhall be nearer;
Well, go thy ways, I'll truſt thee through the World,
Deal how thou wilt: That that I never feel,
I'll never fear. Yet by the Honour of a Soldier,
I hold thee truly Noble: How theſe things will look,
And how their Blood will curdle? Play on Children,
You ſhall have Pap anon. O thou grand Fool,
That thou knew'ſt but thy Fortune—— [*Muſick done.*
Cler. Peace, good Madam,
Stop her Mouth, *Dinant*, it ſleeps yet, pray be wary,
Diſpatch, I cannot endure this Miſery,
I can hear nothing more; I'll ſay my Prayers,
And down again—— [*Whiſtle within.*
(20) A thouſand Larums fall upon my Quarters,
Heav'n ſend me off; (21) when I lye keeping Coarſes.
Pl——

(20) *A thouſand* Alarms *fall upon my Quarters,*] *Larums* are often uſed by our Authors for Alarms, and the Verſe requires it here. They are both derived from the *Italian Al arme*, i. e. *To Arms.* Without knowing this the Metaphor will be probably miſunderſtood; his *Quarters* ſeems to mean the odd Poſt he was *quarter'd in*, and he had a thouſand Alarms beating on every ſide of him.

(21) ——*when I lye keeping* Courſes.] I know no Idea to *keeping Courſes* that will at all ſuit the Occaſion it is here ſpoke upon; I therefore read, *keeping Coarſes*, or *watching of dead Bodies.* *Dinant* had before

Pl——— o' your fumbling, *Dinant*; how I ſhake!
'Tis ſtill again: would I were in the *Indies*. [*Exit* Cler.

Enter Dinant, *and* Lamira: *A Light within.*

Din. Why do you uſe me thus? Thus poorly? Baſely?
Work me into a Hope, and then deſtroy me?
Why did you ſend for me? This new way train me? [thee.
Lam. Madman, and Fool, and falſe Man, now I'll ſhew
Din. Pray put your Light out,
Lam. Nay, I'll hold it thus,
That all chaſte Eyes may ſee thy Luſt, and ſcorn it,
Tell me but this, when you firſt doted on me,
And made Suit to enjoy me as your Wife,
Did you not hold me honeſt?
Din. Yes, moſt Virtuous.
Lam. And did not that appear the only Luſtre
That made me worth your Love and Admiration?
Din. I muſt confeſs——
Lam. Why would you deal ſo baſely?
So like a Thief, a Villain?
Din. Peace, good Madam.
Lam. I'll ſpeak aloud too; thus malicioufly,
Thus breaking all the Rules of Honeſty,
Of Honour and of Truth, for which I lov'd you,
For which I call'd you Servant, and admir'd you;
To ſteal that Jewel purchas'd by another,
Piouſly ſet in Wedlock, even that Jewel,
Becauſe it had no Flaw, you held unvaluable:
Can he that has lov'd Good, dote on the Devil?
For he that ſeeks a Whore, ſeeks but his Agent;
Or am I of ſo wild and low a Blood?
So nurs'd in Infamies?
Din. I do not think ſo,
And I repent.
Lam. That will not ſerve your turn, Sir.
Din. It was your Treaty drew me on.
Lam. But it was your Villany

before call'd *Champernel*, Lamira's *Grave*, and *Cleremont* may in the ſame Spirit call him *a dead Carkſ*, and his own Station like that of Perſons ſet to watch one, generally attended with Fears and Horrors. This receives ſtill additional Humour from the ſtrange Miſtake he is under.

Made you purſue it; I drew you but to try
How much a Man, and nobly thou durſt ſtand,
How well you had deſerv'd the name of Virtuous;
But you like a wild Torrent, mix'd with all
Beaſtly and baſe Affections, came floating on,
Swelling your poiſon'd Billows——
Din. Will you betray me?
Lam. To all the Miſeries a vext Woman may.
Din. Let me but out,
Give me but room to toſs my Sword about me,
And I will tell you you're a treacherous Woman.
O that I had but Words!
Lam. They will not ſerve you.
Din. But two-edg'd Words to cut thee; a Lady-Traitor?
Periſh by a proud Puppet? I did you too much Honour,
To tender you my Love, too much reſpected you
To think you worthy of my worſt Embraces.
Go take your Groom, and let him dally with you,
Your greaſy Groom; I ſcorn to imp your lame Stock,
You are not fair, nor handſome, I ly'd loudly,
This Tongue abus'd you when it ſpoke you Beauteous.
Lam. 'Tis very well, 'tis brave.
Din. Put out your Light,
For your laſcivious Eyes are Flames enough
For Fools to find you out: a Lady-Plotter!
Muſt I begin your Sacrifice of Miſchief?
I and my Friend, the firſt-fruits of that Blood,
You and your honourable Husband aim at?
Crooked and wretched you are both.
Lam. To you, Sir:
Yet to the Eye of Juſtice ſtraight as Truth.
Din. Is this a Woman's Love? A Woman's Mercy?
Do you profeſs this ſeriouſly? Do you laugh at me?
Lam. Ha, ha.
Din. Pl——light upon your Scorns, upon your Flatteries;
Upon your tempting Faces, all Deſtructions;
A Bed-rid Winter hang upon your Cheeks;
And blaſt, blaſt, blaſt thoſe buds of Pride that paint you?

Death

Death in your Eyes to fright Men from theſe Dangers:
Raiſe up your Trophy. *Cleremont.*

Cler. What a vengeance ail you?

(22) *Din.* What diſmal Noiſe! Is there no Honour in you?

Cleremont, we are betray'd, betray'd, ſold by a Woman?
Deal bravely for thyſelf.

Cler. This comes of Rutting;
(23) Are we made Stales to one another?

Din. Yes, we are undone, loſt.

Cler. You ſhall pay for't, Grey-beard.
Up, up, you ſleep your laſt elſe.

[*Lights above, two Servants and* Anabel.

1 *Ser.* No, not yet, Sir;
Lady, look up; would you have wrong'd this Beauty?
And wake ſo tender a Virgin with rough terms?
You wear a Sword, we muſt entreat you leave it.

2 *Ser.* Fie, Sir, ſo ſweet a Lady?

Cler. Was this my Bed-fellow, pray give me leave to look,
I am not mad yet, I may be by and by.
Did this lye by me?
Did I fear this? Is this a Cauſe to ſhake at?
Away with me for Shame, I am a Raſcal.

Enter Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira, Anabel, Cleremont, *and two Servants.*

Din. I am amaz'd too.

Beaup. We'll recover you.

Verd. You walk like *Robin Good-fellow* all the Houſe over,
And every Man afraid of you.

Din. 'Tis well, Lady;
The Honour of this Deed will be your own,

(22) Din. *What diſmal Noiſe?*——] Either this is a Continuation of *Cleremont*'s Speech, or ſome marginal Direction, as *Noiſes within*, is left out; the latter ſeems moſt probable to me, the former to Mr. *Sympſon.*

(23) *Are we made* Stales *to one another?*] *Stales* is a Technical Name for *Decoy-Ducks.*

The World ſhall know your Bounty.
Beaup. What ſhall we do with 'em?
Cler. Geld me,
For 'tis not fit I ſhould be a Man again,
I am an Aſs, a Dog.
Lam. Take your Revenges,
You know my Husband's Wrongs and your own Loſſes.
Ana. A brave Man, an admirable brave Man;
Well, well, I would not be ſo try'd again;
A very handſome proper Gentleman.
Cler. Will you let me lie by her but one Hour more,
And then hang me?
Din. We wait your Malice, put your Swords home bravely,
You have reaſon to ſeek Blood.
Lam. Not as you are Noble.
Champ. Hands off, and give them liberty, only diſarm 'em.
Beaup. We have done that already.
Champ. You are welcome, Gentlemen,
I am glad my Houſe has any Pleaſure for you,
I keep a couple of Ladies here, they ſay fair,
And you are young and handſome, Gentlemen;
Have you any more mind to Wenches?
Cler. To be abus'd too? Lady, you might have help'd this.
Ana. Sir, now 'tis paſt, but 'tmay be I may ſtand
Your Friend hereafter, in a greater matter.
Cler. Never whilſt you live.
Ana. You cannot tell——now, Sir, a parting Hand.
Cler. Down and Roſes:
Well, I may live to ſee you again. A dull Rogue,
No Revelation in thee.
Lam. Were you well frighted?
Were your fits from the Heart, of all colds and colours?
That's all your Puniſhment.
Cler. It might have been all yours,
Had not a Block-head undertaken it.
Champ. Your Swords you muſt leave to theſe Gentlemen.

Verd.

Verd. And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even Ice again.
Din. 'Tis well:
(24) To have a Miſtreſs, is to be a Monſter;
And ſo I leave your Houſe, and you for ever.
Lam. Leave your wild Luſts, and then you are a Maſter.
Champ. You may depart too.
Cler. I had rather ſtay here.
Champ. Faith we ſhall fright you worſe.
Cler. Not in that manner,
There's five hundred Crowns, fright me but ſo again.
Den. Come, *Cleremont*, this is the hour of Fool.
Cler. Wiſer the next ſhall be, or we'll to School.
[*Exeunt.*

Champ. How coolly theſe hot Gallants are departed?
Faith Couſin, 'twas unconſcionably done,
To lye ſo ſtill, and ſo long.
Ana. 'Twas your Pleaſure,
If 'twere a Fault, I may hereafter mend.
Champ. O my beſt Wife,
Take now what courſe thou wilt, and lead what Life.
Lam. The more truſt you commit, the more care ſtill,
Goodneſs and Virtue ſhall attend my Will.
Champ. Let's laugh this Night out now, and count our Gains.
We have our Honours home, and they their Pains.
[*Exeunt.*

(24) *To* be *a Miſtreſs, is to be a Monſter*;] *Lamira*'s Anſwer plainly ſhews that *Dinant* call'd himſelf, not her, a Monſter; *i. e.* a monſtrous Fool, as he afterwards ſays more plainly. Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd with me in pointing out the Corruption, and in the Senſe that ought to be reſtor'd.—— He reads,

To be a Miſtreſs, is to be a Monſter;

But as this gives a harſhneſs to the Meaſure, I have ventur'd to prefer the Correction I had made before the Receipt of his.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Cleremont, *and* Dinant.

Din. IT holds, they will go thither.
Cler. To their Summer-houſe?
Din. Thither i'th' Evening, and which is the moſt infliction,
Only to inſult upon our Miſeries.
Cler. Are you provided?
Din. Yes, yes.
Cler. Throughly?
Din. Throughly.
Cler. * *Baſta*, I have your Mind, I will not fail you.
Din. At ſuch an Hour.
Cler. Have I a Memory?
A Cauſe, and Will to do? Thou art ſo ſullen———
Din. And ſhall be, till I have a fair Reparation.
Cler. I have more Reaſon, for I ſcaped a Fortune,
Which if I come ſo near again: I ſay nothing,
But if I ſweat not in another faſhion———
O, a delicate Wench.
Din. 'Tis certain a moſt handſome one.
Cler. And methought the thing was angry with itſelf too
It lay ſo long conceal'd; but I muſt part with you,
I have a Scene of Mirth, to drive this from my Heart,
And my Hour is come.
Din. Miſs not your time.
Cler. I dare not. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Sampſon, *and a Gentleman.*

Gent. I preſume, Sir, you now need no Inſtruction,
But fairly know what belongs to a Gentleman;

* Baſta, *enough*,———] Mr. *Sympſon* obſerves that *enough*, here, was a marginal Explanation of the *Italian* Word *Baſta*: and adds nothing to the Text but a Tautology in Senſe, and a Redundancy in Meaſure.

You

You bear your Uncle's Cauſe.
Samp. Do not diſturb me,
I underſtand my Cauſe, and the right Carriage.
Gent. Be not too bloody.
Samp. As I find my Enemy; if his Sword bite,
If it bite, Sir, you muſt pardon me.
Gent. No doubt he is valiant,
He durſt not undertake elſe.
Samp. He's moſt welcome,
As he is moſt valiant, he were no Man for me elſe.
Gent. But ſay he ſhould relent.
Samp. He dies relenting,
I cannot help it, he muſt die relenting,
If he pray, praying, *ipſo facto*, praying,
Your honourable way admits no Prayer,
And if he fight, he falls; there's his *quietus.*
Gent. You're nobly punctual, let's retire and meet 'em,
But ſtill, I ſay, have Mercy.
Samp. I ſay, Honour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Champernel, Lamira, Anabel, Beaupre, Verdone, Charlotte, *and a Servant.*

Lam. Will not you go, Sweet-heart?
Champ. Go? I'll fly with thee.
I ſtay behind?
Lam. My Father will be there too,
And all our beſt Friends.
Beaup. And if we be not merry,
We have hard luck, Lady.
Verd. Faith let's have a kind of Play.
Champ. What ſhall it be?
Verd. The Story of *Dinant.*
Lam. With the merry Conceits of *Clerement*,
His Fits and Fevers.
Ana. But I'll lie ſtill no more.
Lam. That, as you make the Play, 'twill be rare ſport,
And how 'twill vex my Gallants, when they hear it?
Have you given order for the Coach?

Char.

Char. Yes, Madam.
Cham. My eaſy Nag, and Pad.
Ser. 'Tis making ready.
Cham. Where are your Horſes?
Beaup. Ready at an Hour, Sir:
We'll not be laſt.
(25) *Champ.* Hey! what a Night ſhall we have?
A roaring merry Night.
Lam. We'll fly at all, Sir.
Champ. I'll fly at thee too, finely, and ſo ruffle thee,
I'll try your Art upon a Country Pallet.
Lam. Brag not too much, for fear I ſhould expect it,
Then if you fail ——
Champ. Thou ſay'ſt too true, we all talk.
But let's in, and prepare, and after Dinner
Begin our mirthful Pilgrimage.
Lam. He that's ſad,
A Crab-fac'd Miſtreſs cleave to him for this Year.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleremont, *and* La-writ.

La-writ. Since it cannot be the Judge ——
Cler. 'Tis a great deal better.
La-writ. You are ſure he is his Kinſman? A Gentleman?
Cler. As arrant a Gentleman, and a brave Fellow,
And ſo near to his Blood ——
La-writ. It ſhall ſuffice,
I'll ſet him further off, I'll give a Remove
Shall quit his Kindred, I'll lop him.
Cler. Will ye kill him?
La-writ. And there were no more Couſins in the World
I kill him,
I do mean, Sir, to kill all my Lord's Kindred.
For every Cauſe a Couſin.
Cler. How if he have no more Couſins?

(25) *Champ.* Fie, *what a Night ſhall we have!*] As *Champernel* promotes and not diſcourages the Scheme of Mirth, *Fie* is ſurely wrong. It might be *Fly*, in anſwer to *Beaupre*, but I rather think it was a Note of Joy inſtead of Diſapprobation; as *Hey!* or ſomething to that Effect.

La-writ.

La-writ. The next a kin then to his Lordſhip's Favour;
The Man he ſmiles upon.

Cler. Why this is Vengeance, horrid, and dire.

La-writ. I love a dire Revenge:
(26) *Give me the Man that will all others kill,*
And laſt himſelf.

Cler. You ſtole that Reſolution.

La-writ. I had it in a Play, but that's all one,
I wou'd ſee it done.

Cler. Come, you muſt be more merciful.

La-writ. To no Lord's Couſins in the World, I hate 'em;
A Lord's Couſin to me is a kind of Cockatrice,
(27) If I ſee him firſt, he dies.

Cler. A ſtrange Antipathy!
What think you of their Neices?

La-writ. If I like 'em,
They may live, and multiply; 'tis a cold Morning.

Cler. 'Tis ſharp indeed; you have broke your Faſt?

La-writ. No verily.

Cler. Your Valour would have ask'd a good Foundation.

La-writ. Hang him, I'll kill him faſting.

Enter Sampſon, *and the Gentleman.*

Cler. Here they come,
Bear yourſelf in your Language, ſmooth and gently,
When your Swords argue.

(26) *Give me the Man that will all others kill,*
And laſt himſelf.] There is certainly great Humour in this Quotation, if we knew from whence it was taken. Such a Sentiment, or ſomething like this Sentiment, had probably been introduced as a Piece of ſerious Sublimity; for had it been before Comick only, there would be no Humour in the Quotation. Whoever reads *Almanzor*, wrote by ſo eminent a Poet as Mr. *Dryden*, will not wonder to find Sentiments as ridiculous as this in Tragedies of ſome Note.

(27) *If I ſee him firſt, he dies.*
A ſtrange Antipathy.] Did the latter Part belong to *La-writ*, the Line would have been continued, for the three firſt Monoſyllables being contracted by the Reader into two, (a Liberty the old Poets often uſe) the Verſe is compleat. This, together with the Humour the Sentiment receives, by making it the Obſervation of *Clerimont* upon what *La-writ* had ſaid, ſeems to prove ſufficiently that it belongs to him.

La-writ.

La-writ. Pray, Sir, ſpare your Precepts.
Gent. I have brought you, Sir ——
La-writ. 'Tis very well, no Words,
You're welcome, Sir.
Samp. I thank you, Sir, few Words.
La-writ. I'll kill you for your Uncle's ſake.
Samp. I love you,
I'll cut your Throat for your own ſake.
La-writ. (28) I eſteem you.
Cler. Let's render 'em honeſt and fair, Gentlemen;
Search my Friend, I'll ſearch yours.
Gent. That's quickly done.
Cler. You come with no Spells, nor Witchcrafts?
Samp. I come fairly to kill him honeſtly.
La-writ. Hang Spells and Witchcrafts,
I come to kill my Lord's Nephew like a Gentleman,
And ſo I kiſs his Hand.
Gent. This Doublet is too ſtiff.
La-writ. Off with't, I hate it,
And all ſuch Fortifications, feel my Skin,
If that be ſtiff, flea that off too.
Gent. 'Tis no ſoft one.
La-writ. Off with't I ſay:
I'll fight with him like a flea'd Cat.
Gent. You are well, you are well.
Cler. You muſt uncaſe too.
Samp. Yes, Sir.
But tell me this, why ſhould I mix mine Honour
With a Fellow that has ne'er a Lace in's Shirt?
Gent. That's a main Point, my Friend has two.
Cler. That's true, Sir.
La-writ. Baſe and degenerate Couſin, do'ſt not thou know
An old and tatter'd Colours to the Enemy,

(28) *I eſteem* of *you.*] The *of* ſeems here only to hurt both Senſe and Meaſure. This is a fine Continuation of the Banter on the *French* Politeneſs in Duelling. And I doubt not but our Poets who ſo often, and with ſuch infinite Variety of Humour, have banter'd the ſhocking Faſhion of their Age, of Fighting for every Trifle, did not little contribute to the Reformation of their Countrymen in that Particular.

Is

Is of more Honour, and ſhews more ominous?
This Shirt five time Victorious I have fought under,
And cut through Squadrons of your curious Cut-works,
As I will do through thine; ſhake and be ſatisfied.
Cler. This is unanſwerable.
Samp. But may I fight with a foul Shirt?
Gent. Moſt certain, ſo it be a fighting Shirt,
Let it be ne'er ſo foul, or lowſie; *Cæſar*
Wore ſuch a one. *Samp.* Saint *Denis* then: I accept
Your Shirt.
Cler. Nay, not ſo forward, firſt you muſt talk,
'Tis a main Point of the *French* Method,
Talk civilly, and make your Cauſe Authentick.
Gent. No Weapon muſt be near you, nor no Anger.
Cler, When you have done, then ſtir your Reſolutions;
Take to your Weapons bravely.
La-writ. 'Tis too cold;
This for a Summer Fight.
Cler. Not for a World you ſhould tranſgreſs the Rules—
Samp. 'Tis peeviſh Weather,
I'd rather fight without.
Gent. An 'twere in a River——
Cler. Where both ſtood up to th' Chins.
La-writ. Then let's talk quickly,
Pl— o' this Circumſtance.
Cler. Are the Horſes come yet?
Gent. Yes, certain; give your Swords to us, now civilly.
Cler. We'll ſtand a while off; take the Things, and leave 'em——
You know when——and let the Children play:
This is a dainty time of Year for Puppies,
Would the old Lord were here.
Gent. He'd die with Laughter.
Cler. I'm ſorry I have no time to ſee this Game out,
Away, away.
Gent. Here's like to be a hot Fight.
Call when y'are fit. [*Exeunt* Cler. *and* Gent.
La-writ. Why look you, Sir, you ſeem to be a Gentleman,

And

And you come in Honour of your Uncle, boh, boh, 'tis very cold.
Your Uncle has offer'd me ſome few Affronts,
Paſt Fleſh and Blood to bear: boh, boh, wondrous cold.
Samp. My Lord, mine Uncle, is an honourable Man,
And what he offers boh, boh, cold indeed,
Having made choice of me, an unworthy Kinſman,
Yet take me with you: boh, boh, Peſtilence cold.
Not altogether.
La-writ. Boh, boh, I ſay altogether.
Samp. You ſay you know not what then? boh, boh, Sir.
La-writ. Sir me with your Sword in your Hand;
Youhave a ſcurvy Uncle, you have a moſt ſcurvy Cauſe,
And you are —— boh, boh.
Samp. Boh, boh, what?
La-writ. A ſhitten ſcurvy Couſin.
Samp. Our Swords; our Swords;
Thou art a Dog, and like a Dog; our Swords.
La-writ. Our Weapons, Gentlemen: ha? where's your Second?
Samp. Where's yours?
La-writ. So ho; our Weapons.
Samp. Wa, ha, ho, our Weapons;
Our Doublets and our Weapons: I am dead. [men.
La-writ. Firſt, Second, third, a pl—be wi' you, Gentle-
Samp. Are theſe the Rules of Honour? I am ſtarv'd.
La-writ. They're gone, and we are here; what ſhall we do?
Samp. O for a couple of Faggots.
La-writ. Hang a couple of Faggots.
Dar'ſt thou take a killing Cold with me?
Samp. I have it already.
La-writ. Rogues, Thieves, boh, boh, run away with our Doublets?
To fight at Buffets now, 'twere ſuch a May-game.
Samp. There were no Honour in't, pl— on't, 'tis ſcurvy.
La-writ. Or to revenge my Wrongs at Fifty-cuffs.
Samp. My Lord, mine Uncle's Cauſe depend on Boxes?
La-writ. Let's go in queſt, if we ever recover 'em.
Samp. Ay, come, our Colds together, and our Doublets.

La-writ.

La-writ. Give me thy Hand, thou art a valiant Gentleman;
I ſay, if ever we recover 'em ——
Samp. Let's get into a Houſe and warm our Hearts.
La-writ. There's ne'er a Houſe within this Mile, beat me,
Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too,
To keep us warm; if ever we recover 'em——
Kick hard, I'm frozen: So ſo, now I feel it.
Samp. I am dull yet.
La-writ. I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee—Gentlemen?
Rogues, Thieves, Thieves: run, now I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira, Anabel, Charlotte, *and Nurſe.*

Vert. Uſe Legs, and have Legs.
Champ. You that have Legs ſay ſo,
I put my one to too much ſtreſs.
Verd. Your Horſe, Sir,
Will meet you within half a Mile.
Lam. I like
The Walk ſo well, I ſhould not miſs my Coach,
Tho' it were further. *Anabel* thou art ſad:
What ails my Neice?
Beaup. She's ſtill muſing, Siſter,
How quietly her late Bed-fellow lay by her.
Nurſe. Old as I am, he would have ſtartled me,
Nor can you blame her.
Char. Had I ta'en her place,
I know not, but I fear, I ſhou'd ha' ſhriek'd,
Tho' he had never offer'd ——
Ana. Out upon thee,
Thou wouldſt have taught him.
Char. I think, with your Pardon,
That you wiſh now you had.
Ana. I am glad I yield you [*Cornet.*
Such ample Scope of Mirth. [*Muſick within.*
Vert. Nay, be not angry;
There's no Ill meant: Ha? Muſick, and choice Muſick?

Champ. 'Tis near us in the Grove; what courteous Bounty
Beſtows it on us? my dancing Days are done;
Yet I would thank the Giver, did I know him.
Verd. 'Tis queſtionleſs ſome one of your own Village,
That hearing of your purpos'd Journey thither,
Prepares it for your Entertainment, and
The Honour of my Lady.
Lam. I think rather,
Some of your Lordſhip's Clients.
Beaup. What ſay you, Couſin,
If they ſhould prove your Suitors?
Verd. That's moſt likely.
Nurſe. I ſay, if you are Noble, be't who will,
Go preſently, and thank 'em: I can jump yet,
Or tread a Meaſure.
Lam. Like a Miller's Mare.
Nurſe. I warrant you, well enough, to ſerve the Country,
I'll make one, and lead the way. [*Exit.*
Char. Do you note,
How zealous the old Crone is?
Lam. And you titter
As eagerly as ſhe: Come, Sweet, we'll follow,
No ill can be intended. [*Muſick ends.*
Cham. I ne'er fear'd yet. [*Exeunt.*

SONG in the Wood.

THIS way, this way come and hear,
You that hold theſe Pleaſures dear,
Fill your Ears with our ſweet Sound,
Whilſt we melt the frozen Ground:
This way come, make haſte, oh Fair,
Let your clear Eyes gild the Air;
Come and bleſs us with your Sight,
This way, this way, ſeek Delight.

Enter a Company of Gentlemen like Ruffians.

1 *Gent.* They are ours, but draw them on a little further
From the foot Path into the neighbouring Thicket,
And we may do't as ſafe as in a Caſtle.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* They follow ſtill; the Preſident *Vertaigne*
Comes on a pace, and *Champernel* limps after;
The Women, as if they'd Wings, and walk'd
Upon the Air, fly to us.
1 *Gent.* They are welcome,
We'll make 'em Sport; make a Stand here, all know
How we are to proceed.
2 *Gent.* We are inſtructed. [*Still Muſick within.*
1 *Gent.* One Strain or two more. [*Gent. off.*

Enter Vertaigne, Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira, Anabel, *Nurſe, and* Charlotte.

Excellent, they are come.
Nurſe. We cannot miſs, in ſuch a Buſineſs, yet
Mine Ear ne'er fail'd me. [*Muſick for the Dance.*
Char. Would we were at it once,
I do not walk, but dance.
1 *Gent.* You ſhall have Dancing.
Begin, and when I give the Word——
2 *Gent.* No more:
We are inſtructed. [*Dance.*
Beau. But win us fairly——
1 *Gent.* O Sir, we do not come to try your Valour,
But to poſſeſs you, yet we uſe you kindly
In that, like *Engliſh* Thieves, we kill you not,
But are contented with the Spoil.
Vert. Oh Heav'n!
How hath mine Age deſerv'd this?
Champ. Hell confound it,
This comes of walking; had I kept my Legs,
Or my good Horſe, my Armour on,
My Staff in my Reſt, (29) and this good Sword to friend,
How I would break and ſcatter theſe.
All Gent. Ha, ha, ha.
Champ. Do you ſcorn me, Rogues?

(29) —— *and this good Sword too, Friend,*] Mr. *Simpſon* has undoubtedly hit on the true Reading here,

—— —— *my Sword to friend,*

i. e. to befriend me: Is an Expreſſion common to the beſt Writers.

Nurſe. Nay, Gentlemen, kind Gentlemen,
Or honeſt Keepers of theſe Woods, but hear me,
Be not ſo rough; if you are taken with
My Beauty, as it hath been worth the ſeeking,
Some one or two of you try me in private,
You ſhall not find me ſqueamiſh.
Char. Do not kill me,
And do your worſt, I'll ſuffer.
Lam. Peace, vile Creatures.
Ver. Do you know me, or my Place, that you preſume not
To touch my Perſon?
1 *Gent.* If you are well, reſt ſo,
Provoke not angry Waſps.
Vert. You're Waſps indeed,
Never created to yield Wax or Honey,
But for your Country's Torment; yet if you are Men,
As you ſeem ſuch in Shape, if true born *Frenchmen*,
However Want compels you to theſe Courſes,
Reſt ſatisfy'd with what you can take from us,
(Theſe Ladies Honours, and our Liberties ſafe)
We freely give it.
1 *Gent.* You give but our own.
Vert. Look on theſe grey Heirs, as you would be old,
Their Tears, as you would have yours to find Mercy
When Juſtice ſhall o'ertake you.
Champ. Look on me,
Look on me Raſcals, and learn of me too,
That have been in ſome part of your Profeſſion,
Before that moſt of you e'er ſuck'd, I know it,
I have rode hard, and late too.
Vert. Take heed, Sir.
Champ. Then uſe me like a Brother of the Trade,
For I have been at Sea, as you on Land are;
Reſtore my Matrimony undefil'd,
Wrong not my Neice, and for our Gold or Silver,
If I purſue you, hang me.
Nurſe. 'Tis well offer'd,
And as I ſaid, ſweet Gentlemen with ſowre Faces,
If you are high, and want ſome Sport, or ſo,

As

As living without Action here, you may do,
Forbear their tender Griſſels, they are Meat
Will waſh away, there is no Subſtance in it,
We that are expert in the Game, and tough too,
Will hold you Play.

Enter Dinant, *and* Cleremont.

1 *Gent.* This Hen longs to be trodden.
Din. Lackey, my Horſe.
Cler. This way, I heard the Cries
Of diſtreſs'd Women.
2 *Gent.* Stand upon your Guard.
Din. Who's here? my witty, ſcornful Lady-plot
I' th' Hands of Ruffians?
Cler. And my fine cold Virgin,
That was inſenſible of Man, and Woman?
Din. Juſtice too,
Without a Sword to guard itſelf?
Cler. And Valour with its Hands bound?
Din. And the great Soldier dull?
Why, this is ſtrange.
Lam. Dinant, as thou art noble——
Ana. As thou art valiant, *Cleremont*——
Lam. As e'er I appear'd lovely——
Ana. As you ever hope
For what I would give gladly——
Cler. Pretty Conjurations.
Lam. All Injuries a little laid behind you,
Ana. Shew yourſelves Men, and help us.
Din. Though your many
And groſs Abuſes of me ſhould more move me
To triumph in your Miſeries than relieve you,——
Yet that hereafter you may know that I,
The ſcorn'd and deſpis'd *Dinant*, know what does
Belong to Honour, thus——
Cler. I will ſay little, [*Fight.*
Speak thou for me.
Champ. 'Tis bravely fought.
Vert. Brave Tempers,
To do thus for their Enemies.

Champ. They are loſt yet.
1 *Gent.* You that would reſcue others, ſhall now feel
What they were born to.
2 *Gent.* Hurry then away. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Vertaigne *and* Champernel.

Champ. That I could follow them.
Vert. I only can lament my Fortune, and deſire of Heav'n
A little Life for my Revenge.
Champ. The Provoſt
Shall fire the Woods, but I will find 'em out,
No Cave, no Rock, nor Hell ſhall keep them from
My ſearching Vengeance.

Enter La-writ, *and* Sampſon.

La-writ. O cold! O fearful cold! plague of all Seconds.
Samp. O for a Pint of burnt Wine, or a Sip
Of *Aqua fortis.*
Champ. The Rogues have met with theſe two
Upon my Life, and robb'd 'em.
La-writ. As you are honourable Gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold Combatants.
Samp. My Lord mine Uncle, as I live.
La-writ. Pox take him.
How that Word has warm'd my Mouth?
Vert. Why, how now Couſin?
Why, why? and where Man have you been? at a Poulters
That you are cas'd thus like a Rabbet? I could laugh now,
And I ſhall laugh, for all I have loſt my Children,
Laugh monſtrouſly.
Champ. What are they?
Vert. Give me leave, Sir,
Laugh more and more, never leave laughing.
Champ. Why, Sir?
Vert. Why, 'tis ſuch a thing, I ſmell it, Sir, I ſmell it,
Such a ridiculous thing,——
La-writ. Do you laugh at me, my Lord?
I'm very cold, but that ſhould not be laught at.

Champ.

Champ. What art thou?
La-writ. What art thou?
Samp. If he had his Doublet——
And his Sword by his ſide, as a Gentleman ought to have——
Vert. Peace, Monſieur *Sampſon.*
Champ. Come hither little Gentleman.
La-writ. Baſe is the Slave commanded: Come to me.
Vert. This is the little Advocate.
Champ. What Advocate?
Vert. The little Advocate that ſent me a Challenge,
I told you that my Nephew undertook it,
And what 'twas like to prove: Now you ſee the Iſſue.
Champ. Is this the little Lawyer?
La-writ. You have a Sword, Sir,
And I have none, you have a Doublet too
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry.
Samp. If your Lordſhip knew
The Nature and the Nobleneſs of the Gentleman,
Though he ſhew ſlight here, (30) and at what Juſts of Danger
His Manhood has arrived,
But that Mens Fates are fooliſh,
And often headlong over-run their Fortunes.
La-writ. That little Lawyer would ſo prick his Ears up,
And bite your Honour by the Noſe.
Champ. Say you ſo, Sir?
La-writ. So niggle about your grave Shins, Lord *Vertaigne* too.

(30) —— *and at what* guſts *of Danger*
His Manhood has arrived,] *Guſts of Danger,* ſeem'd a Metaphor taken from Sailing, and intelligible; but as it is neither very clear nor very emphatical when explained, I often heſitated upon it, and was confirm'd in my Doubts by Mr. *Sympſon*'s deſiring to know if I could explain it. Juſt as the Sheet was going to the Preſs, what ſeems the true Reading occurr'd,

—— *at what* Juſts *of Danger*
His Manhood has arrived,

i. e. *What dangerous Tournements his Manhood has been engag'd in.* It is a technical Word in Knight-errantry, and perfectly ſuitable to the errant Knight that utters it.

Samp. No more ſweet Gentleman, no more of that, Sir.
La-writ. I will have more, I muſt have more.
Vert. Out with it,
Samp. Nay he is as brave a Fellow——
Champ. Have I caught you? [*Strikes him down.*
Vert. Do not kill him, do not kill him.
Champ. No, no, I will not. Do you peep again?
Down, down, proud Heart.
Samp. O Valour.
Look up brave Friend, I have no means to reſcue thee;
(31) My Kingdom for a Sword.
Champ. I'll ſword you preſently,
I'll claw your Skin-Coat too.
Vert. Away, good *Sampſon*,
You go to Graſs elſe inſtantly.
Samp. But do not murder my brave Friend.
Vert. Not one Word.
Champ. If you do, Sirra——
Samp. Muſt I go off diſhonour'd?
Adverſity tries Valour, ſo I leave thee. [*Exit.*
Champ. Are you a Lawyer, Sir?
La-writ. I was, I was, Sir.
Champ. Nay never look, your Lawyer's Pate is broken,
And your litigious Blood about your Ears, Sirra,

(31) *My Kingdom for a Sword.*] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks this a ſtupid Sneer at *Shakeſpear*, and Mr. *Theobald* always us'd to look on every ſuch jocular Quotation from him, as ſo many Sneers. For my part, I think it no more a Sneer upon *Shakeſpear*, than the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* is upon the *Iliad*, or the *Splendid Shilling* upon *Paradiſe Loſt*. Every Sentiment, or Expreſſion of *Dignity* and *Sublimity*, when apply'd to a *ridiculous* Subject, ſerves only by its *Contraſt* to render the Subject more *Ridiculous*. Thus *Et tu Brute* below, cannot poſſibly be a Sneer upon *Shakeſpear*, who does nothing but tranſcribe the very Expreſſion *Cæſar* made uſe of at his Death; at leaſt the *Latin* Tranſlation of it. But *Sampſon* aſſuming the Diſtreſs of *Richard the Third*, and *La-writ* the Dignity of *Cæſar* in his Fall, extremely heighten the Comick Drollery of their Characters. Thus again, in an Emendation of Mr. *Sympſon*'s, Note 9, in this very Play,

What Miſter thing is this?——

As *Spenſer* had ſtamp'd a Dignity upon the obſolete Word *Miſter*, it is with great Humour apply'd to *La-writ*. But is *Spenſer ſneer'd* by the Application? No; *Fletcher* was ſo far from Sneering, that he almoſt *idoliz'd* him; as is ſhewn in Note 73 on *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*.

Why

Why do you fight and ſnarle?
La-writ. I was poſſeſt.
Champ. I'll diſpoſſeſs you.
Vert. Ha, ha, ha.
La-writ. Et tu Brute?
Vert. Beat him no more.
Champ. Alas, Sir, I muſt beat him,
Beat him into his Buſineſs again, he will be loſt elſe.
Vert. Then take your way.
Champ. Lye ſtill, and do not ſtruggle.
La-writ. I am patient,
I never ſaw my Blood before, it jades me,
I have no more Heart now than a Gooſe.
Champ. Why Sirra, why do you leave (32) your Trade, your Trade of living,
And ſend your Challenges like Thunderbolts,
To Men of honour'd Places?
La-writ. I underſtand, Sir,
I never underſtood before your beating.
Champ. Does this work on you?
La-writ. Yes.
Champ. Do you thank me for't?
La-writ. As well as a beaten Man can.
Champ. And do you promiſe me,
To fall cloſe to your Trade again? leave Brawling?
La-writ. If you will give me Leave and Life.
Champ. And ask this noble Man Forgiveneſs?
La-writ. Heartily.
Champ. Riſe then, and get you gone, and let me hear of you
As of an Advocate new vampt; no more Words,
Get you off quickly, and make no Murmurs,
I ſhall purſue you elſe.
La-writ. I have done, ſweet Gentlemen. [*Exit.*
Vert. But we forget ourſelves, our Friends and Children.

(32) —— *your Trade, your Trade of living,*] *i. e.* your Trade by which you are to get your Livelihood, and without which you muſt ſtarve. I add this Explanation becauſe Mr. *Sympſon*, taking *Trade of Living* only for *Way of Living*, thought it a ſtrange Tautology.

Champ.

Champ. We'll raiſe the Country firſt, then take our Fortunes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter one Gentleman, and Lamira.

1 *Gent.* Shall I entreat for what I may command?
Lam. Think on my Birth.
1 *Gent.* Here I am only Noble,
A King, and thou in my Dominions, Fool,
A Subject, and a Slave.
Lam. Be not a Tyrant,
A Raviſher of Honour, gentle Sir,
And I will think ye ſuch, and on my Knees,
As to my Sovereign, pay a Subject's Duty,
With Prayers and Tears.
1 *Gent.* I like this humble Carriage,
I will walk by, but kneel you ſtill and weep too,
It ſhews well (33) while I meditate on the Prey,
Before I ſeize it.
Lam. Is there no Mercy, Heav'n?

Enter ſecond Gentleman, and Anabel.

2 *Gent.* Not kiſs you?
I will, and kiſs again.
Ana. Savage Villain?
My Innocence be my ſtrength, I do defie thee,
Thus ſcorn and ſpit at thee; will you come on, Sir?
You're hot, there is a Cooler.
2 *Gent.* A Virago?
Ana. No, loathſome Goat, more, more, I am that Goddeſs,
That here with Whips of Steel, in Hell hereafter,
Scourge Rape and Theft.
2 *Gent.* I'll try your Deity.
Ana. My Chaſtity, and this Knife held by a Virgin,
Againſt thy Luſt, thy Sword and thee a Beaſt,
Call on for the Encounter.

(22) ——*while I* mediate *on the Prey.*] Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd in this Correction, and 'tis only a Miſtake of the Octavo Edition.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Now what think you?
[*Throws her and takes her Knife.*
Are you a Goddeſs?
Ana. In me their Pow'r ſuffers,
That ſhould protect the Innocent.
1 *Gent.* I am all Fire,
And thou ſhalt quench it, and ſerve my Pleaſures.
Come Partner in the Spoil and the Reward,
Let us enjoy our Purchaſe.
Lam. O *Dinant!*
O Heav'n! O Husband!
Ana. O my *Cleremont!*
2 *Gent.* Two are our Slaves they call on, bring 'em forth
As they are chain'd together, let them ſee
And ſuffer in the Object.

Enter Dinant *and* Cleremont *bound, by the reſt of the Gentlemen.*

2 *Gent.* While we ſit
And without pity hear 'em.
Cler. By my Life,
I ſuffer more for thee than for myſelf.
Din. Be a Man, *Cleremont*, and look upon 'em
As ſuch that not alone abus'd our Service,
Fed us with hopes moſt bitter in Digeſtion,
But when Love fail'd, to draw on further Miſchief,
The Baits they laid for us, were our own Honours,
Which thus hath made us Slaves too, worſe than Slaves.
2 *Gent.* He dies.
1 *Gent.* Pray hold, give him a little reſpite.
Din. I ſee you now beyond Expreſſion wretched,
The Wit you brag'd of fool'd, that boaſted Honour,
As you believ'd compaſs'd with Walls of Braſs,
To guard it ſure, ſubject to be o'erthrown
With the leaſt blaſt of Luſt.
Lam. A moſt ſad Truth.
Din. That Confidence which was not to be ſhaken
In a perpetual Fever, and thoſe Favours,
Which with ſo ſtrong and ceremonious Duty

Your

Your Lover and a Gentleman long ſought for,
Sought, ſued, and kneel'd in vain for, muſt you yield up
To a licentious Villain, that will hardly
Allow you Thanks for't.
Cler. Something I muſt ſay too,
And to you pretty one, though crying one;
To be hang'd now, when theſe worſhipful Benchers pleaſe,
Though I know not their Faces that condemn me,
A little ſtartles me; but a Man is nothing,
A Maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at;
Do not you wiſh now, and wiſh from your Heart too,
When ſcarce ſweet with my Fears, I long lay by you,
(Thoſe Fears you and your good Aunt put upon me,
To make you ſport) you'd given a little hint,
A touch or ſo, to tell me I was Mortal,
And by a Mortal Woman? *Ana.* Pray you no more.
Cler. If I had loos'd that Virgin Zone, obſerve me,
I wou'd have hir'd the beſt of all our Poets
To've ſung ſo much, and ſo well in the Honour
Of that Night's Joy, that *Ovid*'s Afternoon,
Nor his *Corinna* ſhould again be mention'd.
Ana. I do repent, and wiſh I had.
Cler. That's Comfort.
But now——
2 *Gent.* Another that will have it offer'd,
Compel it to be offer'd, ſhall enjoy it.
Cler. A Rogue, a Ruffian.
2 *Gent.* As you love your Throat,——
1 *Gent.* Away with them.
Ana. O *Cleremont!*
Lam. O *Dinant!*
Din. I can but add your Sorrows to my Sorrows,
Your Fears to my Fears.
Cler. To your Wiſhes mine,
This Slave may prove unable to perform,
Till I perform the Task that I was born for.
Ana. Amen, amen.
1 *Gent.* Drag the Slaves hence, for you
A while I'll lock you up here; ſtudy all ways

You

You can to pleaſe me, or the deed being done,
You are but dead.

2 *Gent.* This ſtrong Vault ſhall contain you,
There think how many for your Maidenhead
Have pin'd away, and be prepar'd to loſe it
With Penitence.

1 *Gent.* No human help can ſave you,

Ladies. Help, help?

2 *Gent.* You cry in vain, Rocks cannot hear you.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A horrid Noiſe of Muſick within.

Enter one and opens the Door, within which Lamira *and* Anabel *were ſhut, they in fear.*

Lam. O Couſin, how I ſhake all this long Night!
What Frights and Noiſes we have heard, ſtill they encreaſe.
(34) The Villains put on Shapes to torture us,
And, to their Devil's Form, ſuch Preparations
As if they were a hatching new Diſhonours,
And fatal Ruin, paſt dull Man's Invention.
Go not too far, and pray, good Couſin *Anabel*,
Hark, a new Noiſe.

[*A ſtrange Muſick, Sackbut, and Troop Muſick.*

Ana. They're exquiſite in Miſchief,
I will go on, this Room gives no Protection,
More than the next; what's that? how ſad and hollow,
The Sound comes to us. [*Thieves peeping.*

Lam. Groaning? or ſinging is it?

(34) *The Villains put on Shapes to torture us,*
And to their Devils form *ſuch Preparations*
As if they were &c.] The former Editors, by their Pointing and making *Devils* the *Plural* Number inſtead of the *Genitive Singular*, ſeem to have taken *form* for a Verb; but then they leave *and to their Devils* without any Senſe at all.

Ana.

Ana. The Wind, I think, murmuring amongſt old Rooms.
Lam. Now it grows louder, ſure ſome ſad Preſage
Of our foul loſs—— look, now they peep.
Ana. Pox peep 'em.
Lam. O, give them gentle Language.
Ana. Give 'em Rats bane. [*Peep above.*
Lam. Now they're above.
Ana. I would they were i'th' Center.
Lam. Thou art ſo fooliſh deſperate.
Ana. Since we muſt loſe.
Lam. Call 'em brave Fellows, Gentlemen.
Ana. Call 'em Rogues,
Rogues as they are, rude Rogues, uncivil Villains.
Lam. Look an thou woo't beware, doſt feel the Danger?
Ana. Till th' Danger feel me, thus will I talk ſtill,
And worſe when that comes too, they cannot eat me.
This is a Puniſhment, upon our own Prides
Moſt juſtly laid; we muſt abuſe brave Gentlemen,
Make 'em tame Fools, and Hobby-horſes, laugh and jeer at
Such Men too, and ſo handſome and ſo noble,
That howſoe'er we ſeem'd to carry it——
Wou'd 'twere to do again.
Lam. I do confeſs, Couſin,
I was too harſh, too fooliſh.
Ana. Do you feel it?
D' you find it now? Take heed o'th' Puniſhment;
We might have had two gallant Gentlemen,
Proper, and young, O how it tortures me!
Two Devils now, two Raſcals, two and twenty——
Lam. O think not ſo.
Ana. Nay, an we 'ſcape ſo modeſtly——
Lam. May we be worthy any Eyes, or Knowledge,
When we are uſed thus?
Ana. Why not? why do you cry?
Are we not Women ſtill? What were we made for?
Lam. But thus, thus baſely——
Ana. 'Tis againſt our Wills,
And if there come a thouſand ſo,——
Lam. Out on thee.

Ana.

Ana. You are a Fool, what we cannot reſiſt,
Why ſhould we grieve and bluſh for? There be Women,
And they that bear the Name of excellent Women,
Would give their whole Eſtates to meet this Fortune.
Lam. Hark, a new Noiſe. [*New ſound within.*
Ana. Let 'em go on, I fear not,
If wrangling, fighting and ſcratching cannot preſerve me.
Why ſo be it, Couſin; if I be ordain'd
To breed a race of Rogues——

Enter four over the Stage, with Beaupre *and* Verdone *bound, with Halters about their Necks.*

Lam. They come. *Ana.* Be firm,
They're welcome.
Lam. What maſk of Death is this? O my dear Brother.
Ana. My Coz too; why now you are glorious Villains.
Lam. O ſhall we loſe our Honours?
Ana. Let 'em go,
When Death prepares the way, they are but Pageants.
Why muſt theſe die?
Beaup. Lament your own Misfortunes,
We periſh happily before your Ruins.
Ana. Has miſchief ne'er a Tongue?
1 *Gent.* Yes, fooliſh Woman,
Our Captain's Will is Death.
Ana. You dare not do it.
Tell thy boiſterous Captain what I ſay,
Thy lawleſs Captain, that he dares not do it.
D' you laugh you Rogue? You pamper'd Rogue?
Lam. Good Sir,
(Good Couſin gently) as you're a Gentleman——
Ana. A Gentleman? A Slave, a Dog, the Devil's Harbinger.
Lam. Sir, as you had a Mother.
Ana. He a Mother?
Shame not the name of Mother, a ſhe Bear,
A bloody old Wolf Bitch. A Woman Mother?
Looks that rude Lump, as if he had a Mother?
Intreat him? Hang him; do thy worſt, thou dar'ſt not,
Thou dar'ſt not wrong their Lives, thy Captain dares not,

They're

They're Perſons of more Price.
Verd. Whate'er we ſuffer
Let not your Angers wrong you.
Ana. You cannot ſuffer,
The Men that do this deed muſt live i'th' Moon,
Free from the gripe of Juſtice.
Lam. Is it not better?
Ana. Is it not better? Let 'em go on like Raſcals,
And put falſe Faces on; they dare not do it;
Flatter ſuch Scabs of Nature?
Gent. Woman, Woman,
The next work is with you.
Ana. Unbind thoſe Gentlemen,
And put their fatal Fortunes on our Necks.
Lam. As you have Mercy do.
Ana. As you are Monſters.
Lam. Fright us no more with Ship-wreck of our Honours,
Nor if there be a Guilt by us committed
Let it endanger thoſe.
Ana. I ſay they dare not,
There be a thouſand Gallowſes, ye Rogues,
Tortures ye bloody Rogues, Wheels.
Gent. Away. *Lam.* Stay. *Ana.* Stay.
Stay and I'll flatter too: Good ſweet-fac'd Gentlemen,
You excellent in Honeſty; O Kinſmen!
O noble Kinſmen!
Gent. Away with 'em. [*Exeunt* Verd. Beaup. *and* Gent.
Ana. Stay yet.
The Devil and his lovely Dam walk with you;
Come fortifie yourſelf, if they do die,
Which all their ruggedneſs cannot rack into me,
They cannot find an hour more Innocent,
Nor more Friends to revenge 'em.

Enter Cleremont, *diſguis'd.*

Lam. Now ſtand conſtant,
For now our Trial's come.
Cler. This Beauty's mine,
Your Minute moves not yet.

Lam.

Lam. She ſinks—— if Chriſtian,
If any ſpark of noble heat——
Cler. Riſe, Lady,
And fearleſs riſe, there's no Diſhonour meant you,
Do you know my Tongue?
Ana. I've heard it.——
Cler. Mark it better.
I'm one that loves you, fairly, nobly loves you,
Look on my Face? *Ana.* O Sir?
Cler. No more Words, ſoftly
Hark, but hark wiſely how, underſtand well,
Suſpect not, fear not.
Ana. You have brought me comfort.
Cler. (35) If you dare think me worthy of your Husband,
I am no Rogue nor Beggar, if you dare do thus——
Ana. You're Monſieur *Cleremont.*
Cler. I am the ſame,
If you dare venture, ſpeak, if not I leave you,
And leave you to the mercy of theſe Villains
That will not woo ye much.
Ana. Save my Reputation,
And free me from theſe Slaves.
Cler. By this Kiſs I'll do it,
And from the leaſt Diſhonour they dare aim at you;
I have a Prieſt too, ſhall be ready.
Ana. You are forward.
Lam. Is this my conſtant Couſin? How ſhe whiſpers,
Kiſſes and hugs the Thief!
Ana. You'll offer nothing.
Cler. 'Till all be ty'd,
Not as I am a Gentleman.
Ana. Can you relieve my Aunt too?
Cler. Not yet, Miſtreſs,
But fear nothing, all ſhall be well; away quickly,
It muſt be done i'th' Moment—— *Ana.* I am with ye.

(35) *If you think me worthy of your Husband,*] The Word *dare* being twice repeated afterwards, in repeating this Queſtion, and the Want of a Syllable in the Verſe, ſeem to prove it accidentally dropt from this Line.

Cler. I'll know now who ſleeps by me, keep your ſtanding. [*Exeunt* Cler. *and* Anabel.

Lam. Well, go thy way, and thine own Shame dwell with thee.

Is this the Conſtancy ſhe ſhew'd, the Bravery?
The dear Love and the Life ſhe ow'd her Kinſmen?
(36) O brave Tongue-valiant, and vain-glorious Woman!
Is this the noble Anger you arriv'd at?
Are theſe the Thieves you ſcorn'd, the Rogues you rail'd at?
The ſcabs and ſcums of Nature? O fair Modeſty,
Excellent Virtue, whither art thou fled?
What Hand O Heav'n is over us, when ſtrong Virgins
Yield to their Fears, and to their Fears their Fortunes?
Never belief come near me more; farewel, Wench,
A long farewel from all that ever knew thee:
My turn is next, I am reſolv'd, it comes,
But in a nobler Shape, ha?

(36) *O brave* Tongue, valiant glorious *Woman!*] Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd with me in reading *Tongue-valiant*. It is highly probable that *Milton* read it ſo, for he ſeems to imitate it in his *Sampſon Agoniſtes*: *Sampſon* calls *Haripha*, *Tongue-doughty Giant*; and this is not the firſt time in this Play that *Milton*, in that very Scene, ſeems to have imitated our Authors: What *Champernel* ſays in the ſecond Scene of the firſt Act,

——— [*O that I had thee*
In ſome cloſe Vault, that only would yield room
To me to uſe my Sword, to thee no hope
To run away.]

Milton puts, with a ſmall Change of Expreſſion, into *Samſon's* Mouth,

Therefore without feign'd Shifts let be aſſign'd
Some narrow Place inclos'd, where Sight may give thee,
Or rather Flight, no great advantage of me.

But beſide the Corruption of *Tongue-valiant*, the Word *glorious* ſeems to have loſt its proper Conſort, which both the Senſe and Verſe require to be reſtor'd: I read therefore,

O brave Tongue-valiant, and vain-glorious Woman!

Dinant ſays, a little below, to *Lamira*,

That Spring of Chaſtity that fed your Pride,
And grew into a River of Vain-glory.

This confirms the Conjecture above.

Enter

Enter Dinant.

Din. Bleſs ye, Lady.
Lam. Indeed Sir, I had need of many Bleſſings,
For all the Hours I have had ſince I came here,
Have been ſo many Curſes. How got you Liberty?
For I preſume you come to comfort me.
Din. To comfort you, and love you, 'tis moſt true,
My Bondage was as yours, as full of bitterneſs,
And every Hour my Death.
Lam. Heav'n was your comfort.
Din. 'Till the laſt Evening, ſitting full of ſadneſs,
Wailing, ſweet Miſtreſs, your unhappy Fortunes,
(Mine own I'd the leaſt care of) round about me
The Captain and the Company ſtood gaping,
When I began the Story of my Love
To you fair Saint, and with ſo full a Sorrow
Follow'd each point, that even from thoſe rude Eyes,
That never knew what Pity meant, or Mercy,
There ſtole down ſoft Relentings: Take heed Miſtreſs,
And let not ſuch unholy Hearts outdo you,
The ſoft-plum'd God will ſee again; thus taken,
As Men transform'd with the ſtrange Tale I told,
They ſtood amaz'd, then bid me riſe and live,
Take liberty and means to ſee your Perſon,
And wiſht me proſperous in your Love; wiſh you ſo,
Be wiſe and loving, Lady, ſhew but you ſo.
Lam. O Sir, are theſe fit hours to talk of Love in?
Shall we make Fools of our Afflictions?
Can any thing ſound ſweetly in mine Ears,
Where all the noiſe of bloody horror is?
My Brother, and my Couſin, they are dead, Sir,
Dead, baſely dead, is this an Age to fool in?
And I myſelf, I know not what I ſhall be,
Yet I muſt thank you, and if happily
You had ask'd me Yeſterday, when theſe were living,
And my Fears leſs, I might have hearkned to you.
Din. Peace to your Grief, I bind you to your Word.

Enter Cleremont, Anabel, Beaupre, Verdone, Charlotte, *Nurſe, and the two Gentlemen.*

Lam. How? Do you Conjure?
Din. Not to raiſe dreadful Apparitions, Madam,
But ſuch as you would gladly ſee.
Lam. My Brother, and Nephew living?
Beaup. And both owe their Lives
To th' favour of theſe Gentlemen.
Verd. Who deſerve
Our Service, and for us, your gracious Thanks.
Lam. Which I give freely, and become a Suitor,
To be hereafter more familiar [*Kiſs.*
With ſuch great Worth and Virtue.
1 *Gent.* Ever think us
Your Servants, Madam.
Cler. Why if thou wilt needs know
How we are freed, I will diſcover it,
And with Laconick Brevity: Theſe Gentlemen
This Night encountring with thoſe Outlaws that
Yeſterday made us Priſoners, and as we were
Attempted by 'em, they with greater Courage,
(I'm ſure with better Fortune) not alone
Guarded themſelves, but forc'd the bloody Thieves,
Being got between them and this helliſh Cave,
For ſafety of their Lives, to fly up higher
Into the Woods, all left to their Poſſeſſion;
This ſav'd your Brother and your Nephew from
The Gibbet, this redeem'd me from my Chains,
And gave my Friend his Liberty, this preſerv'd
Your Honour ready to be loſt.
Din. But that
I know this for a Lie, and that the Thieves
And Gentlemen, are the ſame Men, by my practice
Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it
With ſuch a conſtant Brow, that I am doubtful,
I ſhould believe him too.
1 *Gent.* If we did well,
We are rewarded.
2 *Gent.* Thanks but takes away

From

From what was freely purpos'd.
Cler. Now by this Hand,
You have ſo cunningly diſcharg'd your parts,
That while we live, reſt confident you ſhall
Command *Dinant* and *Cleremont*; nor *Beaupre*
Nor *Verdone* ſcents it: For the Ladies, they
Were eaſie to be gull'd.
1 *Gent.* 'Twas but a Jeſt,
And yet the Jeſt may chance to break our Necks,
Should it be known.
Cler. Fear nothing. *Din. Cleremont*,
Say, what Succeſs?
Cler. As thou wouldſt wiſh, 'tis done, Lad,
The Grove will witneſs with me, that this Night
I lay not like a Block: But how ſpeed you?
Din. I yet am in ſuſpence, deviſe ſome means
To get theſe off, and ſpeedily.
Cler. I have it;
Come, we are dull, I think that the good Fellows,
Our Predeceſſors in this Place, were not
So fooliſh and improvident Husbands, but
'Twill yield us Meat and Wine.
1 *Gent.* Let's ranſack it,
'Tis ours now by the Law.
Cler. How ſay you ſweet one,
Have you an Appetite? *Ana.* To walk again
I'th' Woods, if you think fit, rather than eat.
Cler. A little reſpite prithee; nay bluſh not,
You ask but what's your own, and warrantable:
Monſieur *Beaupre*, *Verdone*,
What think you of the Motion?
Verd. Lead the way.
Beaup. We follow willingly.
Cler. When you ſhall think fit.
We will expect you. [*Exeunt all but* Din. *and* Lam.
Din. Now be Miſtreſs of your Promiſe, Lady.
Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing.
Din. But that Word hearing did include a Grant,
And you muſt make it good.
Lam. Muſt? *Din.* Muſt and ſhall,

I will be fool'd no more, you had your Tricks;
Made Properties of me, and of my Friend;
Preſum'd upon your Power, and whip'd me with
The Rod of mine own Dotage: Do not flatter
Yourſelf with hope, that any human help
Can free you, and for aid by miracle
A baſe unthankful Woman is unworthy.
Lam. You will not force me?
Din. Rather than enjoy you
With your conſent, becauſe I will torment you;
I'll make you feel th'effects of abus'd Love,
And glory in your Torture.
Lam. Brother, Nephew,
Help, help, for Heav'n's ſake.
Din. Tear your Throat, cry louder,
Though every Leaf, theſe Trees bear, were an Echo,
And ſummon'd in your beſt Friends to redeem you,
It ſhould be fruitleſs: 'Tis not that I love you,
Or value thoſe Delights you prize ſo high,
That I'll enjoy you; a *French* Crown will buy
More ſport, and a Companion, to whom
You in your beſt trim are an *Æthiop.*
Lam. Forbear me then.
Din. Not ſo, I'll do't in ſpite,
And break that ſtubborn diſobedient Will,
That hath ſo long held out, that boaſted Honour
I will make equal with a common Whore's;
The ſpring of Chaſtity, that fed your Pride,
And grew into a River of Vain-glory,
I will defile with mud, the mud of Luſt,
And make it loathſome ev'n to Goats.
Lam. O Heav'n!
No pity Sir? *Din.* You taught me to be cruel,
And dare you think of Mercy? I'll tell thee Fool,
Thoſe that ſurpris'd thee were my Inſtruments;
I can plot too, good Madam, you ſhall find it:
And in the ſtead of licking of my Fingers,
Kneeling and whining like a Boy new-breech'd,
To get a Toy forſooth, not worth an Apple,
Thus make my way, and with Authority

Command

Command what I would have.
Lam. I'm loſt for ever:
Good Sir, I do confeſs my fault, my groſs fault,
And yield myſelf up, miſerable guilty;
Thus kneeling I confeſs, you cannot ſtudy
Sufficient Puniſhments to load me with;
I'm in your power, and I confeſs again,
You cannot be too cruel: If there be,
Beſides the loſs of my long guarded Honour,
Any thing elſe to make the Balance even,
Pray put it in, all hopes, all helps have left me;
I am girt round with Sorrow, Hell's about me,
And Raviſhment the leaſt that I can look for,
Do what you pleaſe.
Din. Indeed I will do nothing,
Nor touch nor hurt you, Lady, nor had ever
Such a lewd purpoſe.
Lam. Can there be ſuch Goodneſs,
And in a Man ſo injur'd?
Din. Be confirm'd in't.
I ſeal it thus: I muſt confeſs you vex'd me,
In fooling me ſo often, and thoſe fears
You threw upon me call'd for a requital,
Which now I have return'd, all unchaſte Love
Dinant thus throws away; live to Mankind,
As you have done to me, and I will honour
Your Virtue, and no more think of your Beauty.
Lam. All I poſſeſs comes ſhort of ſatisfaction.
Din. No Compliments: The Terrors of this Night
Imagine but a fearful Dream, and ſo
With eaſe forget it: For *Dinant*, that labour'd
To blaſt your Honour, is a Champion for it,
And will protect and guard it.
Lam. 'Tis as ſafe then,
As if a compleat Army undertook it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter La-writ, Sampſon, *and Clients.*

La-writ. Do not perſwade me, gentle Monſieur *Sampſon*,
I am a mortal Man again, a Lawyer,
My martial part I have put off.

Samp. Sweet Monſieur,
Let but our Honours teach us.
La-writ. Monſieur *Sampſon*,
My honourable Friend, my valiant Friend,
Be but ſo beaten; (forward my brave Clients,
I am yours, and you are mine again) be but ſo thraſht,
Receive that Caſtigation with a Cudgel——
Samp. Which calls upon us for a Reparation.
La-writ. I have, it coſt me half a Crown, I bear it
All over me, I bear it Monſieur *Sampſon*;
The Oils, and the old Woman that repairs to me,
To 'noint my beaten Body.
Samp. It concerns you,
You have been ſwing'd.
La-writ. Let it concern thee too;
Go and be beat'n, ſpeak ſcurvy Words, as I did;
Speak to that Lion Lord, waken his Anger,
And have a hundred Baſtinado's, do;
Three broken Pates, thy Teeth knock'd out, do, *Sampſon*,
Thy valiant Arms and Legs beaten to Poulteſſes,
Do ſilly *Sampſon*, do.
1 *Cli.* You wrong the Gentleman,
To try to put him out of his right Mind thus:
You wrong us, and our Cauſes.
La-writ. Down with him, Gentlemen,
Turn him, and beat him, if he break our Peace,
Then when thou haſt been lam'd, thy ſmall Guts periſh'd,
Then talk to me, before I ſcorn thy Counſel,
Feel what I feel, and let my Lord repair thee.
Samp. And can the brave *La-writ*——
2 *Cli.* Tempt him no further,
Be warn'd, and ſay no more.
La-writ. If thou do'ſt, *Sampſon*,
Thou ſeeſt my Myrmidons, I'll let 'em looſe,
That in a Moment——
Samp. I ſay nothing, Sir, but I could wiſh——
La-writ. They ſhall deſtroy thee wiſhing;
There's ne'er a Man of theſe but have loſt ten Cauſes,
Dearer than ten Mens Lives; Tempt, and thou dieſt:
Go home, and ſmile upon my Lord, thine Uncle,

Take

Take Mony of the Men thou mean'ſt to cozen,
Drink Wine, and eat good Meat, and live diſcreetly,
Talk little, 'tis an Antidote 'gainſt a beating;
Keep thy Hand from thy Sword, and from thy Laundreſs Placket,
And thou wilt live long.

1 *Cli.* Give ear, and be inſtructed.

La-writ. I find I am wiſer than a Juſtice of Peace now,
Give me the Wiſdom that's beaten into a Man
That ſticks ſtill by him: Art thou a new Man?

Samp. Yes, yes,
Thy learned Precepts have inchanted me.

La-writ. Go, my Son *Sampſon*, I have now begot thee,
I'll ſend thee Cauſes; ſpeak to thy Lord, and live,
And lay my ſhare by, go and live in peace,
Put on new Suits, and ſhew fit for thy Place;
That Man neglects his Living, is an Aſs: [*Exit* Samp.
Farewel; come chearily Boys, about our Buſineſs,
Now welcome Tongue again, hang Swords.

1 *Cli.* Sweet Advocate. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nurſe, *and* Charlotte.

Nurſe. I know not, Wench, they may call 'em what they will,
Out-laws, or Thieves, but I am ſure, to me
One was an honeſt Man, he us'd me well;
What I did, 'tis no matter, he complain'd not.

Char. I muſt confeſs there was one bold with me too,
Some coy thing would ſay rude, but 'tis no matter;
I was to pay a Waiting-woman's Ranſom,
And I have done't, and I would pay't again,
Were I ta'en to morrow.

Nurſe. Alas! there was no hurt,
If't be a Sin for ſuch as live at hard Meat,
And keep a long Lent in the Woods, as they do,
To taſte a little Fleſh.

Char. God help the Courtiers,
That lie at rack and manger. *Nurſe.* I ſhall love
A Thief the better for this while I live,
They are Men of a charitable Vocation,

And

And give where there is need, and with diſcretion,
And put a good ſpeed-penny in my Purſe,
That has been empty twenty Years.
Char. Peace, Nurſe,
Farewel, and cry not roaſt Meat; methinks *Cleremont*
And my Lady *Anabel*, are in one Night
Familiarly acquainted. *Nurſe.* I obſerve it,
If ſhe have got a penny too.

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, *and* Provoſt.

Char. No more,
My Lord Monſieur *Vertaign*, the Provoſt too,
Haſte and acquaint my Lady. [*Exeunt* Nurſe *and* Char.
Pro. Wonderous ſtrange
Vert. 'Tis true, Sir, on my Credit.
Champ. On mine Honour.
Pro. I have been Provoſt-Marſhal twenty Years,
And have truſſed up a thouſand of theſe Raſcals,
But ſo near *Paris* yet I never met with
One of that Brotherhood.
Champ. We to our coſt have;
But will you ſearch the Wood? *Pro.* It is beſet,
They cannot 'ſcape us, nothing makes me wonder
So much, as having you within their Power
They let you go; it was a Courteſie,
That *French* Thieves uſe not often; I much pity
The gentle Ladies, yet I know not how,
I rather hope than fear.

Enter Dinant, Cleremont, Verdone, Beaupre, Lamira, Anabel, Charlotte, *and Nurſe.*

Are theſe the Priſoners? *Din.* We were ſuch.
Verd. Kill me not, exceſs of Joy.
Champ. I ſee thou liveſt, but haſt thou had no foul play?
Lam. No, on my Soul, my uſage hath been noble,
Far from all Violence.
Champ. How were you freed?
But kiſs me firſt, we'll talk of that at leiſure,
I am glad I have thee; Neice, how you keep off,
As you knew me not? *Ana.* Sir, I am where

I owe moſt Duty. *Cler.* 'Tis indeed moſt true, Sir,
The Man that ſhou'd have been your Bedfellow,
Your Lordſhip's Bedfellow, that could not ſmell out
A Virgin of ſixteen, that was your Fool
To make you merry, this poor ſimple Fellow
Has met the Maid again, and now ſhe knows
He is a Man. *Champ.* How! is ſhe diſhonour'd?
Cler. Not unleſs Marriage be diſhonourable,
Heav'n is a Witneſs of our happy Contract,
And the next Prieſt we meet ſhall warrant it
To all the World: I lay with her in Jeſt,
'Tis turn'd to Earneſt now.
Champ. Is this true, Neice?
Din. Her bluſhing Silence grants it; nay, Sir, ſtorm not,
He is my Friend, and I can make this good,
His Birth and Fortunes equal hers; your Lordſhip
Might have ſought out a worſe, we are all Friends too,
All Differences end thus, Now Sir, unleſs
You would raiſe new Diſſenſions, make perfect
What is ſo well begun.
Vert. That were not manly.
Lam. Let me perſuade you.
Champ. Well, God give you joy,
She ſhall not come a Beggar to you, Sir.
For you, Monſieur *Dinant*, ere long I'll ſhew you
Another Neice, to this not much inferior;
As you ſhall like, proceed.
Din. I thank you, Sir.
Champ. Back then to *Paris:* Well that Travel ends
That makes of deadly Enemies perfect Friends.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Gentlemen,

I Am ſent forth to enquire what you decree
Of us, and of our Poets, they will be
This Night exceeding merry, ſo will we,
If you approve their Labours. They profeſs
You are their Patrons, and we ſay no leſs:
Reſolve us then, for you can only tell
Whether we have done id'ly, or done well.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

VALENTINIAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

VAlentinian, *Emperor of* Rome.
Ætius, *the Emperor's Loyal General.*

Balbus, Proculus, Chilax, Licinius, } *Four Noble Panders, and Flatterers to the Emperor.*

Maximus, *a great Soldier, Husband to* Lucina.
Lycias, *an Eunuch.*
Pontius, *an honeſt caſhier'd Centurion.*
Phidias, Aretus, } *two bold and faithful Eunuchs, Servants to* Ætius.
Afranius, *an eminent Captain.*
Paulus, *a Poet.*
Licippus, *a Courtier.*

WOMEN.

Eudoxia, *Empreſs, Wife to* Valentinian.
Lucina, *the chaſte abuſed Wife of* Maximus.
Claudia, Marcellina, } Lucina's *Waiting-women.*
Ardelia, Phorba, } *two of the Emperor's Bawds.*

Three Senators, Phyſicians, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

SCENE, ROME.

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF *VALENTINIAN.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chilax *and* Licinius.

BALBUS.

Never ſaw the like, ſhe's no more ſtirr'd,
No more another Woman, no more alter'd,
With any hopes or promiſes laid to her,
Let 'em be ne'er ſo weighty, ne'er ſo winning,
Than I am with the motion of my own Legs.
Pro. Chilax,
You are a Stranger yet in theſe Deſigns,
At leaſt in *Rome*; tell me, and tell me truth,
Did you e'er know in all your courſe of Practice,
In all the ways of Woman you have run through,
(For I preſume you have been brought up, *Chilax*,
As we, to fetch and carry.)

Chi.

Chi. True, I have ſo.
Pro. Did you, I ſay again, in all this Progreſs,
Ever diſcover ſuch a piece of Beauty,
Ever ſo rare a Creature, and no doubt,
One that muſt know her worth too, and affect it,
Ay and be flatter'd, elſe 'tis none; and honeſt?
Honeſt againſt the tide of all Temptations,
Honeſt to one Man, to her Husband only,
And yet not eighteen, not of Age to know
Why ſhe is honeſt?
Chi. I confeſs it freely,
I never ſaw her fellow, nor e'er ſhall:
For all our *Græcian* Dames, all I have try'd,
(And ſure I've try'd a hundred, if I ſay two
I ſpeak within my compaſs) all theſe Beauties,
And all the conſtancy of all theſe Faces,
Maids, Widows, Wives, of what degree or calling,
So they be *Greeks*, and fat, for there's my cunning,
I'd undertake and not ſweat for it, *Proculus*,
Were they to try again, ſay twice as many,
Under a thouſand Pound, to lay 'em Bed-rid;
But this Wench ſtaggers me.
Lyc. D' you ſee theſe Jewels?
You'd think theſe pretty Baits; now I'll aſſure ye
Here's half the Wealth of *Aſia*.
Bal. Theſe are nothing
To the full Honours I propounded to her;
I bid her think, and be, and preſently,
Whatever her Ambition, what the Council
Of others would add to her, what her Dreams
Could more enlarge, what any Preſident
Of any Woman riſing up to glory,
And ſtanding certain there, and in the higheſt,
Could give her more;—— nay, to be Empreſs.
Pro. And cold at all theſe Offers?
Bal. Cold as Cryſtal,
Ne'er to be thaw'd again.
Chi. I try'd her further,
And ſo far, that I think ſhe is no Woman,
At leaſt as Women go now.

Lyc.

Lic. Why what did you?

Chi. I offer'd that, that had ſhe been but Miſtreſs
Of as much Spleen as Doves have, I had reach'd her;
A ſafe Revenge of all that ever hate her,
The crying down for ever of all Beauties
That may be thought come near her.

Pro. That was pretty.

(1) I ne'er knew that way fail; yet I will tell ye
I offer'd her a Gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a Saint ſtart, well conſider'd;
The Law to be her Creature, ſhe to make it,
Her Mouth to give it, every Creature living
From her Aſpect to draw their good or evil,
Fix'd in 'em, ſpight of Fortune; a new Nature
She ſhould be call'd, and Mother of all Ages,
Time ſhould be hers, and what ſhe did lame Virtue
Should bleſs to all Poſterities: Her Air
Should give us life, her Earth and Water feed us;
And laſt, to none but to the Emperor,
(And then but when ſhe pleas'd to have it ſo,)
She ſhould be held for mortal.

Lic. And ſhe heard you?

Pro. Yes, as a ſick Man hears a noiſe, or he
That ſtands condemn'd his Judgment; let me periſh,
But if there can be Virtue, if that Name
Be any thing but Name and empty Title,
If it be ſo as Fools have pleas'd to feign it,
A Power that can preſerve us after Aſhes,
And make the Names of Men out-reckon Ages;
This Woman has a God of Virtue in her.

Bal. I would the Emperor were that God.

Chi. Sh' has in her
All the contempt of Glory and vain-ſeeming
Of all the *Stoicks*, all the Truth of Chriſtians,

(1) Chi. *I ne'er knew that way fail; yet I'll tell ye*
I offer'd her a Gift beyond all yours.] *Chilax* had before mention'd his Temptations; and had this Speech been his, he would have ſaid, ——— *beyond all theſe.* *Proculus* was the only one that had not mention'd what he had done; there ſeems therefore no Doubt of this and the following Speech belonging to him.

And all their Conſtancy: Modeſty was made
When ſhe was firſt intended: When ſhe bluſhes
It is the holieſt thing to look upon;
The pureſt Temple of her Sect, that ever
Made Nature a bleſt Founder.

Pro. Is there no way
To take this *Phenix?*

Lic. None but in her Aſhes.

Chi. If ſhe were fat, or any way inclining
To Eaſe or Pleaſure, or affected Glory,
Proud to be ſeen and worſhip'd, 'twere a venture;
But on my Soul ſhe's chaſter than cold Camphire.

Bal. I think ſo too; for all the ways of Woman,
Like a full Sail, ſhe bears againſt: I ask'd her
After my many Offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how,
If th' Emperor, grown mad with Love, ſhould force her;
(2) She pointed to a *Lucrece*, that hung by,
And with an angry Look, that from her Eyes
Shot Veſtal fire againſt me, ſhe departed.

Pro. This is the firſt Wench I was ever pos'd in,
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two and thirty Year.

Chi. I find by this Wench
The Calling of a Bawd to be a ſtrange,
A wiſe, and ſubtle Calling; and for none
But ſtaid, diſcreet, and underſtanding People:
And, as the Tutor to great *Alexander*

(2) *She pointed to a* Lucrece,——] This is extremely poetical, and a very eminent Modern has imitated it in the very beſt Tragedy that the *Engliſh* Stage has produced for many Years paſt: I have not Mr. *Fenton*'s *Mariamne* by me, but the Lines, as I remember, are,

——— Cæſar *anſwer'd nothing,*
But pointed to a Picture on the Wall,
Whoſe ſilent Eloquence too plainly ſpoke
His fix'd Reſolve againſt the Suit I urg'd.
Mar. *What Picture?*
Her. Perſeus *led in Chains through* Rome.

The Reader will obſerve, that Mr. *Fenton* is not ſo conciſe and ſtriking as our Authors: He riſes into Beauty like the gradual Opening of a fair Morning; our Poets break out at once in full Luſtre, like the Sun burſting from an Eclipſe.

Would

Would ſay, a young Man ſhould not dare to read
His Moral Books, 'till after five and twenty;
So muſt that He or She, that will be bawdy,
(I mean diſcreetly bawdy, and be truſted)
If they will riſe, and gain Experience,
Well ſteept in Years, and Diſcipline begin it;
I take it 'tis no Boys play.

Bal. Well, what's thought of?

Pho. The Emperor muſt know it. *Lyc.* If the Women
Should chance to fail too. *Chi.* As 'tis ten to one.

Pro. Why what remains, but new Nets for the purchaſe?

Chi. Let's go conſider then; and if all fail,
This is the firſt quick Eel, that ſav'd her Tail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lucina, Ardelia, *and* Phorba.

Ard. You ſtill inſiſt upon that Idol, Honour,
Can it renew your Youth, can it add Wealth
That takes off Wrinkles? Can it draw Mens Eyes
To gaze upon you in your Age? Can Honour,
That truly is a Saint to none but Soldiers,
And look'd into, bears no Reward but Danger,
Leave you the moſt reſpected Perſon living?
Or can the common kiſſes of a Husband,
(Which to a ſprightly Lady is a labour)
Make ye almoſt Immortal? Ye are cozen'd,
The Honour of a Woman is her Praiſes;
The way to get theſe, to be ſeen, and ſought too,
And not to bury ſuch a happy Sweetneſs
Under a ſmoaky Roof.

Luc. I'll hear no more.

Phor. That White, and Red, and all that bleſſed Beauty,
Kept from the Eyes, that make it ſo, is nothing:
Then you are rarely fair, when Men proclaim it;
The *Phenix*, were ſhe never ſeen, were doubted,
That moſt unvalued Horn the Unicorn

Bears to oppoſe the Huntſman, were it nothing
But Tale, and meer Tradition, would help no Man;
But when the Virtue's known, the Honour's doubled:
Virtue is either lame, or not at all,
And Love a Sacrilege, and not a Saint,
When it bars up the way to Mens Petitions.

Ard. Nay, ye ſhall love your Husband too; we come not
To make a Monſter of ye.

Luc. Are ye Women?

Ard. You'll find us ſo, and Women you ſhall thank too,
If you have Grace to make your uſe.

Luc. Fye on ye.

Phor. Alas, poor baſhful Lady! By my Soul,
Had ye no other Virtue but your Bluſhes,
And I a Man, I ſhould run mad for thoſe:
How daintily they ſet her off, how ſweetly!

Ard. Come Goddeſs, come, you move too near the Earth,
It muſt not be, a better Orb ſtays for you:
Here; be a Maid, and take 'em.

Luc. Pray leave me.

Phor. That were a Sin, ſweet Lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your Melancholy;
You muſt not be alone; in Converſation
Doubts are reſolv'd, and what ſticks near the Conſcience
Made eaſie, and allowable.

Luc. Ye are Devils.

Ard. That you may one day bleſs for your damnation.

Luc. I charge ye in the name of Chaſtity,
Tempt me no more; how ugly ye ſeem to me?
There is no wonder Men defame our Sex,
And lay the Vices of all Ages on us,
When ſuch as you ſhall bear the Names of Women:
If ye had Eyes to ſee yourſelves, or Senſe
Above the baſe Rewards ye play the Bawds for;
If ever in your lives ye heard of Goodneſs,
Though many Regions off, as Men hear Thunder;

If

(3) If ever ye had Fathers, and they Souls;
If ever Mothers, and not ſuch as you are;
(4) If ever any thing were conſtant in you,
Beſide your Sins, or common but your Curſes,
If ever any of your Anceſtors
Dy'd worth a noble deed, that would be cheriſh'd,
Soul-frighted with this black Infection,
You'd run from one another, to Repentance,
And from your guilty Eyes drop out thoſe Sins,
That made ye blind, and Beaſts.

Phor. Ye ſpeak well, Lady;
A ſign of fruitful Education,
If your religious Zeal had Wiſdom with it.

Ard. This Lady was ordain'd to bleſs the Empire,
And we may all give thanks for't.

Phor. I believe ye.

Ard. If any thing redeem the Emperor
From his wild flying Courſes, this is ſhe;

(3) *If ever ye had* Mothers, *and they Souls*;
If ever Fathers, *and not ſuch as you are*;] The Neceſſity of the Tranſpoſition of *Mothers* and *Fathers* in theſe two Lines muſt be ſelf-evident.

(4) *If ever any thing were conſtant in you,*
Beſide your Sins, or coming but your Courſes,] The old Folio reads *comming but your Curſes.* In attempting to correct this, the latter Editions make ſomething worſe than Nonſenſe. Before I ſaw the old Folio I conjectured, *or comely but your Dreſſes,* but was unſatisfy'd with it. *Common* being exceeding near the old Word *comming,* I now keep nearer the Trace of the Letters than the late Editions, and read, ——*or common but your Curſes.* i. e. If you have even any thing in common with the reſt of Woman-kind, except the Curſes that are entailed on all. It may perhaps be objected, that this has too much of the Chriſtian Syſtem in it, to be put into the Mouth of a Heathen. I anſwer, that there is no Impropriety that both *Shakeſpear* and our Authors are ſo frequently guilty of as making Heathens talk out of the Bible. As to the Primitive Curſe entail'd on Mankind, the Heathens had evidently a Notion of it; the Story of *Pandora, Prometheus,* the *Evil Genii, Furies, &c.* are only traditional Fragments of Scripture Hiſtory: and the monſtrous Corruption of Human Nature from its Effects was ſufficiently viſible. Beſides, in the Age of *Valentinian,* Chriſtianity had greatly enlighten'd Heatheniſm itſelf; and even the Enemies of Revelation greatly improv'd their Ethicks and Theology, by the Light they receiv'd from it; ſo that there ſeems no Impropriety in putting this in the Mouth of *Lucina.*

She can inſtruct him, if ye mark; ſhe's wiſe too.
Phor. Exceeding wiſe, which is a wonder in her,
And ſo religious, that I well believe,
Though ſhe would ſin ſhe cannot.
Ard. And beſides,
She has the Empire's Cauſe in hand, not Love's;
There lies the main Conſideration,
For which ſhe's chiefly born.
Phor. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her, and believe it
I look by her means for a Reformation,
And ſuch a one, and ſuch a rare way carried,
That all the World ſhall wonder at.
Ard. 'Tis true;
I never thought the Emperor had Wiſdom,
Pity, or fair Affection to his Country,
'Till he profeſt this Love: Gods give 'em Children,
Such as her Virtues merit, and his Zeal.
I look to ſee a *Numa* from this Lady,
Or greater than *Octavius*.
Phor. Do you mark too,
Which is a noble Virtue; how ſhe bluſhes,
And what a flowing Modeſty runs through her,
When we but name the Emperor?
Ard. But mark it,
Yes, and admire it too; for ſhe conſiders,
Though ſhe be fair as Heav'n, and virtuous
As holy Truth, yet to the Emperor
She is a kind of nothing but her Service,
Which ſhe is bound to offer, and ſhe'll do it;
And when her Country's Cauſe commands Affection,
She knows Obedience is the Key of Virtues;
Then fly the Bluſhes out like *Cupid*'s Arrows:
And though the tie of Marriage to her Lord
Would fain cry, Stay *Lucina*; yet the Cauſe,
And general Wiſdom of the Prince's Love,
Makes her find ſurer Ends, and happier;
And if the firſt were chaſte, this is twice doubled.
Phor. Her Tartneſs unto us too.
Ard. That's a wiſe one——

Phor.

Phor. I rarely like, it ſhews a riſing Wiſdom,
That chides all common Fools as dare enquire
What Princes would have private.
Ard. What a Lady
Shall we be bleſt to ſerve?
Luc. Go, get ye from me.
Ye are your Purſes Agents, not the Prince's:
Is this the virtuous Lore ye train'd me out to?
Am I a Woman fit to imp your Vices?
But that I had a Mother, and a Woman,
Whoſe ever-living Fame turns all it touches,
Into the good itſelf is, I ſhould now
Ev'n doubt myſelf, I have been ſearch'd ſo near
The very ſoul of Honour: Why ſhould you two
That happily have been as chaſte as I am,
Fairer I think by much, for yet your Faces,
Like ancient well-built Piles, ſhew worthy Ruins,
After that Angel-Age, turn mortal Devils?
For ſhame, for Woman-hood, for what ye have been,
For rotten Cedars have born goodly Branches;
If ye have hope of any Heav'n, but Court,
Which like a Dream, you'll find hereafter vaniſh,
Or at the beſt, but ſubject to Repentance,
Study no more to be ill ſpoken of;
Let Women live themſelves; if they muſt fall,
Their own Deſtruction find 'em, not your Fevers.
Ard. Madam, ye are ſo excellent in all,
And I muſt tell it you with admiration,
So true a Joy ye have, ſo ſweet a Fear,
And when ye come to Anger, 'tis ſo noble,
That for mine own Part, I could ſtill offend,
To hear you angry; Women that want that,
And your way guided (elſe I count it nothing)
Are either Fools or Cowards.
Phor. She were a Miſtreſs for no private Greatneſs,
Could ſhe not frown a raviſh'd Kiſs from Anger:
And ſuch an Anger as this Lady learns us,
Stuck with ſuch pleaſing Dangers. Gods, I ask ye,
Which of ye all could hold from?
Luc. I perceive ye,

Your own dark Sins dwell with ye, and that Price
You ſell the Chaſtity of modeſt Wives at,
(5) Run to Diſeaſes with your Bones: I ſcorn ye,
And all the Nets ye've pitch'd to catch my Virtues,
Like Spiders Webs, I ſweep away before me.
Go, tell the Emperor, ye've met a Woman,
That neither his own Perſon, which is God-like,
The World he rules, nor what that World can purchaſe,
Nor all the Glories ſubject to a *Cæſar*,
The Honours that he offers for my Body,
The Hopes, Gifts, everlaſting Flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt me,
No, not to be the Mother of the Empire,
And Queen of all the holy Fires he worſhips,
Can make a Whore of.

Ard. You miſtake us, Lady.

Luc. Yet, tell him this has thus much weaken'd me,
(6) That I have heard his Knaves, and you his Matrons,
Fit Nurſes for his Sins, which Gods forgive me.
But ever to be leaning to his Folly,
Or to be brought to love his Luſt, aſſure him,
And from her Mouth, whoſe Life ſhall make it certain,
I never can: I have a Noble Husband,
Pray tell him that too, yet a Noble Name,
A Noble Family, and laſt a Conſcience.
And thus much for your Anſwer: For yourſelves,
You've liv'd the Shame of Women, die the better.

[*Exit.*

Phor. What's now to do?

Ard. Even as ſhe ſaid, to die,
For there's no living here, and Women thus,
I'm ſure for us two.

Phor. Nothing ſtick upon her?

Ard. We've loſt a Maſs of Mony; well Dame Virtue,
Yet ye may halt, if good Luck ſerve.

(5) Runs *to Diſeaſes*——] Former Editions.

(6) *That I have* here *his Knaves*,——] The He-Bawd not being then with her, the true Reading ſeems *heard*. This Mr. *Sympſon* alſo ſent me as his Reading.

Phor.

Phor. Worms take her,
She has almoſt ſpoil'd our Trade.
Ard. So Godly!
This is ill Breeding, *Phorba.*
Phor. If the Women
Shou'd have a longing now to ſee this Monſter,
And ſhe convert 'em all!
Ard. That may be, *Phorba*;
But if it be, I'll have the young Men gelded:
Come, let's go think, ſhe muſt not 'ſcape us thus;
There is a certain Seaſon, if we hit,
That Women may be rid without a Bit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Maximius, *and* Aëcius.

Max. I cannot blame the Nations, noble Friend,
That they fall off ſo faſt from this wild Man.
When (under our Allegiance be it ſpoken,
And the moſt happy tie of our Affections) [Virtue,
The World's Weight groans beneath him; where lives
Honour, Diſcretion, Wiſdom? (7) Who are clad,
And choſen to the ſteering of the Empire,
But Bawds, and ſinging Girls? (8) O my *Aëcius!*
The Glory of a Soldier, and the Truth
Of Men, made up for goodneſs-ſake, (9) like Shields
Grow to the ragged Walls for want of Action:
Only

(7) ——— *Who are clad,*
And choſen ———] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *call'd* and *choſen*, but *clad* implying the ſame, as *pay'd* or *benefic'd*, ſeems unexceptionable.

(8) ——— *O my* Æcius *!*] Our Authors always make three Syllables of *Æcius*, I therefore divide the Diphthong.

(9) ——— ——— *like* Shells,
Grow to the ragged Walls for want of Action:] The Shell-fiſh that grows to Stones ſeems to have the leaſt Motion, Senſe and Life of any known Animal, and therefore a State of Inaction might be beautifully repreſented by theſe; but then *Rocks* would be a much properer Word than *Walls* for them to grow to. I therefore believe the true Word to be *Shields* inſtead of *Shells*. A Soldier without Action is very pertinently

Only your happy ſelf, and I that love ye,
Which is a larger Means to me than Favour.
Aëcius. No more, my worthy Friend, though theſe be Truths,
And though theſe Truths would ask a Reformation,
At leaſt, a little ſquaring; yet remember
We are but Subjects, *Maximus*; Obedience
To what is done, and Grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours: The Hearts of Princes
Are like the Temples of the Gods; pure Incence,
Until unhallow'd Hands defile thoſe Offerings,
Burns ever there; we muſt not put 'em out,
Becauſe the Prieſts that touch thoſe Sweets are wicked;
We dare not, deareſt Friend, nay more, we cannot,
(While we conſider why we are, and how,
To what Laws bound, much more to what Law-giver;
Whilſt Majeſty is made to be obey'd,
And not inquir'd into, whilſt Gods and Angels
Make but a Rule as we do, though a ſtricter)
Like deſperate and unſeaſon'd Fools, let fly
Our killing Angers, and forſake our Honours.
Max. My noble Friend, from whoſe Inſtructions
I never yet took Surfeit, weigh but thus much,
Nor think I ſpeak it with Ambition,
For by the Gods I do not; why *Aëcius*,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?
Aëcius. You'll fall again into your Fit.
Max. I will not.
Or are we now no more the Sons of *Romans*,
No more the followers of their happy Fortunes,
But conquer'd *Gauls*, or Quivers for the *Parthians*?
Why is this Emperor, this Man we honour,
This God that ought to be——
Aëcius. You are too curious.
Max. Good, give me leave. Why is this Author of us---

pertinently compared to the rufty Shields which were, in our Authors Time, the cuſtomary Ornaments of the ragged Walls of all the old Manſion-houſes in the Kingdom.— There is another Senſe of *Shells*, *viz.* ſuch as Snails often leave on Walls; but *Shield*, being a much more Soldier-like Metaphor, I believe it the Original.

Aëcius.

Aëcius. I dare not hear ye ſpeak thus.

Max. I'll be modeſt;
Thus led away, thus vainly led away;
And we Beholders, miſconceive me not,
I ſow no Danger in my Words; but wherefore,
And to what end, are we the Sons of Fathers
Famous, and faſt to *Rome?* Why are their Virtues
Stamp'd in the Dangers of a thouſand Battels
For goodneſs-ſake; their Honours time out-daring?
I think for our Example.

Aëcius. Ye ſpeak nobly.

Max. Why are we Seeds of theſe then, to ſhake Hands
With Bawds and baſe Informers, kiſs Diſcredit,
And court her like a Miſtreſs? Pray, your leave yet;
You'll ſay the Emperor is (10) young, and apt
To take Impreſſion rather from his Pleaſures,
Than any conſtant Worthleſsneſs. It may be.
But, why do theſe, the People call his Pleaſures,
Exceed the Moderation of a Man;
Nay, to ſay juſtly, Friend, why are they Vices,
And ſuch as ſhake our Worths with Foreign Nations?

Aëcius. You ſearch the Sore too deep, and I muſt tell ye,
In any other Man this had been boldneſs,
And ſo rewarded; pray depreſs your Spirit,

(10) ——— *young, and apt*
To take Impreſſion rather from his Pleaſures,
Than any conſtant Worthineſs—] The laſt Line is, to me, very obſcure: Does it mean, that the Emperor, being young, took Impreſſions more from his Pleaſures than from Virtue and Worthineſs? But if this be the Senſe, it ſeems ſtifly expreſs'd, and is but a poor Apology for him. The natural Apology ſhould be, "That the Emperor was "apt to take Impreſſions from his Pleaſures, but was not *habitually* "*vicious.*" And to this *Maximus* again anſwers, "That thoſe Plea-"ſures ſo exceed all Moderation, that they are really Vices, and of "the worſt Kind.". A ſmall Change will give this Senſe:

——— *the Emperor is young, and apt*
To take Impreſſion rather from his Pleaſures,
Than any conſtant Worthleſsneſs.

Tho' I cannot recollect the Paſſage, I know I have ſomewhere met with the Word *Worthleſsneſs* in our Authors, and it is certainly a beautiful one.

For

For though I conſtantly believe ye honeſt,
Ye were no Friend for me elſe, and what now
Ye freely ſpake, but good ye owe to th' Empire,
Yet take heed worthy *Maximus*, all Ears
Hear not with that Diſtinction mine do, few
You'll find Admoniſhers, but Urgers of your Actions,
And to the heavieſt, Friend; and pray conſider,
We are but Shadows, Motions others give us;
And though our Pities may become the Times,
Juſtly our Powers cannot; make me worthy
To be your ever Friend in fair Allegiance,
But not in Force: For, durſt mine own Soul urge me
(And by that Soul, I ſpeak my juſt Affections)
To turn my Hand from Truth, which is Obedience,
And give the Helm my Virtue holds, to Anger,
Though I had both the Bleſſings of the *Bruti*,
And both their Inſtigations, though my Cauſe
Carried a Face of Juſtice beyond theirs,
And as I am, a Servant to my Fortunes,
That daring Soul, that firſt taught Diſobedience,
Should feel the firſt Example: Say the Prince,
As I may well believe, ſeems vitious,
Who juſtly knows 'tis not to try our Honours?
Or ſay, he be an ill Prince, are we therefore
Fit Fires to purge him? No, my deareſt Friend,
The Elephant is never won with Anger,
Nor muſt that Man that would reclaim a Lion,
Take him by th' Teeth

Max. I pray miſtake me not.

Aëcius. Our honeſt Actions, and the Light that breaks
Like Morning from our Service, chaſte and bluſhing,
Is that that pulls a Prince back; then he ſees,
And not till then truly repents his Errors,
When Subjects Chryſtal Souls are Glaſſes to him.

Max. My ever honour'd Friend, I'll take your Counſel:
The Emperor appears, I'll leave ye to him,
And as we both affect him, may he flouriſh. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Emperor and Chilax.

Emp. Is that the beſt News?
Chi. Yet the beſt we know, Sir.
Emp. Bid *Maximus* come to me, and be gone then:
Mine own Head be my helper, theſe are Fools.
How now *Aëcius*, are the Soldiers quiet?
Aëcius. Better, I hope Sir, than they were.
Emp. They're pleas'd, I hear,
To cenſure me extreamly for my Pleaſures,
Shortly they'll fight againſt me.
Aëcius. Gods defend, Sir.
And for their Cenſures, they are ſuch ſhrewd Judgers,
A Donative of ten Seſterties,
I'll undertake, ſhall make 'em ring your Praiſes,
More than they ſang your Pleaſures.
Emp. I believe thee.
Art thou in Love, *Aëcius*, yet?
Aëcius. O no Sir!
I am too courſe for Ladies; my Embraces,
That only am acquainted with Alarms,
Would break their tender Bodies.
Emp. Never fear it,
They're ſtronger than ye think, they'll hold the Hammering,
My Empreſs ſwears thou art a luſty Soldier,
A good one I believe thee.
Aëcius. All that Goodneſs
Is but your Grace's Creature.
Emp. Tell me truly,
For thou dar'ſt tell me.
Aëcius. Any thing concerns ye,
That's fit for me to ſpeak and you to pardon.
Emp. What ſay the Soldiers of me, and the ſame Words,
Mince 'em not good *Aëcius*, but deliver
The very Forms and Tongues they talk withal.
Aëcius. I'll tell your Grace, but with this Caution
You be not ſtirr'd; for ſhould the Gods live with us,
Ev'n thoſe we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but Drink, they'd cenſure them too,

Emp.

Emp. Forward.

Aëcius. Then to begin, they ſay you ſleep too much,
By which they judge your Majeſty too ſenſual,
Apt to decline your Strength to Eaſe and Pleaſures;
And when you do not ſleep, you drink too much,
From which they fear Suſpicions firſt, then Ruins;
And when ye neither drink nor ſleep, ye wench much,
Which they affirm firſt breaks your Underſtanding,
Then takes the Edge of Honour, makes us ſeem,
That are the Ribs and Rampires of the Empire,
Fencers, and beaten Fools, and ſo regarded;
But I believe 'em not; for were theſe Truths,
Your Virtue can correct them.

Emp. They ſpeak plainly.

Aëcius. They ſay moreover (ſince your Grace will have it,
For they will talk their Freedoms, though the Sword
Were in their Throat) that of late time, like *Nero*,
And with the ſame forgetfulneſs of Glory,
(11) You've got a Vein of Fidling, ſo they term it.

Emp. Some drunken Dreams, *Aëcius*.

Aëcius. So I hope, Sir.
And that you rather ſtudy Cruelty,
And to be fear'd for Blood, than lov'd for Bounty,
(Which makes the Nations, as they ſay, deſpiſe ye)
Telling your Years and Actions by their Deaths,
Whoſe Truth and ſtrength of Duty made you *Cæſar*.
They ſay beſides, you nouriſh ſtrange Devourers,
Fed with the Fat o'th' Empire, they call Bawds,
Lazy and luſtful Creatures that abuſe ye,
A People, as they term 'em, (12) made of Paper,
In which the ſecret Sins of each Man's Body
Are ſeal'd and ſent a working.

Emp.

(11) *You have got a* vain *of* Filing, ——] Former Editions.

(12) —— *made of Paper,*
In which the ſecret Sins of each Man's Monies
Are ſeal'd and ſent a working.] If this is genuine, the Metaphor ſeems extremely obſcure. That Bawds are like Paper, in which each Man's ſecret Sins are regiſter'd in order to ſet them a working, is clear, and that they do this to get their Money. But to

ſay,

Emp. What Sin's next?
For I perceive they have no mind to ſpare me.
Aëcius. Nor hurt ye O my Soul, Sir! But ſuch People
(Nor can the Power of Man reſtrain it) when
They're full of Meat and Eaſe, muſt prattle.
Emp. Forward.
Aëcius. I've ſpoken too much, Sir.
Emp. I'll have all.
Aëcius. It fits not
Your Ears ſhould hear their Vanities; no Profit
Can juſtly riſe to you from their Behaviour,
Unleſs y' were guilty of thoſe Crimes.
Emp. It may be
I am ſo, therefore forward.
Aëcius. I have ever
Learn'd to obey, nor ſhall my Life reſiſt it.
Emp. No more Apologies.
Aëcius. They grieve beſides, Sir,
To ſee the Nations, whom our ancient Virtue
With many a weary March and Hunger conquer'd,
With loſs of many a daring Life ſubdu'd,
Fall from their fair Obedience, and even murmur
To ſee the warlike Eagles mew their Honours
In obſcure Towns, that wont to prey on Princes;
They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captains
The Fruits of *Italy* are luſcious, give us *Ægypt*,
Or ſandy *Africk* to diſplay our Valours,
There where our Swords may make us Meat; and Danger
Digeſt our well-got Viands. Here our Weapons,
And Bodies that were made for ſhining Braſs,
Are both unedg'd and old with Eaſe and Women;
And then they cry again, Where are the *Germans*,
Lin'd with hot *Spain*, or *Gallia*, bring 'em on,
And let the Son of War, ſteel'd *Mithridates*,
Lead up his winged *Parthians* like a Storm,
Hiding the Face of Heav'n with Show'rs of Arrows;

ſay, The ſecret Sins of their Monies, is ſcarce intelligible. I rather think the Original was,

In which the ſecret Sins of each Man's Body
Are ſeal'd and ſent a working.

Yet

Yet we dare fight like *Romans*; then, as Soldiers,
Tir'd with a weary March, they tell their Wounds,
Ev'n weeping ripe, they were no more, nor deeper,
And glory in thoſe Scars that make 'em lovely;
And ſitting where a Camp was, like ſad Pilgrims,
They reckon up the Times, and living Labours
Of *Julius* or *Germanicus*, and wonder
That *Rome*, whoſe Turrets once were topt with Honours,
Can now forget the Cuſtom of her Conqueſts:
And then they blame your Grace, and ſay, Who leads us?
Shall we ſtand here like Statues? Were our Fathers
The Sons of lazy *Moors*, our Princes *Perſians*,
Nothing but Silks and Softneſs? Curſes on 'em
That firſt taught *Nero* Wantonneſs and Blood,
Tiberius Doubts, *Caligula* all Vices;
For from the ſpring of theſe, ſucceeding Princes——
Thus they talk, Sir.

Emp. Well,
Why do you hear theſe Things?

Aëcius. Why do you do 'em?
I take the Gods to Witneſs, with more Sorrow,
And more Vexation, do I hear theſe Taintures,
Than were my Life dropt from me through an Hour-glaſs.

Emp. Belike then you believe 'em, or at leaſt
Are glad they ſhould be ſo; take heed, you were better
Build your own Tomb, and run into it living,
Than dare a Prince's Anger.

Aëcius. I am Old, Sir,
And ten Years more addition, is but nothing:
Now if my Life be pleaſing to ye, take it,
Upon my Knees, if ever any Service,
As let me brag, ſome have been worthy notice,
If ever any Worth, or Truſt ye gave me,
Deſerv'd a fair reſpect, if all my Actions,
The hazards of my Youth, Colds, Burnings, Wants,
For you and for the Empire, be not Vices;
By that ſtile ye have ſtampt upon me, Soldier,
Let me not fall into the Hands of Wretches.

Emp. I underſtand ye not.

Aëcius. Let not this Body,

That

That has look'd bravely in his Blood for *Cæſar*,
And covetous of Wounds, and for your ſafety,
After the ſcape of Swords, Spears, Slings, and Arrows,
('Gainſt which my beaten Body was mine Armour)
The Seas, and thirſty Deſarts, now be purchaſe
For Slaves, and baſe Informers: I ſee Anger,
And Death look through your Eyes: I'm mark'd for ſlaughter,
And know the telling of this Truth has made me
A Man clean loſt to this World; I embrace it;
Only my laſt Petition, Sacred *Cæſar*,
Is, I may die a *Roman*.

Emp. Riſe my Friend ſtill,
And worthy of my Love; reclaim the Soldier,
I'll ſtudy to do ſo upon myſelf too;
Go,
Keep your Command, and proſper. *Aëcius.* Life to *Cæſar*.
[*Exit.*

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Lord *Maximus* attends your Grace.

Emp. Go tell him,
I'll meet him in the Gallery.
The Honeſty of this *Aëcius*,
Who is indeed the Bulwark of the Empire,
Has div'd ſo deep into me, that of all
The Sins I covet, but this Woman's Beauty,
With much Repentance, now I could be quit of:
But ſhe is ſuch a Pleaſure, being good,
That though I were a God, ſhe'd fire my Blood.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the Emperor, Maximus, Licinius, Proculus, *and* Chilax, *as at Dice.*

Emp. NAY ye ſhall ſet my Hand out, 'tis not juſt I ſhould neglect my fortune, now 'tis proſperous.

Lic. If I have any thing to ſet your Grace,
But Cloaths or good Conditions, let me periſh,
You've all my Mony, Sir.

Pro. And mine.

Chi. And mine too.

Max. Unleſs your Grace will credit us.

Emp. No bare Board.

Lic. Then at my Garden-Houſe.

Emp. The Orchard too.

Lic. And't pleaſe your Grace.

Emp. Have at 'em.

Pro. They are loſt.

Lic. Why farewel Fig-trees.

Emp. Who ſets more?

Chi. At my Horſe, Sir.

Emp. The dapl'd *Spaniard?*

Chi. He.

Emp. He's mine.

Chi. He is ſo.

Max. Your ſhort Horſe is ſoon curried.

Chi. So it ſeems, Sir;
So may your Mare be too, if luck ſerve.

Max. Ha?

Chi. Nothing, my Lord, but grieving at my Fortune.

Emp. Come, *Maximus*, you were not wont to flinch thus.

Max. By Heav'n, Sir, I have loſt all.

Emp. There's a Ring yet.

Max. This was not made to loſe, Sir.

Emp. Some Love Token;
Set it I ſay.

Max. I do beſeech your Grace,

Rather

Rather name any Houſe I have.
Emp. How ſtrange,
And curious you are grown of Toys? Redeem't,
If ſo I win it, when you pleaſe, to Morrow,
Or next Day, as ye will, I care not,
But only for my Luck ſake: 'Tis not Rings
Can make me richer.
Max. Will you throw, Sir? There 'tis.
Emp. Why then have at it fairly: Mine.
Max. Your Grace
Is only ever Fortunate: To Morrow,
An't be your Pleaſure, Sir, I'll pay the Price on't.
Emp. To Morrow you ſhall have it without price, Sir,
But this Day 'tis my Victory: Good *Maximus*,
Now I bethink myſelf, go to *Aëcius*,
And bid him muſter all the Cohorts preſently;
They mutiny for Pay I hear, and be you
Aſſiſtant to him; when you know their Numbers,
Ye ſhall have Monies for 'em, and above
Something to ſtop their Tongues withal.
Max. I will, Sir:
And Gods preſerve you in this mind ſtill. *Emp.* Shortly
I'll ſee 'em march myſelf.
Max. Gods ever keep ye. [*Exit.*
Emp. To what end do you think this Ring ſhall ſerve now?
For you are Fellows only know by rote,
As Birds record their Leſſons.
Chi. For the Lady.
Emp. But how for her?
Chi. That I confeſs I know not.
Emp. Then pray for him that do's: Fetch me an Eunuch
That never ſaw her yet; and you two ſee [*Exit* Chilax.
The Court made like a Paradiſe.
Lic. We will, Sir.
Emp. Full of fair Shews and Muſick; all your Arts
(As I ſhall give Inſtructions) ſcrew to th' higheſt,
For my main Piece is now a doing: And for fear
You ſhould not take, I'll have another Engine,
Such as if Virtue be not only in her,

She ſhall not chuſe but lean to. Let the Women
Put on a graver ſhew of Welcome.
Pro. Well, Sir.
Emp. They are a thought too eager.

Enter Chilax *and* Lycias *the Eunuch.*

Chi. Here's the Eunuch.
Eun. Long Life to *Cæſar.*
Emp. I muſt uſe you, *Lycias:*
Come let's walk in, and then I'll ſhew ye all:
If Women may be frail, this Wench ſhall fall.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Claudia *and* Marcellina.

Clau. Sirrah, what ails my Lady, that of late
She never cares for Company?
Mar. I know not,
Unleſs it be that Company cauſes Cuckolds.
Clau. That were a childiſh fear.
Mar. What were thoſe Ladies
Came to her lately? From the Court? *Clau.* The ſame, Wench.
Some grave Inſtructors on my life, they look
For all the World like old hatch'd Hilts.
Mar. 'Tis true, Wench.
For here and there, and yet they painted well too,
One might diſcover, where the Gold was worn,
Their Iron Ages.
Clau. If my Judgment fail not,
They have been ſheath'd like rotten Ships.
Mar. It may be.
Clau. For if ye mark their Rudders, they hang weakly.
Mar. They've paſt the Line belike; Would'ſt thou live, *Claudia,*
'Till thou wert ſuch as they are?
Clau. Chimney-pieces.
Now Heav'n have Mercy on me, and young Men;

I'd

(13) I'd rather make a drallery 'till thirty,
While I were able to endure a Tempeſt,
And bear my Fights out bravely, 'till my Tackle
Whiſtled i'th' Wind, and held againſt all Weathers,
While I were able to bear with my Tires,
And ſo diſcharge 'em, I would willingly
Live *Marcellina*; not 'till Barnacles
Bred in my Sides.
Mar. Thou art i'th' right, Wench:
For who wou'd live, whom Pleaſures had forſaken,
To ſtand at Mark, and cry a Bow ſhort Signeur?
Were there not Men came hither too?
Clau. Brave Fellows.
I fear me Bawds of five i'th' Pound.
Mar. How know you?
Clau. They gave me great lights to it.
Mar. Take heed, *Claudia*.
Clau. Let them take heed, the Spring comes on.
Mar. To me now,
They ſeem'd as noble Viſitants.
Clau. To me now,
Nothing leſs *Marcellina*, for I mark 'em,
And by this honeſt Light, for yet 'tis Morning,
Saving the Reverence of their gilded Doublets
And *Millan* Skins——
Mar. (Thou art a ſtrange Wench, *Claudia*.
Clau. Ye are deceiv'd) they ſhew'd to me directly
Court Crabbs that creep a ſide-way for their living,
I know 'em by the Breeches that they begg'd laſt.
Mar. Peace,
My Lady comes; what may that be?

Enter Lucina, *and* Lycias *the Eunuch*.

Clau. A Sumner
That cites her to appear.
Mar. No more of that, Wench.
Eun. Madam, what anſwer to your Lord?

(13) *I had rather make a* drallery *till thirty,*] What the Word *Drallery* ſignifies, if genuine; or if corrupt, what may be the true one, is beyond Mr. *Sympſon*'s and my Reach. The Context requires the Name of ſome Ship.

Luc. Pray tell him,
I'm ſubject to his Will.
Eun. Why weep you, Madam?
Excellent Lady, there are none will hurt you.
Luc. I do beſeech you tell me, Sir.
Eun. What, Lady?
Luc. Serve ye the Emperor?
Eun. I do.
Luc. In what Place?
Eun. In's Chamber, Madam.
Luc. D' you ſerve his Will too?
Eun. In fair and juſt Commands.
Luc. Are ye a *Roman?*
Eun. Yes noble Lady, and a *Mantuan.*
Luc. What Office bore your Parents?
Eun. One was Pretor.
Luc. Take heed then how you ſtain his Reputation.
Eun. Why, worthy Lady?
Luc. If ye know, I charge ye,
Ought in this Meſſage, but what Honeſty,
The Truſt and fair Obedience of a Servant,
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.
Eun. Madam, I am no Broker.
Clau. I'll be hang'd then.
Eun. Nor baſe Procurer of Mens Luſts; Your Husband
Pray'd me to do this Office, I have done it,
It reſts in you to come, or no.
Luc. I will, Sir.
Eun. If ye miſtruſt me, do not.
Luc. Ye appear
So worthy, and to all my Senſe ſo honeſt,
And this is ſuch a certain ſign y' have brought me,
That I believe.
Eun. Why ſhould I cozen you?
Or were I brib'd to do this Villany,
Can Mony proſper, or the Fool that takes it,
When ſuch a Virtue falls?
Luc. Ye ſpeak well, Sir?
Wou'd all the reſt that ſerve the Emperor
Had but your way.

Clau.

Clau. And ſo they have *ad unguem*..
Luc. Pray tell my Lord, I have receiv'd his Token,
And will not fail to meet him; yet, good Sir, thus much
Before ye go, I do beſeech ye too,
As little notice as ye can, deliver
Of my Appearance there.
Eun. It ſhall be, Madam,
And ſo I wiſh you Happineſs.
Luc. I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Tumult and Noiſe within. Enter Aëcius *purſuing* Pontius *the Captain, and* Maximus *following.*

Max. Temper yourſelf, *Aëcius.*
Pon. Hold, my Lord.
I am a *Roman*, and a Soldier.
Max. Pray, Sir.
Aëcius. Thou art a lying Villain, and a Traitor;
Give me myſelf, or by the Gods, my Friend,
You'll make me dangerous; how dar'ſt thou pluck
The Soldiers to Sedition, and I living,
And ſow Rebellion in 'em, and ev'n then
When I am drawing out to action?
Pon. Hear me.
Max. Are ye a Man?
Aëcius. I am true hearted, *Maximus*,
And if the Villain live, we are diſhonour'd.
Max. But hear him what he can ſay.
Aëcius. That's the way
To pardon him; I am ſo eaſie-natur'd,
That if he ſpeak but humbly I forgive him.
Pon. I do beſeech ye, noble General.
Aëcius. H'as found the way already, give me room,
One ſtroke, and if he 'ſcape me then, h'as Mercy.
Pon. I do not call ye Noble, that I fear ye,
I never car'd for Death; if ye will kill me,
Conſider firſt for what; not what you can do;
'Tis true, I know ye for my General,

And by that great Prerogative may kill:
But do it juſtly then.
Aëcius. He argues with me:
By Heav'n a made up Rebel.
Max. Pray conſider,
What certain grounds ye have for this.
Aëcius. What grounds?
Did I not take him preaching to the Soldiers
How lazily they liv'd? and what Diſhonours.
It was to ſerve a Prince ſo full of Woman?
Thoſe were his very Words, Friend.
Max. Theſe, *Aëcius*,
Though they were raſhly ſpoke, which was an Error
(A great one *Pontius*) yet from him that hungers
For Wars, and brave Imployment, might be pardon'd.
The Heart, and harbour'd Thoughts of Ill, make Traitors,
Not ſpleeny Speeches.
Aëcius. Why ſhould you protect him?
Go too, it ſhews not honeſt.
Max. Taint me not,
For that ſhews worſe, *Aëcius:* All your Friendſhip,
And that pretended Love ye lay upon me,
Hold back my Honeſty, is like a Favour
You do your Slave to day, to morrow hang him.
Was I your Boſom-piece for this?
Aëcius. Forgive me;
The Nature of my Zeal, and for my Country,
Makes me ſometimes forget myſelf; for know,
Though I moſt ſtrive to be without my Paſſions,
I am no God: For you, Sir, whoſe Infection
Has ſpread itſelf like Poiſon through the Army,
And caſt a killing fog on fair Allegiance,
Firſt thank this noble Gentleman, ye had dy'd elſe,
Next from your Place, and honour of a Soldier,
I here ſeclude you.
Pon. May I ſpeak yet?
Max. Hear him.
Aëcius. And while *Aëcius* holds a Reputation,
At leaſt Command, ye bear no Arms for *Rome*, Sir.
Pon. Againſt her I ſhall never: The condemn'd Man
Has

Has yet that privilege to ſpeak, my Lord;
Law were not equal elſe.
Max. Pray hear, *Aëcius*,
For happily the fault he has committed,
Though I believe it mighty, yet conſider'd,
If Mercy may be thought upon, will prove
Rather a haſty Sin, than heinous.
Aëcius. Speak.
Pon. 'Tis true, my Lord, ye took me tir'd with Peace,
My Words almoſt as ragged as my Fortunes:
'Tis true, I told the Soldier whom we ſerv'd,
And then bewail'd, we had an Emperor
Led from us by the flouriſhes of Fencers;
I blam'd him too for Women.
Aëcius. To the reſt, Sir.
Pon. And like enough, I bleſt him then as Soldiers
Will do ſometimes: 'Tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at Home, to ſhew our Country
We durſt go naked, durſt want Meat, and Mony;
And when the Slave drinks Wine, we durſt be thirſty:
I told 'em this too, that the Trees and Roots
Were our beſt Pay-maſters; the Charity
Of longing Women, that had bought our Bodies,
Our Beds, Fires, Taylors, Nurſes; nay, I told 'em,
(For you ſhall hear the greateſt Sin, I ſaid, Sir)
By that time there be Wars again, our Bodies
Laden with Scars and Aches, and ill Lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual Wants, were fitter Prayers,
And certain Graves, than cope the Foe on Crutches:
'Tis likely too, I counſel'd 'em to turn
Their warlike Pikes to Plough-ſhares, their ſure Targets
And Swords hatch'd with the Blood of many Nations,
To Spades, and pruning Knives, for theſe get Mony,
Their warlike Eagles, into Daws, or Starlings,
To give an *Ave Cæſar* as he paſſes,
And be rewarded with a thouſand Drachmas.
For thus we get but Years and Beets.
Aëcius. What think you,
Were theſe Words to be ſpoken by a Captain,
One that ſhould give Example?

Max.

Max. 'Twas too much.

Pon. My Lord, I did not woo 'em from the Empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring Steel 'gainſt *Cæſar*;
The Gods for ever hate me, if that Motion
Were part of me: Give me but Imployment, Sir,
And way to live, and where you hold me vitious,
Bred up in Mutiny; my Sword ſhall tell ye,
And if you pleaſe, that Place I held, maintain it,
'Gainſt the moſt daring Foes of *Rome*, I'm honeſt,
A lover of my Country, one that holds
His Life no longer his, than kept for *Cæſar*.
Weigh not (I thus low on my Knee beſeech you)
What my rude Tongue diſcover'd, 'twas my Want,
No other part of *Pontius*: You have ſeen me,
And you, my Lord, do ſomething for my Country,
And both beheld the Wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward Traitor.

Aëcius. All this Language
Makes but againſt you, *Pontius*, you are caſt,
And by mine Honour, and my Love to *Cæſar*,
By me ſhall never be reſtored; in my Camp
I will not have a Tongue, though to himſelf,
Dare talk but near Sedition; as I govern,
All ſhall obey; and when they want, their Duty
And ready Service ſhall redreſs their Needs,
Not prating what they would be.

Pon. Thus I leave ye,
Yet ſhall my Prayers ſtill, although my Fortunes
Muſt follow you no more, be ſtill about ye,
Gods give ye, where ye fight, the Victory,
Ye cannot caſt my Wiſhes.

Aëcius. Come my Lord,
Now to the Field again.

Max. Alas poor *Pontius!* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Chilax *at one Door*, Licinius *and* Balbus *at another.*

Lic. How now?
Chi. She's come.
Bal. Then I'll to the Emperor. [*Exit.*
Chi. Do; Is the Muſick plac'd well?
Lic. Excellent.
Chi. *Licinius*, you and *Proculus* receive her
In the great Chamber, at her Entrance,
Let me alone; and do you hear *Licinius*,
Pray let the Ladies ply her further off,
And with much more Diſcretion: One Word more.
Lic. Well.
Chi. Are the Jewels, and thoſe ropes of Pearl,
Laid in the way ſhe paſſes?

Enter Emperor, Balbus *and* Proculus.

Lic. Take no care, Man. [*Exit* Licinius.
Emp. What, is ſhe come?
Chi. She is, Sir; but 'twere beſt
Your Grace were ſeen laſt to her,
Emp. So I mean;
Keep the Court empty, *Proculus.*
Pro. 'Tis done, Sir.
Emp. Be not too ſudden to her.
Chi. Good your Grace
Retire, and Man yourſelf; let us alone
We are no Children this way: Do you hear, Sir?
'Tis neceſſary that her Waiting-women
Be cut off in the Lobby, by ſome Ladies,
They'd break the buſineſs elſe.
Emp. 'Tis true, they ſhall.
Chi. Remember your place, *Proculus.*
Pro. I warrant ye. [*Exeunt* Emp. Balb. *and* Pro.

Enter Lucina, Claudia, *and* Marcellina.

Chi. She enters; who are Waiters there? The Emperor Calls

Calls for his Horſe to air himſelf.
Luc. I'm glad
I come ſo happily to take him abſent,
This takes away a little fear; I know him,
Now I begin to fear again: Oh Honour,
If ever thou hadſt Temple in weak Woman,
And Sacrifice of Modeſty burnt to thee,
Hold me faſt now, and help me.
Chi. Noble Madam,
Ye're welcome to the Court, moſt nobly welcome,
Ye are a Stranger, Lady.
Luc. I deſire ſo.
Chi. A wondrous Stranger here,
Nothing ſo ſtrange:
And therefore need a Guide, I think.
Luc. I do, Sir,
And that a good one too.
Chi. My Service, Lady,
Shall be your Guard in this place: But pray tell me,
Are ye reſolv'd a Courtier?
Luc. No, I hope, Sir.
Clau. You are, Sir.
Chi. Yes, my fair one.
Clau. So it ſeems,
You are ſo ready to beſtow yourſelf.
Pray what might coſt thoſe Breeches?
Chi. Would you wear 'em?
Madam, ye have a witty Woman.
Mar. Two, Sir,
Or elſe ye underbuy us.
Luc. Leave your talking:
But is my Lord here, I beſeech ye, Sir?
Chi. He is, ſweet Lady, and muſt take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of ye, wondrous kindly,
Ye come ſo far to viſit him: I'll guide ye.
Luc. Whither?
Chi. Why, to your Lord.
Luc. Is it ſo hard, Sir,
To find him in this place without a Guide?
For I would willingly not trouble you.

Chi.

Chi. It will be ſo for you that are a Stranger;
Nor can it be a trouble to do ſervice
To ſuch a worthy Beauty, and beſides——
Mar. I ſee he will go with us.
Clau. Let him amble.
Chi. It fits not that a Lady of your reckoning,
Should paſs without Attendants.
Luc. I have two, Sir.
Chi. I mean without a Man: You'll ſee the Emperor?
Luc. Alas, I'm not fit, Sir.
Chi. You're well enough;
He'll take it wondrous kindly: Hark.
Luc. Ye flatter;
Good Sir, no more of that.
Chi. Well, I but tell ye.
Luc. Will ye go forward; ſince I muſt be Man'd,
Pray take your Place.
Clau. Cannot ye Man us too, Sir?
Chi. Give me but time.
Mar. And you'll try all things?
Chi. No,
I'll make ye no ſuch promiſe.
Claud. If ye do, Sir,
Take heed ye ſtand to't.
Chi. Wondrous merry Ladies. [Sir.
Luc. The Wenches are diſpos'd, pray keep your way,
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Licinius, Proculus, *and* Balbus.

Lic. She's coming up the Stairs; Now the Muſick;
And as that ſtirs her, let's ſet on: Perfumes there.
Pro. Diſcover all the Jewels.
Lic. Peace. [*Muſick.*

S O N G S

Now the luſty Spring is ſeen,
Golden Yellow, gaudy Blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every Green,

Roſes

Roſes bluſhing as they blow,
And inticing Men to pull,
Lillies whiter than the Snow,
Woodbines of ſweet Hony full.
All Love's Emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluck'd we die.

Yet the luſty Spring hath ſtaid,
Bluſhing red and pureſt white,
Daintily to Love invite,
Every Woman, every Maid;
Cherries kiſſing as they grow,
And inviting Men to taſte,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waſte,
All Love's Emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluck'd we die.

SECOND.

Hear ye, Ladies, that deſpiſe,
What the mighty Love has done,
Fear Examples, and be wiſe,
Fair Califto *was a Nun,*
Læda *ſailing on the Stream,*
To deceive the hopes of Man,
Love accounting but a Dream,
Doated on a ſilver Swan.
Danae *in a Brazen Tower,*
Where no Love was, lov'd a Shower.

Hear ye Ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do:
Fear the fierceneſs of the Boy,
The chaſte Moon he makes to woo:
Veſta *kindling holy Fires,*
Circled round about with Spies,
Never dreaming looſe Deſires,
Doating at the Altar dies.
Ilion *in a ſhort Hour higher,*
He can build, and once more fire.

Enter

Enter Chilax, Lucina, Claudia, *and* Marcellina.

Luc. Pray Heav'n my Lord be here, for now I fear it.
Well Ring, if thou bee'ſt counterfeit, or ſtol'n,
As by this Preparation I ſuſpect it,
Thou haſt betray'd thy Miſtreſs: Pray, Sir, forward,
I would fain ſee my Lord.
Chi. But tell me, Madam,
How do ye like the Song?
Luc. I like the Air well,
But for the Words, they are laſcivious,
And over-light for Ladies.
Chi. All ours love 'em.
Luc. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving Ladies.
Lic. Madam, ye're welcome to the Court. Who waits?
Attendants for this Lady.
Luc. Ye miſtake, Sir;
I bring no Triumph with me.
Lic. But much Honour.
Pro. Why this was nobly done, and like a Neighbour;
So freely of yourſelf to be a Viſitant,
The Emperor ſhall give ye thanks for this.
Luc. O no, Sir;
There's nothing to deſerve 'em.
Pro. Yes, your Preſence.
Luc. Good Gentlemen be patient, and believe
I come to ſee my Husband, on Command too,
I were no Courtier elſe.
Lic. That's all one, Lady,
Now ye are here, you're welcome; and the Emperor,
Who loves ye but too well——
Luc. No more of that, Sir,
I came not to be Catechiz'd.
Pro. Ah, Sirrah;
And have we got you here? faith, Noble Lady,
We'll keep ye one Month Courtier.
Luc. Gods defend, Sir,
I never lik'd a Trade worſe.
Pro. Hark ye.
Luc. No, Sir.

Pro.

Pro. Ye're grown the ſtrangeſt Lady.
Luc. How?
Pro. By Heav'n,
'Tis true I tell ye, and you'll find it.
Luc. I?
I'll rather find my Grave, and ſo inform him.
Pro. Is it not pity, Gentlemen, this Lady
(Nay, I'll deal roughly with ye, yet not hurt ye)
Should live alone, and give ſuch heav'nly Beauty
Only to Walls and Hangings?
Luc. Good Sir, Patience:
I am no Wonder, neither come to that end,
Ye do my Lord an injury to ſtay me,
Who, though you are the Prince's, yet dare tell ye,
He keeps no Wife for your ways.
Bal. Well, well, Lady;
However you are pleas'd to think of us,
Ye're welcome, and ye ſhall be welcome.
Luc. Shew it
In that I come for then, in leading me
Where my Jov'd Lord is, not in flattery:
[*Jewels ſhew'd.*
Nay ye may draw the Curtain, I have ſeen 'em,
But none worth half my Honeſty.
Clau. Are theſe, Sir,
Laid here to take?
Pro. Yes, for your Lady, Gentlewomen.
Mar. We had been doing elſe.
Bal. Meaner Jewels
Would fit your Worths.
Clau. And meaner Cloaths your Bodies.
Luc. The Gods ſhall kill me firſt.
Lic. There's better dying
I'th' Emperor's Arms; go to, but be not angry——
Theſe are but Talks, ſweet Lady.

Enter Phorba *and* Ardelia.

Phor. Where is this Stranger? Ruſhes, Ladies, Ruſhes,
Ruſhes as green as Summer for this Stranger.
Pro. Here's Ladies come to ſee you.

Luc.

Luc. You are gone then?
I take it 'tis your *Cue.*
Pro. Or rather Manners;
You're better fitted, Madam, we but tire ye,
Therefore we'll leave ye for an Hour, and bring
Your much lov'd Lord unto you. [*Exeunt.*
Luc. Then I'll thank ye.
I am betray'd for certain; well *Lucina,*
If thou doſt fall from Virtue, may the Earth,
That after Death ſhould ſhoot up Gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living Goodneſs into Branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot Sun find thy Vices.
Phor. You are a welcome Woman.
Ard. Bleſs me Heav'n,
How did you find the way to Court?
Luc. I know not;
Would I had never trod it.
Phor. Prithee tell me,
Good Noble Lady, and good ſweet Heart love us,
For we love thee extreamly; is not this Place
A Paradiſe to live in?
Luc. To thoſe People
That know no other Paradiſe but Pleaſure;
That little I enjoy contents me better.
Ard. What, heard ye any Muſick yet?
Luc. Too much.
Phor. You muſt not be thus froward; what, this Gown
Is one o'th' prettieſt by my Troth, *Ardelia,*
I ever ſaw yet; 'twas not to frown in, Lady,
Ye put this Gown on when ye came.
Ard. How do ye?
Alas poor Wretch, how cold it is!
Luc. Content ye;
I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If ye will let me be ſo: Where's my Lord?
For there's the buſineſs that I came for, Ladies.
Phor. We'll lead ye to him, he's i'th' Gallery.
Ard. We'll ſhew ye all the Court too.
Luc. Shew me him,

And ye have ſhew'd me all I come to look on.
Phor. Come on, we'll be your Guides, and as ye go,
We have ſome pretty Tales to tell ye, Lady,
Shall make ye merry too; ye come not here,
To be a ſad *Lucina*.
Luc. Would I might not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chilax *and* Balbus.

Chi. Now the ſoft Muſick; *Balbus* run.
Bal. I fly, Boy. [*Exit* Balbus.
Chi. The Women by this time are worming of her,——
If ſhe can hold out them, the Emperor [*Muſick.*
Takes her to task: He has her; hark the Muſick.

Enter Emperor *and* Lucina.

Luc. Good your Grace,
Where are my Women, Sir?
Emp. They are wiſe, beholding
What you think ſcorn to look on, the Court's Bravery:
Would you have run away ſo ſtily, Lady,
And not have ſeen me?
Luc. I beſeech your Majeſty,
Conſider what I am, and whoſe.
Emp. I do ſo.
Luc. Believe me, I ſhall never make a Whore, Sir.
Emp. A Friend ye may, and to that Man that loves ye,
More than you love your Virtue.
Luc. Sacred *Cæſar*.
Emp. You ſhall not kneel to me, Sweet.
Luc. Look upon me,
And if ye be ſo cruel to abuſe me,
Think how the Gods will take it; Does this Beauty
Afflict your Soul? I'll hide it from you ever,
Nay more, I will become ſo leprous,
That ye ſhall curſe me from ye; My dear Lord
Has ſerv'd ye ever truly, fought your Battels,
As if he daily long'd to die for *Cæſar*;
Was never Traitor, Sir, nor never tainted
In all the Actions of his Life.
Emp. I know it.

Luc.

Luc. His Fame and Family have grown together,
And ſpread together (14) like two ſailing Cedars,
Over the *Roman* Diadem; oh let not,
As ye have any Fleſh that's human in you,
The having of a modeſt Wife decline him,
Let not my Virtue be the Wedge to break him;
I do not think ye are laſcivious,
Theſe wanton Men belye ye, you are *Cæſar*,
Which is the Father of the Empire's Honour,
Ye are too near the Nature of the Gods,
To wrong the weakeſt of all Creatures, Women.
Emp. I dare not do it here. Riſe fair *Lucina*,
I did but try your Temper, ye are honeſt,
And with the Commendations wait on that
I'll lead ye to your Lord, and ye to him:
Wipe your fair Eyes: He that endeavours Ill,
May well delay, but never quench his Hell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Chilax, Licinius, Proculus, *and* Balbus.

Chi. 'TIS done, *Licinius*.
Lic. How?
Chi. I ſhame to tell it,
If there be any Juſtice, we are Villains,
And muſt be ſo rewarded.
Bal. If it be done,
I take it 'tis no time now to repent it;
Let's make the beſt o'th' Trade.
Pro. Now Veng'ance take it.
Why ſhould not he have ſettled on a Beauty,
Whoſe Honeſty ſtuck in a piece of Tiſſue,
Or one a Ring might rule, or ſuch a one
That had an itching Husband to be honourable,

(14) —— *like* to ſailing *Cedars*,] Mr. *Sympſon* juſtly reads *two ſailing Cedars*, as anſwering to his Fame and Family.

And Ground to get it: If he muſt have Women,
And no allay without 'em, why not thoſe
(15) That know the Myſtery, and are beſt able
To play again with Judgment? Such as ſhe is,
Grant they be won with long Siege, endleſs Travel,
And brought to Opportunity with Millions,
Yet when they come to Motion, their cold Virtue
Keeps 'em like Cakes of Ice; I'll melt a Chriſtal,
And make a dead Flint fire himſelf, e'er they
Give greater Heat, than now-departing Embers
Give to old Men that watch 'em.

Lic. A good Whore
Had ſav'd all this, and happily as wholſome,
Ay, and the thing once done too, as well thought of;
But this ſame Chaſtity forſooth.

Pro. A Pox on't.
Why ſhould not Women be as free as we are?
They are, but not in open, and far freer,
And the more bold ye bear yourſelf, more Welcome;
And there is nothing ye dare ſay, but Truth,
But they dare hear.

Enter Emperor and Lucina.

Chi. The Emperor! Away,
And if we can repent, let's Home and pray. [*Exeunt.*

Emp. Your only Virtue now is Patience,
Take heed, and ſave your Honour; if you talk——

Luc. As long as there is Motion in my Body,
And Life to give me Words, I'll cry for Juſtice.

Emp. Juſtice ſhall never hear ye, I am Juſtice.

Luc. Wilt thou not kill me, Monſter, Raviſher,
Thou bitter Bane o'th' Empire, look upon me,
And if thy guilty Eyes dare ſee theſe Ruins,
Thy wild Luſt hath laid level with Diſhonour;
The Sacrilegious Razing of this Temple,
The Mother of thy black Sins would have bluſh'd at;

(15) *That know the* Miſery,——] The groſs Miſtake of *Miſery* for *Myſtery* has run through the former Editions. It not only occurr'd to myſelf, but Mr. *Sympſon* and another Friend both ſent it me as their Conjecture, and I find Mr. *Theobald* had prevented us all.

Behold

Behold and curſe thyſelf; the Gods will find thee,
That's all my Refuge now, for they are Righteous,
Vengeance and Horror circle thee; the Empire,
In which thou liv'ſt a ſtrong continued Surfeit,
Like Poiſon will diſgorge thee, good Men raze thee
(16) For ever being read again; all virtuous
Women, and fearful Maids, make Vows againſt thee;
Thy own Slaves, if they hear of this, ſhall hate thee;
And thoſe thou haſt corrupted, firſt fall from thee;
And if thou let'ſt me live, the Soldier,
Tir'd with thy Tyrannies, break through Obedience,
And ſhake his ſtrong Steel at thee.

Emp. This prevails not;
Nor any Agony ye utter, Lady.
If I have done a Sin, curſe her that drew me,
Curſe the firſt Cauſe, the Witchcraft that abus'd me,
Curſe thoſe fair Eyes, and curſe that heav'nly Beauty,
And curſe your being good too.

Luc. Glorious Thief,
What Reſtitution canſt thou make to ſave me?

Emp. I'll ever Love, and Honour you.

Luc. Thou can'ſt not,
For that which was mine Honour, thou haſt murder'd,
And can there be a Love in Violence?

Emp. You ſhall be only mine.

Luc. Yet I like better
Thy Villany, than Flattery, that's thine own,
The other baſely counterfeit; fly from me,
Or for thy Safety ſake and Wiſdom kill me,
For I am worſe than thou art; thou may'ſt pray,

(16) *For ever being read again,*——but vicious
Women, and fearful Maids, make Vows againſt thee;] Thus ſtood the old Text, and, I believe, whoever conſiders it will agree that by an odd Confuſion of Ideas, the Word *vicious* is put inſtead of its Reverſe, *virtuous*. And it is not very unnatural for a Tranſcriber or Printer to put ſome Word into the Context that is accidentally raiſed in his Mind by a Glimpſe of the true one: And Words as often raiſe an Idea of their direct Oppoſites, as of thoſe Words that have an Affinity to them. Thus Black and White, Virtue and Vice, Wiſdom and Folly, Truth and Falſhood, *&c.* by their very Oppoſition have a near Connexion in our Ideas.

And ſo recover Grace; I'm loſt for ever,
And if thou let'ſt me live, thou'rt loſt thyſelf too.
Emp. I fear no Loſs but Love, I ſtand above it.
Luc. Call in your Lady Bawds, and gilded Pandars,
And let them triumph too, and ſing to *Cæſar*,
Lucina's fallen, the chaſte *Lucina*'s conquer'd;
Gods, what a wretched Thing has this Man made me?
For I am now no Wife for *Maximus*,
No Company for Women that are virtuous,
No Family I now can claim, nor Country,
Nor Name, but *Cæſar*'s Whore; O ſacred *Cæſar*,
(For that ſhould be your Title) was your Empire,
Your Rods, and Axes, that are Types of Juſtice,
Thoſe Fires that ever burn, to beg you bleſſings,
The Peoples Adoration, Fear of Nations,
What Victory can bring ye Home, what elſe
The uſeful Elements can make your Servants,
(17) Even Light itſelf, and Sons of Light, Truth, Juſtice,
Mercy, and Star-like Piety, ſent to you,
And from the Gods themſelves, to raviſh Women?
The Curſes that I owe to Enemies,
Even thoſe the *Sabines* ſent, when *Romulus*
(As thou haſt me) raviſh'd their noble Maids,
Made more, and heavier, light on thee.
Emp. This helps not.
Luc. The Sins of *Tarquin* be remember'd in thee,
And where there has a chaſte Wife been abus'd,
Let it be thine, the Shame thine, thine the Slaughter,
And laſt for ever, thine, the fear'd Example.
Where ſhall poor Virtue live, now I am fall'n?
What can your Honours now, and Empire make me,
But a more glorious Whore?

(17) *Even Light itſelf, and* Suns *of Light, Truth, Juſtice, Mercy, and Star-like Piety,*——] This noble Paſſage ſeems, if I may be allow'd the Expreſſion, obſcur'd by too much Light; Part of which, I believe, is not genuine. To call Truth, Juſtice, and Piety *Suns* may be allow'd, but *Suns of Light* is both ſtiff and tautological; and after they are call'd *Suns*, the additional Epithet of *Star-like* is an uſeleſs Anticlimax. I doubt not but that the true Reading was *Sons of Light*.

Emp.

Emp. A better Woman:
But if ye will be blind, and ſcorn it, who can help it?
Come leave theſe Lamentations, they do nothing,
But make a Noiſe, I am the ſame Man ſtill,
Were it to do again; therefore be wiſer,
By all this holy Light, I ſhould attempt it,
Ye are ſo Excellent, and made to raviſh,
There were no Pleaſure in you elſe.

Luc. Oh Villain!

Emp. So bred for Man's amazement, that my Reaſon
And every help to hold me right has loſt me;
The God of Love himſelf had been before me,
Had he but Power to ſee ye; tell me juſtly,
How can I chuſe but err then? If ye dare,
Be mine, and only mine, for ye're ſo precious,
I envy any other ſhould enjoy ye,
Almoſt look on ye; and your daring Husband
Shall know h'as kept an Off'ring from the Empire,
Too Holy for his Altars; be the mightieſt,
More than myſelf I'll make it: If ye will not,
Sit down with this, and ſilence; for which Wiſdom
Ye ſhall have Uſe of me, and much Honour ever,
And be the ſame you were; if ye divulge it,
Know I am far above the Faults I do,
And thoſe I do, I am able to forgive too;
And where your Credit in the Knowledge of it,
May be with Gloſs enough ſuſpected, mine
Is as mine own Command ſhall make it: Princes,
Though they be ſometime ſubject to looſe Whiſpers,
Yet wear they two-edg'd Swords for open Cenſures:
Your Husband cannot help ye, nor the Soldier;
Your Husband is my Creature, they my Weapons,
And only where I bid 'em, ſtrike; I feed 'em.
Nor can the Gods be angry at this Action,
For as they make me moſt, they mean me happieſt,
Which I had never been without this Pleaſure:
Conſider, and farewel: You'll find your Women
At Home before ye, they have had ſome Sport too,
But are more thankful for it. [*Exit Emperor.*

Luc. Deſtruction find th

Now which way muſt I go? My honeſt Houſe
Will ſhake to ſhelter me, my Husband fly me,
My Family,
Becauſe they're Honeſt, and deſire to be ſo,
Muſt not endure me, not a Neighbour know me:
What Woman now dare ſee me without Bluſhes,
And pointing as I paſs: There, there, behold her,
Look on her little Children, that is ſhe,
That handſome Lady, mark. O my ſad Fortunes!
Is this the end of Goodneſs, this the Price
Of all my early Prayers to protect me?
Why then I ſee there is no God but Power,
Nor Virtue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either Lame or Senſual,
How had I been thus wretched elſe?

Enter Maximus *and* Aëcius.

Aëcius. Let *Titius*
Command the Company that *Pontius* loſt,
And ſee the Foſſes deeper.
Max. How now ſweet Heart,
What make you here, and thus?
Aëcius. Lucina weeping?
This muſt be much Offence.
Max. Look up and tell me,
Why are you thus? My Ring? O Friend, I've found it!
Ye were at Court, Sweet?
Luc. Yes, this brought me thither.
Max. Riſe, and go Home: I have my Fears, *Aëcius*;
Oh my beſt Friend, I'm ruin'd; go *Lucina*,
Already in thy Tears, I've read thy Wrongs,
Already found a *Cæſar*; go thou Lily,
Thou ſweet drooping Flow'r: Go ſilver Swan,
And ſing thine own ſad Requiem: Go *Lucina*,
And if thou dar'ſt, out-live this Wrong.
Luc. I dare not.
Aëcius. Is that the Ring ye loſt,
Max. That, that, *Aëcius*,
That curſed Ring, myſelf, and all my Fortunes:
'T has pleas'd the Emperor, my noble Maſter,

For

For all my Services, and Dangers for him,
To make me mine own Pandar; was this Juſtice
Oh my *Aëcius*, have I liv'd to bear this?
Luc. Farewel for ever, Sir.
Max. That's a ſad ſaying;
But ſuch a one becomes ye well, *Lucina:*
And yet methinks we ſhould not part ſo lightly,
Our Loves have been of longer growth, more rooted
Than the ſharp Word of one Farewel can ſcatter.
Kiſs me: I find no *Cæſar* here; theſe Lips
Taſte not of Raviſher in my Opinion.
Was it not ſo?
Luc. O! Yes.
Max. I dare believe thee,
For thou wert ever Truth itſelf, and Sweetneſs:
Indeed ſhe was, *Aëcius.*
Aëcius. So ſhe is ſtill.
Max. Once more: O my *Lucina*; O my Comfort,
The Bleſſing of my Youth, Life of my Life.
Aëcius. I've ſeen enough to ſtagger my Obedience;
Hold me ye equal Gods, this is too ſinful.
Max. Why wert thou choſen out to make a Whore of?
To me thou wert too chaſte: Fall Chriſtal Fountains,
And ever feed your Streams you riſing Sorrows,
Till you have dropt your Miſtreſs into Marble.
Now go for ever from me.
Luc. Long farewel, Sir.
And as I have been Loyal, Gods think on me.
Max. Stay, let me once more bid Farewel, *Lucina,*
Farewel thou excellent Example of us,
Thou ſtarry Virtue, fare thee well, ſeek Heav'n,
And there by *Caſſiopeia* ſhine in Glory,
We are too baſe and dirty to preſerve thee.
Aëcius. Nay, I muſt kiſs too: Such a Kiſs again,
And from a Woman of ſo ripe a Virtue,
Aëcius muſt not take: Farewel thou *Phœnix,*
If thou wilt die, *Lucina*; which well weigh'd
If you can ceaſe a while from theſe ſtrange Thoughts,
I wiſh were rather alter'd.
Luc. No.

Aëcius.

Aëcius. Miſtake not.
I would not ſtain your Honour for the Empire,
Nor any way decline you to Diſcredit,
'Tis not my fair Profeſſion, but a Villain's:
I find and feel your Loſs as deep as you do,
And am the ſame *Aëcius*, ſtill as Honeſt,
The ſame Life I have ſtill for *Maximus*,
The ſame Sword wear for you, where Juſtice wills me,
And 'tis no dull one: Therefore miſconceive not:
Only I'd have you live a little longer,
But a ſhort Year.
Max. She muſt not.
Luc. Why ſo long, Sir,
Am I not grey enough with Grief already?
Aëcius. To draw from that wild Man a ſweet Repentance,
And Goodneſs in his Days to come.
Max. They are ſo,
And will be ever coming, my *Aëcius*.
Aëcius. For who knows, but the ſight of you, preſenting
His ſwoln Sins at the full, and your fair Virtues,
May like a fearful Viſion fright his Follies,
And once more bend him right again, which Bleſſing
(If your dark Wrongs would give you leave to read)
Is more than Death, and the Reward more glorious:
Death only eaſes you; this, the whole Empire:
Beſides compell'd, and forc'd with Violence,
To what ye've done, the Deed is none of yours,
No nor the Juſtice neither; ye may live,
And ſtill a worthier Woman, ſtill more honour'd:
For are thoſe Trees the worſe we tear the Fruits from?
Or ſhould the Eternal Gods deſire to periſh,
Becauſe we daily violate their Truths,
Which is the Chaſtity of Heav'n? No, Lady,
If ye dare live, ye may: And as our Sins
Makes them more full of Equity and Juſtice,
So this compulſive Wrong makes you more perfect:
The Empire too will bleſs ye.
Max. Noble Sir,
If ſhe were any thing to me but Honour,

And

And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
Not to be worn away without my Being;
Or could the Wrong be hers alone, or mine,
Or both our Wrongs, not ty'd to after Iſſues,
Not born anew in all our Names and Kindreds,
I would deſire her live; nay more, compel her:
But ſince it was not Youth, but Malice did it;
And not her own, nor mine, but both our Loſſes,
Nor ſtays it there, but that our Names muſt find it,
Ev'n thoſe to come; and when they read, ſhe liv'd,
Muſt they not ask how often ſhe was raviſh'd,
And make a doubt ſhe lov'd that more than Wedlock?
Therefore ſhe muſt not live.

Aëcius. Therefore ſhe muſt live,
To teach the World ſuch Deaths are ſuperſtitious.

Luc. The Tongues of Angels cannot alter me;
For could the World again reſtore my Credit,
As fair and abſolute as firſt I bred it,
That World I ſhould not truſt again. The Empire
By my Life can get nothing but my Story,
Which whilſt I Breathe muſt be but his Abuſes:
And where ye counſel me to live, that *Cæſar*
May ſee his Errors, and repent, I'll tell ye,
His Penitence is but Encreaſe of Pleaſures,
His Prayers never ſaid but to deceive us;
And when he weeps, as you think for his Vices,
'Tis but as killing Drops from baleful Eugh-Trees
That rot their honeſt Neighbour: If he can grieve,
As one that yet deſires his free Converſion,
And almoſt glories in his Penitence,
I'll leave him Robes to mourn in, my ſad Aſhes.

Aëcius. The farewels then of happy Souls be with thee,
And to thy Memory be ever ſung
The Praiſes of a juſt and conſtant Lady;
This ſad Day whilſt I live, a Soldier's Tears
I'll offer on thy Monument, and bring
Full of thy noble ſelf with Tears untold yet,
Many a worthy Wife, to weep thy Ruin.

Max. All that is Chaſte, upon thy Tomb ſhall flouriſh,
All living Epitaphs be thine; Time, Story,

And

And what is left behind to piece our Lives,
Shall be no more abus'd with Tales and Trifles,
But full of thee, ſtand to Eternity.
Aëcius. Once more farewel, go find *Elyſium*,
There where the happy Souls are crown'd with Bleſſings,
There where 'tis ever Spring, and ever Summer.
Max. There where no bed-rid Juſtice comes; Truth, Honour,
Are Keepers of that bleſſed Place; go thither,
For here thou liveſt chaſte Fire in rotten Timber.
Aëcius. And ſo our laſt Farewels.
Max. Gods give thee Juſtice. [*Exit* Lucina.
Aëcius. His Thoughts begin to work; I fear him, yet
He ever was a noble *Roman*, but
I know not what to think on't, he hath ſuffer'd
Beyond a Man, if he ſtand this.
Max. Aëcius,
Am I alive, or has a dead Sleep ſeiz'd me?
It was my Wife the Emperor abus'd thus;
And I muſt ſay, I'm glad I had her for him;
Muſt I not, my *Aëcius?*
Aëcius. I am ſtricken
With ſuch a ſtiff Amazement, that no Anſwer
Can readily come from me, nor no Comfort:
Will ye go Home, or go to my Houſe?
Max. Neither:
I have no Home, and you are mad, *Aëcius*,
To keep me Company, I am a Fellow
My own Sword would forſake, not ty'd unto me:
A Pandar is a Prince, to what I'm fallen;
By Heav'n I dare do nothing.
Aëcius. Ye do better.
Max. I'm made a branded Slave, *Aecius*,
And yet I bleſs the Maker;
Death O' my Soul, muſt I endure this tamely?
Muſt *Maximus* be mention'd for his Tales?
I am a Child too; what ſhould I do railing?
I cannot mend myſelf, 'tis *Cæſar* did it,
And what am I to him?
Aëcius. 'Tis well conſider'd;

However

However you are tainted, be no Traitor.
Time may out-wear the firſt, the laſt lives ever.
Max. O that thou wert not living, and my Friend.
Aëcius. I'll bear a wary Eye upon your Actions,
I fear ye *Maximus*, nor can I blame thee
If thou break'ſt out, for by the Gods thy Wrong
Deſerves a general Ruin: Do ye love me?
Max. That's all I have to live on.
Aëcius. Then go with me,
Ye ſhall not to your own Houſe.
Max. Nor to any;
My Griefs are greater far than Walls can compaſs,
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous, and O' my Conſcience
Should I now ſee the Emperor i'th' heat on't,
I ſhould not chide him for't, an Awe runs through me,
I feel it ſenſibly, that binds me to it,
'Tis at my Heart now, there it ſits and rules,
And 'tis methinks a Pleaſure to obey it.
Aëcius. This is a Mask to cozen me; I know ye,
And how far ye dare do; no *Roman* farther,
Nor with more fearleſs Valour; and I'll watch ye:
Keep that Obedience ſtill.
Max. Is a Wife's loſs
(For her abuſe, much good may do his Grace,
I'll make as bold with his Wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few freſh Colours,
More than a luſty Spring loſt?
Aëcius. No more, *Maximus*,
To one that truly lives. *Max.* Why then I care not,
I can live well enough, *Aëcius.*
For look you, Friend, for Virtue, and thoſe Trifles,
They may be bought, they ſay.
Aëcius. He's craz'd a little,
His Grief has made him talk things from his Nature.
Max. But Chaſtity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in *Rome*, unleſs it be beſpoken
A hundred Year before; is it *Aëcius?*
By'r Lady, and well handled too i'th' breeding.
Aëcius. Will ye go any way?

Max.

Max. I'll tell thee, Friend,
If my Wife for all this ſhould be a Whore now,
A kind of kicker out of Sheets, 'twould vex me,
For I'm not angry yet; the Emperor
Is young and handſome, and the Woman Fleſh,
And may not theſe two couple without ſcratching?
Aëcius. Alas, my noble Friend.
Max. Alas not me,
I am not wretched, for there's no Man miſerable
But he that makes himſelf ſo.
Aëcius. Will ye walk yet?
Max. Come, come, ſhe dare not die, Friend, that's the truth on't,
She knows the inticing Sweets and Delicacies
Of a young Prince's pleaſures, and I thank her,
She's made a way for *Maximus* to riſe by:
Will't not become me bravely? Why do you think
She wept, and ſaid ſhe was Raviſh'd? Keep it here
And I'll diſcover to you.
Aëcius. Well.
Max. She knows
I love no bitten Fleſh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, ſhe contriv'd this Knavery;
Was it not monſtrous, Friend?
Aëcius. Does he but ſeem ſo,
Or is he mad indeed?
Max. O Gods, my Heart!
Aëcius. Would it wou'd fairly break.
Max. Methinks I'm ſomewhat wilder than I was,
And yet I thank the Gods I know my Duty.

Enter Claudia.

Clau. Nay ye may ſpare your Tears; ſhe's dead, ſhe is ſo.
Max. Why ſo it ſhould be: How?
Clau. When firſt ſhe enter'd
Into her Houſe, after a world of weeping,
(18) And bluſhing like the Sun-ſet, that we ſaw her;
Dare

(18) *And bluſhing like the Sun-ſet,* as we ſee her;] The latter Part of this Line ſeems a meer Fill-up; but, I believe, was a noble Sentiment in the Original, which I hope is now reſtored. *Lucina* bluſh'd to

Dare I, ſaid ſhe, defile this Houſe with Whore,
In which his noble Family has flouriſh'd?
At which ſhe fell, and ſtir'd no more; we rub'd her.
Max. No more of that; be gone. Now my *Aëcius*,
[*Exit* Claudia.
If thou wilt do me pleaſure, weep a little,
I am ſo parch'd I cannot: Your Example
Has brought the Rain down now: Now lead me, Friend,
And as we walk together, let's pray together truly,
I may not fall from Faith.
Aëcius. That's nobly ſpoken.
Max. Was I not wild, *Aëcius*?
Aëcius. Somewhat troubled.
Max. I felt no Sorrow then: Now I'll go with ye,
But do not name the Woman: Fye, what Fool
Am I to weep thus? Gods, *Lucina*, take thee,
For thou wert ev'n the beſt, and worthieſt Lady.
Aëcius. Good Sir, no more, I ſhall be melted with it.
Max. I've done, and good Sir comfort me.
Would there were Wars now.
Aëcius. Settle your Thoughts, come.
Max. So I have now, Friend,
Of my deep Lamentations here's an end. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pontius, Phidias, *and* Aretus.

Phi. By my Faith, Captain *Pontius*, beſides pity
Of your fall'n Fortunes, what to ſay I know not,
For 'tis too true the Emperor deſires not,
But my beſt Maſter, any Soldier near him.
Are. And when he underſtands, he caſt your Fortunes
For Diſobedience, how can we incline him
(That are but under Perſons to his Favours)
To any fair Opinion? Can ye Sing?
Pon. Not to pleaſe him, *Aretus*, for my Songs
Go not to th' Lute, or Viol, but to th' Trumpet,

to be look'd upon by us, as Shame would hide its Head from all its Acquaintance. If the old Reading may be thought to give this Idea, and the Reader thinks he could have collected it from it without the Change, I am willing to ſubmit; ſo that the true Senſe be retain'd, it is of ſmall Conſequence whether we read *as* or *that*.

My

My Tune kept on a Target, and my Subject
The well-ſtruck Wounds of Men, not Love, or Women.
Phi. And thoſe he underſtands not.
Pon. He ſhould, *Phidias.*
Are. Could you not leave this killing way a little?
You muſt, if here you'd plant yourſelf, and rather
Learn as we do, to like what thoſe affect
That are above us: Wear their Actions,
And think they keep us warm too: What they ſay,
Though oftentimes they ſpeak a little fooliſhly,
Not ſtay to conſtrue, but prepare to execute,
And think however the end falls, the buſineſs
Cannot run empty-handed.
Phi. Can ye flatter,
And if it were put to you, lie a little?
Pon. Yes, if it be a Living.
Are. That's well ſaid then.
Pon. But muſt theſe Lies and Flatteries be believ'd, then?
Phi. Oh yes, by any means.
Pon. By any means then,
I cannot lie, nor flatter.
Are. You muſt ſwear too?
If ye be there.
Pon. I can ſwear, if they move me.
Phi. Cannot ye forſwear too.
Pon. The Court for ever,
If it be grown ſo wicked.
Are. You ſhould procure a little too.
Pon. What's that?
Mens honeſt ſayings for my Truth?
Are. Oh no, Sir:
But Womens honeſt Actions for your trial.
Pon. Do you do all theſe things?
Phi. Do you not like 'em?
Pon. Do ye ask me ſeriouſly, or trifle with me?
I am not ſo low yet, to be your Mirth.
Are. You do miſtake us, Captain, for ſincerely,
We ask you how you like 'em?
Pon. Then ſincerely

I tell ye I abhor 'em: They are ill ways,
And I will ſtarve before I fall into 'em.
The doers of 'em Wretches, their baſe hungers
Cares not whoſe Bread they eat, nor how they get it.
Are. What then, Sir?
Pon. If you profeſs this Wickedneſs,
Becauſe ye have been Soldiers, and born Arms,
The Servants of the brave *Aëcius*,
And by him put to th' Emperor, give me leave,
Or I muſt take it elſe, to ſay ye're Villains,
For all your Golden Coats, debauſh'd, baſe Villains,
Yet I do wear a Sword to tell ye ſo:
Is this the way you mark out for a Soldier,
A Man that has commanded for the Empire,
And born the Reputation of a Man?
Are there not lazy things enough call'd Fools and Cowards,
And poor enough to be preferr'd for Pandars,
But wanting Soldiers muſt be Knaves too? ha:
This the trim courſe of Life: Were not ye born Bawds,
And ſo inherit but your Rights? I am poor,
And may expect a worſe; yet digging, pruning,
Mending of broken Ways, carrying of Water,
Planting of Worts, and Onions, any thing
That's honeſt and a Man's, I'll rather chuſe,
Ay, and live better on it, which is juſter,
Drink my well-gotten Water with more Pleaſure,
When my Endeavour's done, and Wages paid me,
Than you do Wine, eat my courſe Bread not curſt,
And mend upon't. (Your Diets are Diſeaſes)
And ſleep as ſoundly, when my Labour bids me,
As any forward Pandar of ye all,
And riſe a great deal honeſter; my Garments,
Though not as yours, the ſoft ſins of the Empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting Wind out,
When every ſingle Breath of poor Opinion
Finds you through all your Velvets.
Are. You have hit it,
Nor are we thoſe we ſeem; the Lord *Aëcius*
Put us good Men to th' Emperor, ſo we have ſerv'd him,
Though much neglected for it: So dare be ſtill:

Your Curſes are not ours: We've ſeen your Fortune,
But yet know no way to redeem it: Means,
Such as we have, ye ſhall not want, brave *Pontius*,
But pray be temperate, if we can wipe out
The way of your Offences, we are yours, Sir;
And you ſhall live at Court an honeſt Man too.

Phi. That little Meat and Means we have, we'll ſhare it,
Fear not to be as we are; what we told ye,
Were but meer trials of your Truth: You're worthy,
And ſo we'll ever hold ye; ſuffer better,
And then ye are a right Man, *Pontius*;
If my good Maſter be not ever angry,
Ye ſhall command again.

Pon. I have found two good Men:
Uſe my Life,
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. There's no way elſe to do it, he muſt die,
This Friend muſt die, this Soul of *Maximus*,
Without whom I am nothing but my Shame,
This perfectneſs that keeps me from Opinion,
Muſt die, or I muſt live thus branded ever:
A hard choice, and a fatal; Gods ye have given me
A way to credit, but the Ground to go on,
Ye have levell'd with that precious Life I love moſt,
Yet I muſt on, and through; for if I offer
To take my way without him, like a Sea
He bears his high Command, 'twixt me and Vengeance,
And in my own Road ſinks me. He is honeſt,
Of a moſt conſtant Loyalty to *Cæſar*,
And when he ſhall but doubt, I dare attempt him,
But make a queſtion of his Ill, but ſay
What is a *Cæſar*, that he dare do this,
(19) Dead-ſure he cuts me off: *Aëcius* dies,

(19) *Dead ſure he cuts me off:* —] I read *Dead-ſure* with a Hyphen, and underſtand by it the common Expreſſion, *As ſure as Death.*

Or

Or I have loſt myſelf: Why ſhould I kill him?
Why ſhould I kill myſelf? for 'tis my killing,
Aëcius is my Root, and wither him,
Like a decaying Branch, I fall to nothing.
Is he not more to me, than Wife; than *Caſtr*
Though I had now my ſafe Revenge upon him?
(20) Is he not more than Rumour, and his Friendſhip
Sweeter than th' love of Women? What is Honour
We all ſo ſtrangely are bewitch'd withal?
Can it relieve me if I want? he has;
Can Honour, 'twixt the incenſed Prince, and Envy,
Bear up the Lives of worthy Men? he has;
Can Honour pull the Wings of fearful Cowards,
And make 'em turn again like Tigers? he has,
And I have liv'd to ſee this, and preſerv'd ſo;
Why ſhould this empty word incite me then
To what is ill, and cruel? let her periſh:
A Friend is more than all the World, than Honour;
She is a Woman, and her Loſs the leſs,
And with her go my Griefs: But hark ye, *Maximus*,
Was ſhe not yours? Did ſhe not die, to tell ye
She was a Raviſh'd Woman? Did not Juſtice
Nobly begin with her, that not deſerv'd it,
And ſhall he live that did it? Stay a little,
Can this Abuſe die here? Shall not Mens Tongues
Diſpute it afterward, and ſay I gave
(Affecting dull Obedience, and tame Duty,
And led away with fondneſs of a Friendſhip)
The only Virtue of the World to Slander?
Is not this certain, was not ſhe a chaſte one,

(20) *Is he not more than* Rumour,——] Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* both ſuſpect the Word *Rumour*, and think that *Honour* was probably the Original. But as *Honour*, in this Place, muſt ſignify exactly the ſame with *Rumour*, the Poets ſeem to have judiciouſly aſcertained the true Meaning of what follows, by uſing *Rumour* here. As our Poets muſt probably have had in view *Falſtaff*'s comick Catechiſm concerning *Honour*, ſo they ſeem to have imitated the Sublimity of a Paſſage in *Cicero*'s *Philippics*, where the Satire againſt *Antony* is exaggerated by Queſtion and Anſwer in like manner. They were not, therefore, deterred from a beautiful Turn of Oratory, merely becauſe it had been before uſed in Burleſque.

And ſuch a one, that no compare dwelt with her,
One of ſo ſweet a Virtue, that *Aëcius*,
Ev'n he himſelf, this Friend that holds me from it,
Out of his worthy Love to me, and Juſtice,
Had it not been on *Cæſar*, he'd reveng'd her?
By Heav'n he told me ſo; what ſhall I do then?

Enter a Servant.

Can other Men affect it, and I cold?
I fear he muſt not live.
Serv. My Lord, the General
Is come to ſeek ye.
Max. Go, intreat him enter:
O brave *Aëcius*, I could wiſh thee now
As far from Friendſhip to me, as from Fears,
That I might cut thee off, like that I weigh'd not.
Is there no way without him, to come near it?
For out of honeſty he muſt deſtroy me
If I attempt it; he muſt die as others,
And I muſt loſe him; 'tis neceſſity,
Only the time, and means is all the difference;
But yet I would not make a Murther of him,
Take him directly for my doubts; he ſhall die,
I've found a way to do it, and a ſafe one,
It ſhall be Honour to him too: I know not
What to determine certain, I'm ſo troubled,
And ſuch a deal of Conſcience preſſes me;
Would I were dead myſelf.

Enter Aëcius.

Aëcius. You run away well;
How got you from me, Friend?
Max. That that leads mad Men;
A ſtrong Imagination made me wander.
Aëcius. I thought ye'd been more ſettled.
Max. I am well,
But you muſt give me leave a little ſometimes
To have a buzzing in my Brain.
Aëcius. (Ye're dangerous, [*Aſide.*
But I'll prevent it if I can.) Ye told me

You'd

You'd go to th' Army.

Max. Why, to have my Throat cut,
Muſt he not be the braveſt Man, *Aëcius*,
That ſtrikes me firſt?

Aëcius. You promis'd me a Freedom
From all theſe Thoughts, and why ſhould any ſtrike you?

Max. I am an Enemy, a wicked one,
Worſe than the Foes of *Rome*, I am a Coward,
A Cuckold, and a Coward, that's two cauſes
Why every one ſhould beat me.

Aëcius. Ye are neither;
And durſt another tell me ſo, he dy'd for't.
For thus far on mine Honour, I'll aſſure you
No Man more lov'd than you, and (21) for your Valour,
And what elſe may be fair; no Man more follow'd.

Max. A doughty Man indeed: But that's all one,
The Emperor, nor all the Princes living
Shall find a flaw in my Coat; I have ſuffer'd,
And can yet; let them find Inflictions,
I'll find a Body for 'em, or I'll break it.
'Tis not a Wife can thruſt me out; ſome look'd for't,
But let 'em look 'till they are blind with looking,
They are but Fools; yet there is Anger in me,
That I would fain diſperſe, and now I think on't,
You told me, Friend, the Provinces are ſtirring,
We ſhall have ſport I hope then, and what's dangerous
A Battel ſhall beat from me.

Aëcius. Why do ye eye me
With ſuch a ſettled look?

Max. Pray tell me this,
Do we not love extremely? I love you ſo.

Aëcius. If I ſhould ſay I lov'd not you as truly,
I ſhould do that I never durſt do, lie.

Max. If I ſhould die, would it not grieve you much?

Aëcius. Without all doubt.

(21) ——— *for your Valour,*
And what ye may be, fair; *no Man more follow'd.*] This does not ſeem intelligible, but the Change of a Monoſyllable will give a Senſe agreeable to the Context. *For your Valour, and whatever elſe is fair or praiſe-worthy, no Man is more follow'd.*

Max. And could you live without me?
Aëcius. It would much trouble me to live without ye,
Our Loves, and loving Souls have been ſo us'd
But to one Houſhold in us: But to die
Becauſe I could not make you live, were Woman,
Far much too weak; were it to ſave your Worth,
Or to redeem your Name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the Foe,
Or fetch ye off, where Honour had ingag'd ye,
I ought, and would die for ye.
Max. Truly ſpoken.
What Beaſt but I, that muſt, could hurt this Man now?
Would he had raviſh'd me, I would have paid him,
I would have taught him ſuch a Trick, his Eunuchs
Nor all his black-ey'd Boys e'er dreamt of yet;
By all the Gods I'm mad now; now were *Ceſar*
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The Pile of all the World, he went to nothing;
The Deſtinies, nor all the Dames of Hell,
Were I once grapl'd with him, ſhould relieve him,
No not the hope of Mankind more; all periſhed;
But this is Words, and Weakneſs. [*Aſide.*
Aëcius. Ye look ſtrangely.
Max. I look but as I am, I am a Stranger.
Aëcius. To me?
Max. To every one, I am no *Roman*;
Nor what I am do I know.
Aëcius. Then I'll leave ye.
Max. I find I am beſt ſo, if ye meet *Maximus*
Pray bid him be an honeſt Man for my ſake,
You may do much upon him; for his Shadow,
Let me alone.
Aëcius. Ye were not wont to talk thus,
And to your Friend; ye have ſome Danger in you,
That willingly would run to Action.
Take heed, by all our love take heed.
Max. I, Danger?
I, willing to do any thing? I dig?
Has not my Wife been dead two Days already?
Are not my Mournings by this time Moth-eaten?

Are

Are not her Sins diſpers'd to other Women,
(22) And many a one e'en raviſh'd to relieve her?
Have I ſhed Tears theſe twelve Hours?
Aëcius. Now ye weep.
Max. Some lazy Drops that ſtay'd behind.
Aëcius. I'll tell ye,
And I muſt tell ye Truth, were it not hazard,
And almoſt certain Loſs of all the Empire,
(23) I would whine with ye: Were it any Man's
But his Life, that is Life of us, he loſt it
For doing of this Miſchief: I would take it,
And to your reſt give ye a brave Revenge:
But as the Rule now ſtands, and as he rules,
And as the Nations hold in Diſobedience,
One Pillar failing, all muſt fall; I dare not:
Nor is it juſt you ſhould be ſuffer'd in it,
Therefore again take heed: On foreign Foes
We are our own Revengers, but at Home
(24) On Princes that are Eminent and ours,
'Tis fit the Gods ſhould judge 'em: Be not raſh,
Nor let your angry Steel cut thoſe ye know not;
For by this fatal Blow, if ye dare ſtrike it,
As I ſee great Aims in ye, thoſe unborn yet,
And thoſe to come, of them and theſe ſucceeding,
Shall bleed the Wrath of *Maximus*: For me,
As ye now bear yourſelf, I am your Friend ſtill,
If ye fall off I will not flatter ye;
And in my Hands, were ye my Soul, you periſh'd:
Once more be careful, ſtand, and ſtill be worthy,

(22) *And many one raviſh'd*] Former Editions.

(23) *I would* win *with ye*:] The firſt Folio reads *wyne*, and the ſecond changes it to *join*, and the Octavo into *win*. *Join* is good Senſe, but *whine* being nearer the Trace of the old Reading, and equally Senſe, ſeems the true Word. For to *whine*, or participate with him in the ſame Paſſion of Grief, implies a Deſign of joining with him in the ſame Revenge.

(24) *On Princes that are Eminent and ours,*
'Tis fit the Gods ſhould judge us:——] The Doctrine of Paſſive Obedience to Princes, ſo much encourag'd by King *James* the Firſt, and which is *Aëcius*'s chief Heroiſm in this Play, evidently requires the ſlight Change I have here made.

I'll leave ye for this Hour. [*Exit.*

Max. Pray do. 'Tis done:
And Friendſhip, ſince thou canſt not hold in Dangers,
Give me a certain Ruin, I muſt through it. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Emperor, Licinius, Chilax, *and* Balbus.

Emp. DEAD?

Chi. So 'tis thought, Sir.

Emp. How?

Lic. Grief, and Diſgrace,
As People ſay.

Emp. No more, I have too much on't,
Too much by you, you whetters of my Follies,
Ye Angel formers of my Sins, but Devils;
Where is your cunning now? You would work Wonders,
There was no Chaſtity above your Practice,
You'd undertake to make her love her Wrongs,
And doat upon her Rape: Mark what I tell ye,
If ſhe be dead———

Chi. Alas, Sir!

Emp. Hang ye Raſcals,
Ye blaſters of my Youth, if ſhe be gone,
'Twere better ye had been your Fathers Camels,
(25) Ground under daily weights of Wood and Water——
(Am I not *Cæſar?*

Lic. Mighty, and our Maker.)

(25) Ground *under daily weights of Wood and Water.*] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks that we ſhould read *groan'd*, which I cannot admit, as *to be ground under a Weight* is ſtronger and more poetical than barely *to groan under it.* But in the Beginning of the third Act he has made the ſame Change, and I believe he is right.

——— *or ſuch a One*
That had an itching Husband to be honourable,
And Ground *to get it.*

He reads,

And groan'd *to get it.*

Emp.

Emp. Than thus have given my Pleaſures to Deſtruction?
Look ſhe be living, Slaves.
Lic. We are no Gods, Sir,
If ſhe be dead, to make her new again.
Emp. She cannot die, ſhe muſt not die; are thoſe
I plant my Love upon but common Livers?
Their Hours, as others, told 'em? Can they be Aſhes?
Why do ye flatter a Belief into me
That I am all that is, "The World's my Creature,
"The Trees bring forth their Fruits when I ſay Summer,
"The Wind, that knows no limit but his wildneſs,
"At my Command moves not a Leaf; the Sea
"With his proud Mountain Waters envying Heav'n,
"(26) When I ſay, *ſtill*, runs into chriſtal Mirrors?
Can I do this and ſhe die? Why ye Bubbles,
That with my leaſt Breath break, no more remembred,
Ye Moths that fly about my Flame and periſh,
Ye golden Canker-worms, that eat my Honours,
Living no longer than my Spring of Favour:
Why do ye make me God that can do nothing?
Is ſhe not dead?
Chi. All Women are not with her.
Emp. A common Whore ſerves you, and far above ye,
The Pleaſures of a Body lam'd with Lewdneſs;
A meer perpetual Motion makes ye happy:
Am I a Man to traffick with Diſeaſes?
Can any but a Chaſtity ſerve *Cæſar?*
And ſuch a one the Gods would kneel to purchaſe?
You think, becauſe you've bred me up to Pleaſures,
And almoſt run me over all the rare ones;
Your Wives will ſerve the turn: I care not for 'em,
Your Wives are Fencers Whores, and ſhall be Footmens.
Though ſometimes my nice Will, or rather Anger
Have made ye Cuckolds for variety;
I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor ones,
Always ſo great a Bleſſing from me; go
Get your own Infamy hereafter, Raſcals,
I've done too nobly for ye, ye enjoy

(26) *When I ſay, ſtill,* run *into chriſtal Mirrors*] Former Editions.

Each

Each one an Heir, the royal Seat of *Caſar*,
And I may curſe ye for't; your wanton Genius,
That are ſo Proud, the Wind gets 'em with Fillies,
Taught me this fool Intemperance: Thou *Licinius*,
Haſt ſuch a *Meſſalina*, ſuch a *Lais*,
The Backs of Bulls cannot content, nor Stallions,
The Sweat of fifty Men a Night does nothing.
Lic. Your Grace but jeſts, I hope.
Emp. 'Tis Oracle.
The Sins of other Women put by hers.
Shew off like Sanctities: Thine's a Fool, *Chilax*,
Yet ſhe can tell to twenty, and all Lovers,
And all lie with her too, and all as ſhe is,
Rotten and ready for an Hoſpital.
Yours is a holy Whore, Friend *Balbus*.
Bal. Well, Sir.
Emp. One that can pray away the Sins ſhe ſuffers,
But not the Puniſhments: She's had ten Baſtards,
Five of 'em now are Lictors, yet ſhe prays;
She's been the Song of *Rome*, and common *Paſquil*;
Since I durſt ſee a Wench, ſhe was Camp Miſtreſs,
And muſter'd all the Cohorts, paid 'em too,
They have it yet to ſhew, and yet ſhe prays;
She's now to enter old Men that are Children,
And have forgot their Rudiments: Am I
Left for theſe wither'd Vices? And but one,
But one of all the World that could content me,
And ſnatch'd away in ſhewing? If your Wives
Be not yet Witches, or yourſelves, now be ſo
And ſave your Lives, raiſe me this noble Beauty
As when I forc'd her, full of Conſtancy,
Or by the Gods——
Lic. Moſt ſacred *Caſar*.

Enter Proculus.

Emp. Slaves.
Lic. Good *Proculus*.
Pro. By Heav'n you ſhall not ſee it,
It may concern the Empire.
Emp. Ha! What ſaid'ſt thou?

Is

Is ſhe not dead?

Pro. Not any one I know, Sir;
I come to bring your Grace a Letter, here
Scatter'd belike i'th' Court: 'Tis ſent to *Maximus*,
And bearing Danger in it.

Emp. Danger? Where?
Double our Guard.

Pro. Nay no where, but i'th' Letter.

Emp. What an afflicted Conſcience do I live with,
And what a Beaſt I'm grown? I had forgotten
To aſk Heav'n Mercy for my Fault, and was now
Ev'n raviſhing again her Memory.
I find there muſt be Danger in this Deed:
Why do I ſtand diſputing then, and whining
For what is not the Gods to give? they cannot,
Though they would link their Powers in one, do miſchief.
This Letter may betray me; get ye gone; [*Exeunt.*
And wait me in the Garden, guard the Houſe well,
And keep this from the Empreſs. The Name *Maximus*
Runs through me like a Fever; this may be
Some private Letter upon private Buſineſs,
Nothing concerning me: Why ſhould I open't?
I've done him Wrong enough already; yet
It may concern me too, the Time ſo tells me;
The wicked Deed I've done, aſſures me 'tis ſo.
Be what it will, I'll ſee it, if that be not
Part of my Fears, among my other Sins,
I'll purge it out in Prayers:
How? What's this? [*Letter read.*

" Lord *Maximus*, you love *Aëcius*,
" And are his noble Friend too; bid him be leſs,
" I mean leſs with the People, Times are dangerous:
" The Army's his; the Emperor in Doubts,
" And as ſome will not ſtick to ſay, declining;
" You ſtand a conſtant Man in either Fortunes;
" Perſwade him, he is loſt elſe: Though Ambition
" Be the laſt Sin he touches at, or never;
" Yet what the People mad with loving him,
" And as they willingly deſire another,
" May tempt him too, or rather force his Goodneſs,

" To

" Is to be doubted mainly: He is all,
" (As he ſtands now) but the meer Name of *Cæſar*,
" And ſhould the Emperor inforce him leſſer,
" Not coming from himſelf, it were more dangerous:
" He's Honeſt, and will hear you: Doubts are ſcatter'd,
" And almoſt come to growth in every Houſhold:
" Yet in my fooliſh Judgment, were this maſter'd;
" The People that are now but Rage, and his,
" Might be again Obedience: You ſhall know me
" When *Rome* is fair again; 'till when I love you."
No Name! This may be cunning, yet it ſeems not;
(27) For there is nothing in it but is certain.
Beſides my Safety—— Had not good *Germanicus*,
That was as Loyal, and as ſtraight as he is,
If not prevented by *Tiberius*,
Been by the Soldiers forc'd their Emperor?
He had, and 'tis my Wiſdom to remember it.
And was not *Corbulo*, even that *Corbulo*,
That ever Fortunate and living *Roman*,
That broke the Heart Strings of the *Parthians*,
And brought *Arſaſes* line upon their Knees,
Chain'd to the Awe of *Rome*; 'cauſe he was thought
(And but in Wine once) fit to make a *Cæſar*,
Cut off by *Nero?* I muſt ſeek my Safety:
For 'tis the ſame again, if not beyond it:
I know the Soldier loves him more than Heav'n,
And will adventure all his Gods to raiſe him;
Me he hates more than Peace: What this may breed,
If dull Security and Confidence
Let him grow up, a Fool may find, and laugh at.
But why Lord *Maximus*, I injur'd ſo,
Should be the Man to counſel him, I know not;
More than he's been my Friend, and lov'd Allegiance:
What now he is I fear, for his Abuſes
Without the People dare draw Blood. Who waits there?

(27) *For there is nothing in it but is certain,*
Beſides my Safety.] As this has been hitherto pointed it is abſolutely inconſiſtent with the Context, which evidently requires the Change now made.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Your Grace.

Emp. Call *Phidias* and *Aretus* hither:
I'll find a Day for him too; times are dangerous,
The Army his, the Emperor in doubts:
I find it is too true; did he not tell me
(28) As if he had intent to make me odious,
And to my Face; and by a way of Terror,
What Vices I was grounded in, and almoſt
Proclaim'd the Soldiers hate againſt me? Is not
The ſacred Name and Dignity of *Cæſar*
(Were this *Aëcius* more than Man) ſufficient
To ſhake off all his Honeſty? He's dangerous
Though he be good, and though a Friend, a fear'd one,
And ſuch I muſt not ſleep by: Are they come yet?
I do believe this Fellow, and I thank him;
'Twas time to look about, if I muſt periſh,
Yet ſhall my Fears go foremoſt.

Enter Phidias *and* Aretus.

Phi. Life to *Cæſar.*

Emp. Is Lord *Aëcius* waiting?

Phi. Not this Morning,
I rather think he's with the Army.

Emp. Army?
I do not like that Army: Go unto him,
And bid him ſtraight attend me, and do ye hear,
Come private without any; I have Buſineſs
Only for him.

Phi. Your Grace's Pleaſure. [*Exit* Phidias.

Emp. Go;
What Soldier is that ſame, I have ſeen him often,
That keeps you Company, *Aretus?*

Are. Me, Sir?

(28) 1. *As if he had intent to make me odious,*
2. *And to my Face; and by a way of Terror,*] Here a marginal Direction how to place the Lines has been taken into the Text, and continued through all the three Editions. Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd with me in obſerving this.

Emp.

Emp. Ay, you Sir.
Are. One they call *Ponius*,
An't pleaſe your Grace.
Emp. A Captain?
Are. Yes, he was ſo;
But ſpeaking ſomething roughly in his Want,
Eſpecially of Wars, the noble General
Out of a ſtrict Allegiance caſt his Fortunes.
Emp. H'as been a valiant Fellow.
Are. So he's ſtill.
Emp. Alas, the General might have pardon'd Follies.
Soldiers will talk ſometimes.
Are. I'm glad of this.
Emp. He wants Preferment, as I take it.
Are. Yes, Sir;
And for that noble Grace his Life ſhall ſerve.
Emp. I have a Service for him:
I ſhame a Soldier ſhould become a Beggar;
I like the Man, *Aretus*.
Are. Gods protect ye.
Emp. Bid him repair to *Proculus*, and there
He ſhall receive the Buſineſs, and Reward for't:
I'll ſee him ſettled too, and as a Soldier;
(29) We ſhall want ſuch.
Are. The Sweets of Heav'n ſtill crown ye. [*Exit.*
Emp. I have a fearful Darkneſs in my Soul,
And 'till I be deliver'd, ſtill am dying. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Maximus *alone.*

Max. My way has taken: All the Court's in Guard,
And Buſineſs every where; and every Corner
Full of ſtrange Whiſpers: I am leaſt in Rumour,

(29) *We ſhall want ſuch.*
The Sweets of Heav'n ſtill crown ye,
I have a fearful Darkneſs &c.] It is evident that the middle Line belongs to *Aretus*, tho' made a Continuation of the *Emperor*'s Speech in the old Folio and Octavo. The ſecond Folio, Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* join'd with me in the Correction.

Enter

Enter Aëcius *and* Phidias.

And ſo I'll keep myſelf. Here comes *Aëcius*,
I ſee the Bait is ſwallow'd: If he be loſt
He is my Martyr, and my way ſtands open,
And Honour on thy Head his Blood is reckon'd.
Aëcius. Why how now Friend, what make ye here unarm'd?
Are ye turn'd Merchant?
Max. By your fair perſwaſions,
And ſuch a Merchant trafficks without danger;
I have forgotten all, *Aëcius*,
And which is more, forgiven.
Aecius. Now I love ye,
Truly I do, ye are a worthy *Roman*.
Max. The fair Repentance of my Prince to me
Is more than Sacrifice of Blood and Vengeance;
No Eyes ſhall weep her Ruins, but mine own.
Aëcius. Still ye take more Love from me: Virtuous Friend,
The Gods make poor *Aëcius* worthy of thee.
Max. Only in me y'are poor, Sir: And I worthy
Only in being yours: But why your Arm thus,
Have ye been hurt, *Aëcius?*
Aëcius. Bruiſ'd a little;
My Horſe fell with me, Friend; which 'till this Morning
I never knew him do.
Max. Pray Gods it bode well;
And now I think on't better, ye ſhall back,
Let my Perſwaſions rule ye.
Aëcius. Back! why, *Maximus?*
The Emperor commands me come.
Max. I like not
At this Time his Command.
Aëcius. I do at all Times,
And all Times will obey it, why not now then?
Max. I'll tell ye why, and as I have been govern'd,
Be you ſo, noble Friend: The Court's in Guard,
Arm'd ſtrongly, for what Purpoſe, let me fear;
I do not like your going.

Aëcius.

Aëcius. Were it Fire;
And that Fire certain to conſume this Body,
If *Cæſar* ſent, I would go; never fear Man,
If he take me, he takes his Arms away.
I am too plain and true to be ſuſpected.
Max. Then I have dealt unwiſely.
Aëcius. If the Emperor,
Becauſe he meerly may, will have my Life,
That's all he has to work on, and all ſhall have:
Let him, he loves me better: Here I wither,
And happily may live, 'till ignorantly
I run into a Fault worth Death: Nay more, Diſhonour.
Now all my Sins, I dare ſay thoſe of Duty
Are printed here, and if I fall ſo happy,
I bleſs the Grave I lye in, and the Gods
Equal, as dying on the Enemy,
Muſt take me up a Sacrifice.
Max. Go on then,
And I'll go with ye.
Aëcius. No, ye may not, Friend.
Max. He cannot be a Friend, bars me *Aecius*;
Shall I forſake ye in my doubts?
Aëcius. Ye muſt.
Max. I muſt not, nor I will not; have I liv'd
Only to be a Carpet Friend for pleaſure?
I can endure a Death as well as *Cato*.
Aëcius. There is no Death nor Danger in my going,
Nor none muſt go along.
Max. I have a Sword too,
And once I could have us'd it for my Friend.
Aëcius. I need no Sword, nor Friend in this, pray leave me;
And as ye love me, do not over-love me;
I am commanded none ſhall come: At Supper
I'll meet ye, and we'll drink a Cup or two;
Ye need good Wine, ye have been ſad: Farewel.
Max. Farewel my noble Friend, let me embrace ye
E'er ye depart; it may be one of us
Shall never do the like again.
Aëcius. Yes often.

Max.

Max. Farewel, good dear *Aëcius.*
Aëcius. Farewel *Maximus,*
'Till Night: Indeed you doubt too much. *Exit.*
Max. I do not:
Go worthy Innocent, and make the number
Of *Cæſar*'s ſins ſo great, Heav'n may want Mercy.
I'll hover hereabout to know what paſſes:
And if he be ſo dev'liſh to deſtroy thee,
In thy Blood ſhall begin his Tragedy. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Proculus, *and* Pontius.

Pro. Beſides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble Name *Patrician:* More than that too,
The Friend of *Cæſar* ye are ſtil'd: there's nothing
Within the hopes of *Rome*, or preſent being,
But you may ſafely ſay is yours.
Pon. Pray ſtay, Sir;
What has *Aëcius* done to be deſtroy'd?
At leaſt I'd have a colour.
Pro. Ye have more,
Nay all that may be given, he's a Traitor,
One, any Man would ſtrike that were a Subject.
Pon. Is he ſo foul?
Pro. Yes, a moſt fearful Traitor.
Pon. (A fearful Plague upon thee, for thou lyeſt;)
[*Aſide.*
I ever thought the Soldier would undo him
With his too much Affection.
Pro. Ye have hit it,
They've brought him to Ambition.
Pon. Then he is gone.
Pro. The Emperor, out of a fooliſh pity,
Would ſave him yet.
Pon. Is he ſo mad?
Pro. He's madder!
Would go to th' Army to him.
Pon. Would 'a ſo?
Pro. Yes, *Pontius*; but we conſider——

Pon. Wiſely.
Pro. How elſe, Man? — that the State lies in it.
Pon. And your Lives too.
Pro. And every Man's.
Pon. He did me
All the Diſgrace he could.
Pro. And ſcurvily.
(30) Out of a Miſchief meerly: Did you mark it?
Pon. Yes, well enough.
Pro. Now ye have means to quit it;
The Deed done, take his Place.
Pon. Pray let me think on't,
'Tis ten to one I do it.
Pro. Do, and be happy. [*Exit* Pro.
Pon. This Emperor is made of nought but miſchief,
Sure, Murder was his Mother: None to lop,
But the main Link he had? Upon my Conſcience
The Man is truly honeſt, and that kills him;
For to live here, and ſtudy to be true,
Is all one to be Traitors: Why ſhould he die?
Have they not Slaves and Raſcals for their Off'rings
In full abundance; Bawds more than Beaſts for ſlaughter?
Have they not ſinging Whores enough, and Knaves too,
And millions of ſuch Martyrs to ſink *Charon*,
But the beſt Sons of *Rome* muſt ſail too? I will ſhew him
(Since he muſt die) a way to do it truly:
And though he bears me hard, yet ſhall he know,
I'm born to make him bleſs me for a Blow. [*Exit.*

(30) Pon. *Out of a Miſchief meerly: Did you mark it?*
Yes, well enough.
Pro. *Now ye have means to quit it*;] Thus the firſt Folio and Octavo have confounded the Speakers here. The ſecond Folio ſaw the Confuſion, and gives the Hemiſtic and the laſt Line to *Proculus*. I think the firſt Line is a Continuation of the former Speech of *Proculus*, and that the Hemiſtic only belongs to *Pontius*, and have ſo reformed the Text.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Phidias, Aretus *and* Aëcius.

Phi. Yet ye may 'ſcape to th' Camp, we'll hazard with ye.
Are. Loſe not your Life ſo baſely, Sir: Ye are arm'd,
And many when they ſee your Sword out, and know why,
Muſt follow your Adventure.
Aëcius. Get ye from me:
Is not the Doom of *Cæſar* on this Body,
Do not I bear my laſt Hour here, now ſent me?
Am I not old *Aëcius*, ever dying?
You think this Tenderneſs and Love you bring me,
'Tis Treaſon, and the ſtrength of Diſobedience,
And if ye tempt me further, ye ſhall feel it:
I ſeek the Camp for Safety, when my Death
Ten times more glorious than my Life, and laſting
Bids me be happy: Let the Fool fear dying,
Or he that weds a Woman for his Honour,
Dreaming no other Life to come but Kiſſes;
Aëcius is not now to learn to ſuffer:
If ye dare ſhew a juſt Affection, kill me,
I ſtay but thoſe that muſt: Why do ye weep?
Am I ſo wretched to deſerve Mens Pities?
Go give your Tears to thoſe that loſe their Worths,
Bewail their Miſeries, for me wear Garlands,
Drink Wine, and much; ſing Peans to my Praiſe,
I am to triumph Friends, and more than *Cæſar*,
For *Cæſar* fears to die, I love to die.
Phi. O my dear Lord!
Aëcius. No more, go, go, I ſay;
Shew me not ſigns of Sorrow, I deſerve none;
Dare any Man lament, I ſhould die nobly?
Am I grown Old to have ſuch Enemies?
When I am dead, ſpeak honourably of me,
That is, preſerve my Memory from dying:
There if you needs muſt weep your ruin'd Maſter,
A Tear or two will ſeem well: This I charge ye,
(Becauſe ye ſay you yet love Old *Aëcius*)
See my poor Body burnt, and ſome to ſing

About my Pile what I've done and ſuffer'd,
If *Cæſar* kill not that too: At your Banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The Times that have been ſad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis ſufficient:
No more I ſay, he that laments my End
By all the Gods diſhonours me; be gone
And ſuddenly, and wiſely from my Dangers,
My Death is catching elſe.

Phi. We fear not dying:

Aëcius. Yet fear a wilful Death, the juſt Gods hate it,
I need no Company to that, that Children
Dare do alone, and Slaves are proud to purchaſe;
Live 'till your Honeſties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted Age ſick of your Virtues,
Then die a Sacrifice, and then ye know
The noble Uſe of dying well, and *Roman.*

Are. And muſt we leave ye, Sir?

Aëcius. We muſt all die,
All leave ourſelves, it matters not, where, when,
Nor how, ſo we die well: And can that Man that does ſo
Need Lamentation for him? Children weep
Becauſe they have offended, or for Fear,
Women for want of Will, and Anger; is there
In noble Man, that truly feels both poiſes
Of Life and Death, ſo much of this wet Weakneſs,
To drown a glorious Death in Child and Woman?
I am aſham'd to ſee ye; yet ye move me,
And were it not my Manhood would accuſe me,
For covetous to live, I ſhould weep with ye.

Phi. O we ſhall never ſee you more.

Aëcius. 'Tis true;
Nor I the Miſeries that *Rome* ſhall ſuffer,
Which is a benefit Life cannot reckon:
But what I have been, which is juſt and faithful;
One that grew old for *Rome*, when *Rome* forgot him,
And for he was an honeſt Man durſt die,
Ye ſhall have daily with ye: Could that die too,
And I return no Traffick of my Travels,
No pay to have been Soldier, but this Silver,

No *Annals* of *Aëcius*, but he liv'd,
My Friends ye had cauſe to weep, and bitterly;
The common Overflows of tender Women,
And Children new-born crying, were too little
To ſhew me then moſt wretched: If Tears muſt be,
I ſhould in Juſtice weep 'em, and for you,
You are to live, and yet behold thoſe Slaughters
The dry and wither'd Bones of Death would bleed at:
But ſooner, than I've time to think what muſt be,
I fear you'll find what ſhall be; if ye love me,
Let that Word ſerve for all; be gone and leave me;
I have ſome little practice with my Soul,
And then the ſharpeſt Sword is welcom'ſt; go,
Pray ye be gone, ye have obey'd me living,
Be not for ſhame now ſtubborn; ſo I thank ye,
And fare ye well, a better Fortune guide ye.
[*Exeunt* Phi. *and* Are.
I am a little thirſty, not for fear,
And yet it is a kind of fear, I ſay ſo;
Is it to be a juſt Man now again,
And leave my Fleſh unthought of? 'Tis departed:
I hear 'em come, who ſtrikes firſt? I ſtay for ye:

Enter Balbus, Chilax, *and* Licinius.

Yet I will die a Soldier, my Sword drawn,
But againſt none: Why do ye fear? Come forward.
Bal. You were a Soldier, *Chilax*.
Chi. Yes, I muſter'd,
But never ſaw the Enemy.
Lic. He's drawn,
By Heav'n I dare not do it.
Aëcius. Why do ye tremble?
I am to die, come ye not now from *Cæſar*,
To that end, ſpeak?
Bal. We do, and we muſt kill ye,
'Tis *Cæſar*'s Will.
Chi. I charge ye put your Sword up,
That we may do it handſomly.
Aëtius. Ha, ha, ha.
My Sword up handſomly? where were ye bred?

Ye are the merrieſt Murderers, my Maſters,
I ever met withal; come forward Fools,
Why do ye ſtare? Upon mine Honour, Bawds,
I will not ſtrike ye.

Lic. I'll not be firſt.

Bal. Nor I.

Chi. You'd beſt die quietly: The Emperor
Sees how you bear yourſelf.

Aëcius. I would die, Raſcals,
If you would kill me quietly.

Bal. ——— Of *Proculus*,
He promis'd us to bring a Captain hither,
That has been us'd to kill.

Aëcius. I'll call the Guard,
Unleſs you'll kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beaſtly, baſe, and cowardly Companions,
The Emperor has truſted with his Safety:
Nay I'll give out, ye fell of my ſide, Villains.
Strike home, ye bawdy Slaves.

Chi. By Heav'n he'll kill us,
I mark'd his Hand, he waits but time to reach us,
Now do you offer.

Aëcius. If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two Blows, or at three,
Or not ſo ſtagger me, my Senſes fail me,
Look to yourſelves.

Chi. I told ye.

Aëcius. Strike me manly,
And take a thouſand Strokes.

Enter Pontius.

Bal. Here's *Pontius*.

Pon. Not kill'd him yet?
Is this the Love ye bear the Emperor?
Nay then, I ſee ye are Traitors all, have at ye.
[Lic. *runs away.*

Chi. Oh I am hurt!

Bal. And I am kill'd. [*Exeunt* Chi. *and* Bal.

Pon. Die Bawds;
As ye have liv'd and flouriſh'd.

Aëcius.

Aëcius. Wretched Fellow,
What haſt thou done?
Pon. Kill'd them that durſt not kill,
And you are next.
Aëcius. Art thou not *Pontius?*
Pon. I am the ſame you caſt, *Aëcius,*
And in the Face of all the Camp diſgrac'd.
Aëcius. Then ſo much nobler, as thou wert a Soldier,
Shall my Death be: Is it Revenge provok'd thee,
Or art thou hir'd to kill me?
Pon. Both.
Aëcius. Then do it.
Pon. Is that all?
Aëcius. Yes.
Pon. Would you not live?
Aëcius. Why ſhould I,
To thank thee for my Life?
Pon. Yes, if I ſpare it.
Aëcius. Be not deceiv'd, I was not made to thank
For any Courteſie, but killing me,
A Fellow of thy Fortune; do thy Duty.
Pon. Do not you fear me?
Aëcius. No.
Pon. Nor love me for it?
Aëcius. That's as thou doſt thy Buſineſs.
Pon. When you are dead,
Your Place is mine, *Aëcius.*
Aëcius. Now I fear thee,
And not alone thee *Pontius*, but the Empire.
Pon. Why, I can govern, Sir.
Aëcius. I would thou could'ſt,
And firſt thyſelf: Thou canſt fight well, and bravely,
Thou canſt endure all Dangers, Heats, Colds, Hungers;
Heav'n's angry Flaſhes are not ſuddener,
Than I have ſeen thee execute; nor more mortal;
The winged Feet of flying Enemies
I've ſtood and view'd thee mow away like Ruſhes,
And ſtill kill the Killer: Were thy Mind
But half ſo ſweet in Peace, as tough in Dangers,
I dy'd to leave a happy Heir behind me;

Come ſtrike, and be a General.
Pon. Prepare then:
And for I ſee your Honour cannot leſſen,
And 'twere a ſhame for me to ſtrike a dead Man,
Fight your ſhort Span out.
Aëcius. No, thou know'ſt I muſt not,
I dare not give thee ſo much 'Vantage of me,
As Diſobedience.
Pon. Dare ye not defend ye,
Againſt your Enemy?
Aëcius. Not ſent from *Cæſar*,
I have no Power to make ſuch Enemies;
For as I am condemn'd, my naked Sword
Stands but a Hatchment by me; only held
To ſhew I was a Soldier. Had not *Cæſar*
Chain'd all Defence in this Doom. *Let him die*,
Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars, and Sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd Arm do Wonders,
And open in an Enemy ſuch Wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.
Pon. Then have at ye,
And look upon me, and be ſure ye fear not:
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you: Cry not hold,
Nor think it baſe Injuſtice I ſhould kill ye.
Aëcius. I am prepar'd for all.
Pon. For now, *Aëcius*,
Thou ſhalt behold and find I was no Traitor,
And as I do it, bleſs me; die as I do. [Pon. *kills himſelf.*
Aëcius. Thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Pontius*, and I thank thee;
By all my hopes in Heav'n, thou art a *Roman.*
Pon. To ſhew you what you ought to do, this is not;
For ſlanders ſelf would ſhame to find you Coward,
Or willing to out-live your Honeſty:
But noble Sir, ye have been jealous of me,
And held me in the Ranks of dangerous Perſons,
And I muſt dying ſay it was but Juſtice,
Ye caſt me from my Credit; yet believe me,
For there is nothing now but Truth to ſave me,

And

And your Forgiveneſs, though ye held me hainous,
And of a troubled Spirit, that like Fire
Turns all to Flames it meets with, ye miſtook me;
If I were Foe to any thing, 'twas Eaſe,
Want of the Soldiers Due, the Enemy;
The Nakedneſs we found at home, and Scorn,
Children of Peace, and Pleaſures; no regard
Nor comfort for our Scars, but how we got 'em,
To ruſty Time, that eat our Bodies up,
And even began to prey upon our Honours,
To Wants at home, and more than Wants, Abuſes;
To them, that when the Enemy invaded
Made us their Saints, but now the Sores of *Rome*;
(31) To ſilken Flattery, and Pride plum'd over,
Forgetting with what Wind their Feathers ſail,
And under whoſe Protection their ſoft Pleaſures
Grow full and numberleſs: To this I'm Foe,
Not to the State, or any point of Duty:
And let me ſpeak but what a Soldier may,
Truly I ought to be ſo; yet I err'd,
Becauſe a far more noble Sufferer
Shew'd me the way to Patience, and I loſt it:
This is the end I die, Sir; to live baſely,
And not the Follower of him that bred me,
In full account and Virtue, *Pontius* dare not,
Much leſs to out-live what is good, and flatter.

Aëcius. I want a Name to give thy Virtue, Soldier,
For only Good is far below thee, *Pontius*,
The Gods ſhall find thee one; thou'ſt faſhion'd Death,
In ſuch an Excellent and Beauteous manner,
I wonder Men can live: Canſt thou ſpeak once more,
For thy Words are ſuch Harmony, a Soul
Would chooſe to fly to Heaven in.

(31) *To ſilken Flattery, and Pride* plain'd *over,*
Forgetting with what Wind their Feathers ſail,] Tho' *Pride plain'd over* is a juſt Metaphor, taken ſingly, yet *plum'd* being near the Trace of the Letters, leſs vulgar, and perfectly conſiſtent with the Context, which the other is not, I hope the Reader will permit the Inſertion of it in the Text, as moſt probably the true Reading.

Pon.

Pon. (32) Farewel:
Good noble General your Hand, forgive me,
And think what ever was diſpleaſing you,
Was none of mine: Ye cannot live.
Aëcius. I will not:
Yet one Word more.
Pon. Die nobly: *Rome* farewel:
And *Valentinian* fall, (33) thou'ſt broke thy Baſis.
In joy ye've given me a quiet Death,
I would ſtrike more Wounds, if I had more Breath,
[*Dies.*
Aëcius. Is there an hour of Goodneſs beyond this?
Or any Man would out-live ſuch a dying,
Would *Cæſar* double all my Honours on me,
And ſtick me o'er with Favours, like a Miſtreſs;
Yet would I grow to this Man: I have lov'd,
But never doated on a Face 'till now:
O Death thou'rt more than Beauty, and thy Pleaſure
Beyond Poſterity: Come Friends and kill me;
Cæſar be kind, and ſend a thouſand Swords,
The more, the greater is my fall: Why ſtay ye?
Come, and I'll kiſs your Weapons: Fear me not,
By all the Gods I'll honour ye for killing;
Appear, or through the Court, and World, I'll ſearch ye:
My Sword is gone; ye're Traitors if ye ſpare me,
And *Cæſar* muſt conſume ye; all baſe Cowards?
I'll follow ye, and ere I die proclaim ye,
The Weeds of *Italy*; the Droſs of Nature.
Where are ye, Villains, Traitors, Slaves? [*Exit.*

Enter Proculus, *and three others running over the Stage.*

Pro. I knew
H'ad kill'd the Captain.

(32) A *Farewel:*] The Change of this Subſtantive into a Verb, ſeems not only to make it more natural, but would give infinitely more Dignity in the Action.

(33) ——*thou haſt broke thy* baſes.] Thus the firſt and laſt Editions. I had alter'd it to the ſingular Number, which confines it to *Aëcius* as the *Baſis* who alone had ſupported *Valentinian:* And in this Correction I find myſelf prevented by the ſecond Folio.

1 Here's

1 Here's his Sword.

Pro. Let it alone, 'twill fight itſelf elſe; Friends,
An hundred Men are not enough to do it,
I'll to the Emperor, and get more Aid.

Aëcius. None ſtrike a poor condemn'd Man! [*Within.*

Pro. He is mad:
Shift for yourſelves, my Maſters. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aëcius.

Aëcius. Then *Aëcius*,
See what thou dar'ſt thyſelf; hold my good Sword,
Thou haſt been kept from Blood too long, I'll kiſs thee,
For thou art more than Friend now, my Preſerver,
Shew me the way to Happineſs, I ſeek it:
And all you great ones, that have fall'n as I do,
To keep your Memories and Honours living,
Be preſent in your Virtues, and aſſiſt me,
That like ſtrong *Cato*, I may put away
All Promiſes, but what ſhall crown my Aſhes;
Rome, fare thee well: Stand long, and know to conquer
Whilſt there is People, and Ambition:
Now for a Stroke ſhall turn me to a Star;
I come ye bleſſed Spirits, make me room
To live for ever in *Elyſium*: [*Kills himſelf.*
Do Men fear this? O that Poſterity
Could learn from him but this, that loves his Wound,
There is no Pain at all in dying well,
Nor none are loſt, but thoſe that make their Hell. [*Dies.*

Enter Proculus *and two others.*

1 [*Within.*] He's dead, draw in the Guard again.

Pro. He's dead indeed,
And I am glad he's gone; he was a Devil:
His Body, if his Eunuchs come, is theirs;
The Emperor, out of his Love to Virtue,
Has given 'em that: Let no Man ſtop their Entrance.
[*Exit.*

Enter Phidias *and* Aretus.

Phi. O my moſt noble Lord! Look here *Aretus*,

Here's

Here's a ſad Sight.

Are. O Cruelty! O *Cæſar!*
O Times that bring forth nothing but Deſtruction,
And Overflows of Blood! Why waſt thou kill'd?
Is it to be a juſt Man now again,
(As when *Tiberius* and wild *Nero* reign'd)
Only aſſurance of his Overthrow?

Phi. It is *Aretus:* He that would live now,
Muſt, like the Toad, feed only on Corruptions,
And grow with thoſe to Greatneſs: Honeſt Virtue,
And the true *Roman* Honour, Faith and Valour,
That have been all the Riches of the Empire,
Now like the fearful Tokens of the Plague,
Are meer fore-runners of their ends that owe 'em.

Are. Never enough lamented Lord: Dear Maſter.

Enter Maximus.

Of whom now ſhall we learn to live like Men?
From whom draw out our Actions juſt and worthy?
Oh thou art gone, and gone with thee all Goodneſs,
The great Example of all Equity,
O thou alone a *Roman*, thou art periſh'd,
Faith, Fortitude, and conſtant Nobleneſs;
Weep *Rome*, weep *Italy*, weep all that knew him,
And you that fear'd him as a noble Foe,
(If Enemies have honourable Tears)
Weep this decay'd *Aëcius* fall'n, and ſcatter'd——
By foul and baſe Suggeſtion.

Phi. O Lord *Maximus*,
This was your worthy Friend.

Max. The Gods forgive me:
Think not the worſe, my Friends, I ſhed not Tears,
Great Griefs lament within; yet now I have found 'em:
Would I had never known the World, nor Women,
Nor what that curſed Name of Honour was,
So this were once again *Aëcius:*
But I am deſtin'd to a mighty Action,
And beg thy pardon, Friend, my Vengeance taken,
I will not be long from thee: Ye've a great loſs,
But bear it patiently, yet to ſay Truth,

In

In Juſtice 'tis not ſufferable: I am next,
And were it now, I would be glad on't: Friends,
Who ſhall preſerve you now?
Are. Nay, we are loſt too.
Max. I fear ye are, for likely ſuch as love
The Man that's fall'n, and have been nouriſh'd by him,
(34) Do not ſtay long behind: 'Tis held no Wiſdom.
I know what I muſt do, O my *Aëcius*,
Canſt thou thus periſh, pluck'd up by the Roots,
And no Man feel thy Worthineſs? From Boys
He bred you both, I think.
Phi. And from the pooreſt.
Max. And lov'd ye as his own.
Are. We found it, Sir.
Max. Is not this a loſs then?
Phi. O, a loſs of loſſes;
Our Lives, and ruins of our Families,
The utter being nothing of our Names,
Were nothing near it.
Max. As I take it too,
He put ye to the Emperor.
Are. He did ſo.
Max. And kept ye ſtill in Credit.
Phi. 'Tis moſt true, Sir.
Max. He fed your Fathers too, and made them Means,
Your Siſters he prefer'd to noble Wedlocks,
Did he not, Friends?
Are. O yes, Sir.
Max. As I take it
This worthy Man would not be now forgotten,
I tell ye to my Grief, h' was baſely murder'd;
And ſomething would be done, by thoſe that lov'd him:
And ſomething may be: Pray ſtand off a little.
Let me bewail him private.—O my deareſt.

(34) *Do not ſtay long behind:* ———] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *Dare not ſtay*——. As if *Maximus* had aſſerted, that all that lov'd *Aëcius* durſt not live after ſo great a Loſs. But the old Reading implies the Danger they were all in, as being ſuſpected by the Emperor; and this is uſed as a Motive to perſuade the two brave Eunuchs to undertake the Emperor's Death.

Phi.

Phi. Aretus, if we be not ſudden, he out-does us,
I know he points at Vengeance; we are cold,
And baſe ungrateful Wretches, if we ſhun it:
Are we to hope for more Rewards or Greatneſs,
Or any thing but Death, now he is dead?
Dar'ſt thou reſolve?

Are. I'm perfect.

(35) *Phi.* Then like Flowers
That grew together ſtill, we'll fall together,
And fall with that that bore us: When 'tis done,
The World ſhall ſtile us two deſerving Servants;
I fear he'll be before us.

Are. This Night, *Phidias.*

Phi. No more.

Max. Now worthy Friends I've done my mourainge,
Let's burn this noble Body: Sweets as many
As Sun-burnt *Meroe* breeds, I'll make a Flame of
Shall reach his Soul in Heav'n; He that ſhall live
Ten Ages hence, but to rehearſe this Story,
Shall with the ſad Diſcourſe on's darken Heav'n,
And force the painful Burdens from the Wombs
Conceiv'd a-new, with Sorrow: Ev'n the Grave
Where mighty *Sylla* ſleeps ſhall rend aſunder
And give her Shadow up, to come and groan
About our Piles, which will be more, and greater
Than green *Olympus*, *Ida*, or old *Latmus*
Can feed with Cedar, or the Eaſt with Gums,
Greece with her Wines, or *Theſſaly* with Flowers,
Or willing Heav'n can weep for in her Showers. [*Exeunt.*

(35) Phi. *Then like Flowers*
That grew together all *we'll fall together,*
And with us *that that bore us*:—] As *Phidias* and *Aretus* mean only their own Deaths, without a Junction with *Maximus*, inſtead of *all* I read *ſtill*. The laſt Line ſeems to be much more corrupt. They ſay, that that bore them ſhould fall with them; but *Aëcius* was already fall'n, and they would not call *Valentinian* the *Root* or *Stalk* that bore them. This Character only belongs to *Aëcius*. I ſuppoſe a Monoſyllable loſt in the Manuſcript, and that the Line there ſtood thus;

And with that that bore us:——

In correcting this, I ſuppoſe, the Editors to have repeated the *us*, when they ſhould have repeated the *fall* from the former Line.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Phidias *with his Dagger in him, and* Aretus *poiſon'd.*

Are. HE has his laſt.
Phi. Then come the worſt of Danger,
Aëcius, to thy Soul we give a *Cæſar*;
How long is't ſince ye gave it him?
Are. An hour,
Mine own two hours before him: How it boils me!
Phi. It was not to be cur'd, I hope.
Are. No, *Phidias*,
I dealt above his Antidotes: Phyſicians
May find the Cauſe, but where the Cure?
Phi. Done bravely,
We're got before his Tyranny, *Aretus*.
Are. We'd loſt our worthieſt end elſe, *Phidias*.
Phi. Canſt thou hold out a while?
Are. To torture him
Anger would give me leave, to live an Age yet;
That Man is poorly ſpirited, whoſe Life
Runs in his Blood alone, and not in's Wiſhes.
And yet I ſwell and burn like flaming *Ætna*,
A thouſand new found Fires are kindled in me,
But yet I muſt not die theſe four Hours, *Phidias*.
Phi. Remember who dies with thee, and deſpiſe Death.
Are. I need no Exhortation; the Joy in me,
Of what I've done, and why, makes Poiſon Pleaſure,
And my moſt killing Torments, Miſtreſſes.
For how can he have time to die, or pleaſure,
That falls as Fools unſatisfied, and ſimple?
Phi. This that conſumes my Life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying,
And if I but endure to hear the Curſes
Of this fell Tyrant dead, I've half my Heav'n.
Are. Hold thy Soul faſt but four hours, *Phidias*,
And thou ſhalt ſee to Wiſhes beyond ours,

Nay

Nay more, beyond our Meanings.
Phi. Thou haſt ſteel'd me:
Farewel *Aretus*, and the Souls of good Men,
That as ours do, have left their *Roman* Bodies
In brave Revenge for Virtue, guide our Shadows.
I would not faint yet.
Are. Farewel, *Phidias*,
And as we have done nobly, Gods look on us.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lycias, *and* Proculus.

Lyc. Sicker and ſicker, *Proculus?*
Pro. O *Licias*,
What ſhall become of us? Would we had dy'd
With happy *Chilax*, or with *Balbus* Bed-rid,
And made too lame for Juſtice.

Enter Licinius.

Licin. The ſoft Muſick;
And let one ſing to faſten Sleep upon him:
Oh Friends, the Emperor!
Pro. What ſay the Doctors?
Licin. For us a moſt ſad ſaying, he is poiſon'd,
Beyond all Cure too.
Lyc. Who?
Licin. The Wretch *Aretus*,
That moſt unhappy Villain.
Lyc. How do you know it?
Licin. He gave him drink laſt: Let's diſperſe and find him;
And ſince he'as open'd Miſery to all,
Let it begin with him firſt: Softly, he ſlumbers.

Enter

Enter Emperor ſick in a Chair, with Eudoxia, *the Empreſs, Phyſicians, and Attendants.*

Muſick *and* Song.

Care-charming Sleep, thou Eaſer of all Woes,
(36) Brother to Death, ſweetly thy Life diſpoſe
On this afflicted Prince, fall like a Cloud
In gentle Showers, give nothing that is loud;
Or painful to his Slumbers; eaſie, ſweet,
And as a purling Stream, thou Son of Night,
Paſs by his troubled Senſes; ſing his Pain
Like hollow murmuring Wind, or ſilver Rain.
Into this Prince gently, oh gently ſlide,
And kiſs him into Slumbers like a Bride.

Emp. Oh! Gods, Gods, Gods: Drink, Drink, Drink, colder, colder
Than Snow on *Scythian* Mountains: O my Heart-ſtrings!
Eud. How does your Grace?
Phyſ. The Empreſs ſpeaks, Sir.
Emp. Dying,
Dying, *Eudoxia*, dying.
Phyſ. Good Sir, Patience.
Eud. What have ye given him?
Phyſ. Precious Things, dear Lady,
We hope ſhall comfort him.
Emp. O flattered Fool,
See what thy God-head's come to: Oh, *Eudoxia!*

(36) *Brother to Death ſweetly thy* Life *diſpoſe*
On this afflicted Prince,——] Both Mr. *Sympſon* and Mr. *Theobald* reject the Word *Life* here, the former would ſubſtitute *ſelf*, and the latter *Gift* inſtead of it: But as Sleep is the great Reſtorer of Health and Preſerver of Life, Poetry may call its ſalutary Effects *its Life*. Beſide, the Poets ſeem here to deſign an Antitheſis, *viz.* Tho' Sleep is the Brother of Death, it is alſo the Giver of Life. After I had wrote this, a Confirmation of my Interpretation occurr'd in the very next Play. Monſieur *Thomas*, in the third Act, ſpeaking of the Bottle, ſays,

There be as many Lives in't, as a Cat carries.

Enter Proculus, Licinius *with* Aretus.

Eud. O Patience, Patience, Sir.
Emp. *Danubius*
I'll have brought through my Body.
Eud. Gods give Comfort.
Emp. And *Volga*, on whose Face the North Wind freezes.
(37) I am an hundred Hells, an hundred Piles
Already to my Funerals are flaming,
Shall I not drink?
Phys. You must not, Sir.
Emp. By Heav'n
I'll let my Breath out that shall burn ye all
If ye deny me longer; Tempest blow me,
And Inundations that have drunk up Kingdoms
Flow over me, and quench me: Where's the Villain?
Am I immortal now, ye Slaves? by *Numa*
If he do 'scape: Oh! oh!
Eud. Dear Sir.
Emp. Like *Nero*,
But far more terrible, and full of slaughter,
I'th' midst of all my Flames I'll fire the Empire:
A thousand Fans, a thousand Fans to cool me:
Invite the gentle Winds, *Eudoxia*.
Eud. Sir.
Emp. Oh do not flatter me, I am but Flesh,
A Man, a mortal Man: Drink, drink, ye Dunces;
What can your Doses now do, and your Scrapings,
Your Oils, and Mithridates? If I do die,
You only Words of Health, and Names of Sickness,
Finding no true Disease in Man but Mony,
That talk yourselves into Revenues, oh!
And ere you kill your Patients, beggar 'em,
I'll have ye flea'd, and cry'd.

(37) I find an hundred Hells.] The old Folio reads,
I and an hundred Hells,——
The first Reasons chang'd this into good Sense; but seem to have fallen much short of the Strait and Energy of the true Reading.
I am an hundred Hells,——

Enter

Enter Proculus *with* Aretus.

Pro. The Villain, Sir;
The moſt accurſed Wretch.
Emp. Be gone, my Queen,
This is no ſight for thee: Go to the Veſtals,
Caſt holy Incenſe in the Fire, and offer
One powerful Sacrifice to free thy *Cæſar*.
Pro. Go, go, and be happy. [*Exit* Eudoxia.
Are. Go, but give no Eaſe,
The Gods have ſet thy laſt Hour, *Valentinian*,
Thou art but Man, a bad Man too, a Beaſt,
And like a ſenſual bloody Thing thou dieſt.
Pro. Oh———Traitor!
Are. Curſe yourſelves, ye Flatterers,
And howl your Miſeries to come ye Wretches,
You taught him to be poiſon'd.
Emp. Yet no Comfort?
Are. Be not abus'd with Prieſts, nor Pothecaries,
They cannot help thee: Thou haſt now to live
A ſhort half Hour, no more, and I ten Minutes:
I gave thee Poiſon for *Aëcius* ſake,
Such a deſtroying Poiſon would kill Nature;
And for thou ſhalt not die alone, I took it.
If Mankind had been in thee at this Murder,
No more to People Earth again, the Wings
Of old Time clipt for ever, Reaſon loſt,
In what I had attempted; yet, O *Cæſar*,
To purchaſe fair Revenge, I'd poiſon'd them too.
Emp. Oh Villain: I grow hotter, hotter.
Are. Yes;
But not near my Heat yet; what thou feel'ſt now,
Mark me with horror *Cæſar*, are but Embers
Of Luſt and Lechery thou haſt committed:
But there be Flames of Murder.
Emp. Fetch out Tortures.
Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee, nay more, I'll love thee:
Thy Tortures to what now I ſuffer, *Cæſar*,
At which thou muſt arrive too, ere thou dy'ſt,
Are lighter, and more full of Mirth than Laughter.

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Eud. O Patience, Patience, Sir.
Emp. Danubius
I'll have brought through my Body.
Eud. Gods give Comfort.
Emp. And *Volga*, on whoſe Face the North Wind freezes.
(37) I am an hundred Hells, an hundred Piles
Already to my Funerals are flaming,
Shall I not drink?
Phyſ. You muſt not, Sir.
Emp. By Heav'n
I'll let my Breath out that ſhall burn ye all
If ye deny me longer; Tempeſt blow me,
And Inundations that have drunk up Kingdoms
Flow over me, and quench me: Where's the Villain?
Am I immortal now, ye Slaves? by *Numa*
If he do 'ſcape: Oh! oh!
Eud. Dear Sir.
Emp. Like *Nero*,
But far more terrible, and full of ſlaughter,
I'th' midſt of all my Flames I'll fire the Empire:
A thouſand Fans, a thouſand Fans to cool me:
Invite the gentle Winds, *Eudoxia.*
Eud. Sir.
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Are. Yes;
But not near my Heat yet; what thou feel'ſt now,
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Of Luſt and Lechery thou haſt committed:
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Emp. Fetch out Tortures.
Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee, nay more, I'll love thee:
Thy Tortures to what now I ſuffer, *Cæſar*,
At which thou muſt arrive too, ere thou dy'ſt,
Are lighter, and more full of Mirth than Laughter.

Emp. Let 'em alone: I muſt drink.
Are. Now be mad;
But not near me yet.
Emp. Hold me, hold me, hold me,
Hold me; or I ſhall burſt elſe.
Are. See me *Cæſar*,
And ſee to what thou muſt come for thy Murder;
Millions of Womens Labours, all Diſeaſes.
Emp. Oh my afflicted Soul too!
Are. Womens Fears, Horrors,
Deſpairs, and all the Plagues the hot Sun breeds——
Emp. *Aëcius*, O *Aëcius!* O *Lucina!*
Are. Are but my Torments Shadows!
Emp. Hide me Mountains;
The Gods have found my Sins:
Now break.
Are. Not yet, Sir;
Thou haſt a pull beyond all theſe.
Emp. Oh Hell!
Oh Villain, curſed Villain!
Are. O brave Villain,
My Poiſon dances in me at this deed:
Now *Cæſar*, now behold me, this is Torment,
And this is thine before thou dieſt, I am Wildfire:
The brazen Bull of *Phalaris* was feign'd,
The miſeries of Souls deſpiſing Heav'n,
But Emblems of my Torments.
Emp. Oh! Quench me, quench me, quench me.
Are. Fire a Flattery;
And all the Poet's Tales of ſad *Avernus*,
To my Pains leſs than Fictions: Yet to ſhew thee
What conſtant Love I bore my murder'd Maſter;
Like a South-wind, I've ſung through all theſe Tempeſts
My Heart, my wither'd Heart, fear, fear thou Monſter,
Fear the juſt Gods, I have my Peace—— [*He dies.*
Emp. More Drink,
A thouſand *April* Showers fall in my Boſom:
How dare ye let me be tormented thus?
Away with that prodigious Body. Gods,
Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay

All your inflictions on me; hear me, hear me;
I do confeſs I am a Raviſher,
A Murderer, a hated *Cæſar*; oh!
Are there not Vows enough, and flaming Altars,
The Fat of all the World for Sacrifice,
And where that fails, the Blood of thouſand Captives,
To purge thoſe Sins, but I muſt make the Incenſe?
I do deſpiſe ye all, ye have no Mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no Gods, your Parole
Is only preach'd Abroad to make Fools fearful,
And Women made of Awe, believe your Heav'n:
Oh Torments, Torments, Torments, Pains above Pains,
If ye be any thing but Dreams, and Ghoſts,
And truly hold the Guidance of Things mortal;
Have in yourſelves times paſt, to come, and preſent,
Faſhion the Souls of Men, and make Fleſh for 'em,
Weighing our Fates, and Fortunes beyond Reaſon,
(38) Be more than all, ye Gods, great in Forgiveneſs;
Break not the goodly Frame ye build in Anger;
For you are things, Men teach us, without Paſſions;
Give me an hour to know ye in: Oh ſave me;
But ſo much perfect time ye make a Soul in,
Take this Deſtruction from me.—No ye cannot,
The more I would believe ye, more I ſuffer,
My Brains are Aſhes, now my Heart, my Eyes, Friends,
I go, I go, more Air, more Air; I am mortal. [*He dies.*

Pro. Take in the Body: Oh *Licinius*,
The Miſery that we are left to ſuffer;
No pity ſhall find us.

Licin. Our Lives deſerve none:
Would I were chain'd again to ſlavery,
With any hope of Life.

Pro. A quiet Grave,
Or a Conſumption now, *Licinius*,

(38) *Be more than* all the *Gods, great in Forgiveneſs*;] If this be the true Reading the Senſe ſeems very obſcure; but the ſlight Change I have made will clear it.

Be more than all, ye *Gods*,——

i. e. If you are great in creating and governing us, be greater ſtill in forgiving us.

That we might be too poor to kill, were ſomething.
Licin. Let's make our beſt uſe, we have Mony, *Proculus*,
And if that cannot ſave us, we have Swords.
Pro. Yes, but we dare not die.
Licin. I had forgot that:
There's other Countries then.
Pro. But the ſame hate ſtill,
Of what we are.
Licin. Think any thing, I'll follow.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Pro. How now, what News?
Meſſ. Shift for yourſelves, ye're loſt elſe;
The Soldier is in Arms for great *Aecius*,
And their Lieutenant-General that ſtop'd 'em,
Cut in a thouſand pieces: They march hither:
Beſide, the Women of the Town have murder'd
Phorba, and looſe *Ardelia*, *Cæſar*'s She-Bawds.
Licin. Then here's no ſtaying, *Proculus?*
Pro. O *Cæſar*,
That we had never known thy Luſts: Let's fly,
And where we find no Woman's Man let's die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. Gods, what a Sluice of Blood have I let open!
My happy Ends are come to birth, he's dead,
And I reveng'd; the Empire's all a Fire,
And Deſolation every where inhabits:
And ſhall I live that am the Author of it,
To know *Rome* from the Awe o'th' World, the Pity?
My Friends are gone before too, of my ſending,
And ſhall I ſtay? is ought elſe to be liv'd for?
Is there another Friend, another Wife,
Or any third holds half their Worthineſs,
To linger here alive for? Is not Virtue
In their two everlaſting Souls departed,
And in their Bodies firſt Flame fled to Heav'n?
Can any Man diſcover this, and love me?

For

For though my Juſtice were as white as Truth,
My way was crooked to it; that condemns me:
And now *Aëcius*, and my honour'd Lady,
That were Preparers to my Reſt and Quiet,
The Lines to lead me to *Elyſium*;
You that but ſtept before me, on Aſſurance
I would not leave your Friendſhip unrewarded,
Firſt ſmile upon the Sacrifice I've ſent ye,
Then ſee me coming boldly. Stay, I am fooliſh,
Somewhat too ſudden to mine own Deſtruction,
This great End of my Vengeance may grow greater:
Why may not I be *Cæſar?* Yet no dying;
Why ſhould I not catch at it? Fools and Children
Have had that Strength before me, and obtain'd it,
And as the Danger ſtands, my Reaſon bids me,
I will, I dare; my dear Friends pardon me,
I am not fit to die yet, if not *Cæſar*;
I am ſure the Soldier loves me, and the People,
And I will forward, and as goodly Cedars
Rent from *Oeta* by a ſweeping Tempeſt,
Jointed again, and made tall Maſts, defy
Thoſe angry Winds that ſplit 'em, ſo will I
New-piece again, above the Fate of Women,
And made more perfect far, than growing private,
Stand and defy bad Fortunes: If I riſe,
My Wife was raviſh'd well: If then I fall,
My great Attempt honours my Funeral. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter three Senators and Affranius.

1 *Sen.* Guard all the Poſterns to the Camp, *Affranius*,
And ſee 'em faſt, we ſhall be rifled elſe;
Thou art an honeſt, and a worthy Captain.
2 *Sen.* Promiſe the Soldier any thing.
3 *Sen.* Speak gently,
And tell 'em we are now in Council for 'em,
Labouring to chuſe a *Cæſar* fit for them,
A Soldier, and a Giver.
1 *Sen.* Tell 'em further,

Their free and liberal Voices ſhall go with us.
2 *Sen.* Nay more, a Negative ſay we allow 'em.
3 *Sen.* And if our Choice diſpleaſe 'em, they ſhall name him.
1 *Sen.* Promiſe three Donatives, and large. *Affranius.*
2 *Sen.* And *Cæſar* once elected, preſent Foes,
With Diſtribution of all Neceſſaries,
Corn, Wine and Oil.
3 *Sen.* New Garments, and new Arms,
And equal Portions of the Provinces
To them, and to their Families for ever.
1 *Sen.* And ſee the City ſtrengthned.
Affra. I ſhall do it. [*Exit* Affranius.
2 *Sen.* *Sempronius*, theſe are woful Times.
3 *Sen.* O *Brutus!*
We want thy Honeſty again; theſe *Cæſars*,
What noble Conſuls got with Blood, in Blood
Conſume again, and ſcatter.
1 *Sen.* Which way ſhall we?
2 *Sen.* Not any way of Safety I can think on.
3 *Sen.* Now go our Wives to Ruin, and our Daughters,
And we Beholders, *Fulvius.*
1 *Sen.* Every thing
Is every Man's that will.
2 *Sen.* The Veſtals now
Muſt only Feed the Soldier's Fire of Luſt,
And ſenſual Gods be glutted with thoſe Offerings,
(39) Age, like the hidden Bowels of the Earth,

(39) *Age, like the hidden Bowels of the Earth,*
Open'd with Swords for Treaſure.] I ſhould not have explained this Paſſage, but that it appears to Mr. *Sympſon* utterly inexplicable; to me an extreme poetical Sentiment. The Bowels of the Old Earth are often ript up (in the Language of Poetry) for the Treaſures hid in them. Thus *Milton*——
Rifle the Bowels of their Mother Earth
For Treaſures better hid.
What, therefore, can be a more beautiful Simile to the Soldiers forcing old Men to diſcover their Wealth by Wounds and Cruelties? Poetic Language often draws the Outlines of a Sentiment which the Reader's own Imagination muſt ſupply with intermediate Ideas. It is this that chiefly diſtinguiſhes it from Proſe; It forms the very Nerves and Sinews of Poetry.

Open'd

Open'd with Swords for Treaſure. Gods defend us,
We're Chaff before their Fury elſe.
1 *Sen.* Away,
Let's to the Temples.
2 *Sen.* To the Capitol,
'Tis not a Time to pray now, let's be ſtrengthen'd.

Enter Affranius.

3 *Sen.* How now *Affranius:* What good News?
Affra. A *Cæſar.*
1 *Sen.* Oh! Who?
Affra. Lord *Maximus* is with the Soldier,
And all the Camp rings *Cæſar, Cæſar, Cæſar;*
He forc'd the Empreſs with him for more Honour.
2 *Sen.* A happy Choice: Let's meet him.
3 *Sen.* Bleſſed Fortune.
1 *Sen.* Away, away, make Room there, Room there, Room. [*Exeunt Senators. Flouriſh.*
Within. Lord *Maximus* is *Cæſar, Cæſar, Cæſar;*
Hail *Cæſar Maximus.*
Affra. O turning People!
Oh People excellent in War, and govern'd;
In Peace more raging (40) than the furious North,
When

(40) ——— *than the furious North,*
When he ploughs up the Sea, and makes him Brine;] Mr. *Sympſon* tells me, that this Paſſage puzzled him even to Vexation, and ſomething like it happen'd to me. In Concluſion, we both retain the old Reading, but differ *toto cælo* in the Explanation. He ſays *Brine* in the *Saxon* ſignifies *Fire*, and allowing, therefore, its genuine Signification, that the Sentiment is noble. I think his Solution extremely ingenious, but that our Authors would not uſe a common Word and apply it to its common Subject; (as *Brine* was as much uſed in their Age for Sea-Water, as it is at preſent) and deſign it to be underſtood in its old and totally-obſolete Signification. I therefore, tho' perhaps from Self-Partiality, prefer the Solution which occur'd to me before I receiv'd this. Every one knows that the Spray of the Sea in ſtormy Weather tinges the whole incumbent Atmoſphere, and makes it taſte ſalt and *briny*. I ſuppoſe, therefore, the Poets by a ſmall Grammatical Inaccuracy to have made the Relative *him* in the laſt Line relate to the *North-Wind*, and not to its immediate Antecedent the *Sea*; ſo that the Senſe will then be full as nervous and poetical. ——*More raging than the North-Wind, when he ploughs up the Sea, and turns himſelf and the whole Air into Brine.* For how common

ſuch

When he ploughs up the Sea, and makes him Brine;
Or the loud Falls of *Nile*; I muſt give way,
Although I neither love nor (41) hoped this.
Or like a rotten Bridge that dares a Current,
(42) When he is ſwell'd and high, crack and farewel.
Enter Maximus, Eudoxia, *Senators and Soldiers.*
Sen. Room for the Emperor.
Sold. Long Life to *Cæſar.*
Affra. Hail *Cæſar Maximus.*
Emp. Max. Your Hand, *Affranius.*
Lead to the Palace, there my Thanks in general,
I'll ſhower among ye all: Gods give me Life,
Firſt to defend the Empire, (43) then you Fathers.
And valiant Friends, the Heirs of Strength and Virtue,
The Rampires of old *Rome*, of us the Refuge;
To you I open this Day all I have,
Even all the Hazard that my Youth hath purchas'd,
Ye are my Children, Family, and Friends,
And ever ſo reſpected ſhall be.—Forward.
(44) There's a Proſcription, grave *Sempronius*,
'Gainſt all the Flatterers, and lazy Bawds
Led looſe-liv'd *Valentinian* to his Vices,
See it effected. [*Flouriſh.*
Sen. Honour wait on *Cæſar.*
Sold. Make room for *Cæſar* there. [*Exeunt all but* Affra.
Affra. Thou haſt my Fears,
But *Valentinian* keeps my Vows: Oh Gods!
Why do we like to feed the greedy Ravin
Of theſe blown Men, that muſt before they ſtand,
And fix in Eminence, caſt Life on Life,

And

ſuch ſmall Grammatical Inaccuracies are to our Poets and to *Shakeſpear* (and I may here add, to almoſt all *Engliſh* Writers whatever) ſee a remarkable Inſtance at Note 1*ſt.* in the *Little French Lawyer.*

(41) ——Hope *this,*] Former Editions.

(42) ——————— *that dares a Current,*
When he is ſwell'd and high cract, *and farewel.*] Former Editions. Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* both join'd with me in the Correction.

(43) ——————— *then you Fathers,*
And valiant Friends,] The Pointing of former Editions.

(44) *There's a* Preſcription,] Former Editions, corrected by all the Three.

And trench their Safeties in with Wounds, and Bodies?
Well froward *Rome*, thou wilt grow weak with changing
And die without an Heir, that lov'ſt to breed
Sons for the killing hate of Sons: For me,
I only live to find an Enemy. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Paulus, *a Poet*; *and* Licippus, *a Gentleman.*

Pau. When is the Inauguration?
Licip. Why, To-morrow.
Pau. 'Twill be ſhort time.
Licip. Any Device that's handſom.
A *Cupid*, or the God o' th' Place will do it,
Where he muſt take the Faſces.
Pau. Or a Grace.
Licip. A good Grace has no Fellow.
Pau. Let me ſee,
Will not his Name yield ſomething? *Maximus*
By th' way of Anagram? I've found out *Axis*,
You know he bears the Empire.
Licip. Get him Wheels too,
'Twill be a cruel Carriage elſe.
Pau. Some Songs too.
Licip. By any means ſome Songs: But very ſhort ones,
And honeſt Language *Paulus*, without burſting,
The Air will fall the ſweeter.
Pau. A Grace muſt do it.
Licip. Why, let a Grace then———
Pau. Yes, it muſt be ſo;
And in a Robe of Blue too, as I take it.
Licip. This Poet is a little Kin to th' Painter
That could paint nothing but a ramping Lion,
So all his learned Fancies are blue Graces.
Pau. What think ye of a Sea-Nymph, and a Heav'n?
Licip. Why what ſhould ſhe do there, Man? There's no Water.
Pau. By th' Maſs that's true, it muſt be a Grace, and yet Methinks a Rain-bow.
Licip. And in Blue.

Pau.

Pau. O yes!
Hanging in Arch above him, and i' th' middle.
Licip. A Shower of Rain.
Pau. No, no, 't muſt be a Grace.
Licip. Why prithee Grace him then.
Pau. Or *Orpheus*,
Coming from Hell.
Licip. In Blue too.
Pau. 'Tis the better;
And as he riſes, full of Fires.
Licip. Now bleſs us,
Will not that ſpoil his Lute-ſtrings, *Paulus?*
Pau. Singing,
And croſſing of his Arms.
Licip. How can he play then?
Pau. 'T ſhall be a Grace, I'll do it.
Licip. Prithee do,
(45) And with as good a Grace as thou can'ſt poſſible,
Good Fury *Paulus*. Be i' th' Morning with me,
And pray take Meaſure of his Mouth that ſpeaks it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Maximus *and* Eudoxia.

Max. Come my beſt lov'd *Eudoxia*.—Let the Soldier
Want neither Wine, nor any thing he calls for,
And when the Senate's ready, give us Notice;
In the mean time leave us.——
O my dear ſweet!
Eud. Is't poſſible your Grace
Should undertake ſuch Dangers for my Beauty,
If it were excellent?
Max. By Heav'n 'tis all
The World has left to brag of.

(45) *And with as good a Grace as poſſible;*
Good Fury *Paulus, be i' th' Morning with me.*] Mr. *Theobald* changes *Fury Paulus* to *Fairy Paulus*. But he ſeems to have loſt the Antitheſis between the *Grace* and *Fury*, which indeed the former Editions by wrong Points had before done. As the Poet was ſo enamour'd of a *Grace*, there is great Humour in calling him a Fury.

Eud.

Eud. Can a Face
Long ſince bequeath'd to Wrinkles with my Sorrows,
Long ſince raz'd out o' th' Book of Youth and Pleaſure,
Have Power to make the ſtrongeſt Man o' th' Empire,
Nay the moſt ſtay'd, and knowing what is Woman,
The greateſt Aim of Perfectneſs Men liv'd by,
The moſt true, conſtant Lover of his Wedlock,
Such a ſtill-blowing Beauty Earth was proud of,
Loſe ſuch a noble Wife, and wilfully;
Himſelf prepare the way, nay make the Rape?
Did ye not tell me ſo?

Max. 'Tis true, *Eudoxia.*

Eud. Lay deſolate his deareſt Piece of Friendſhip,
Break the ſtrong Helm he ſteer'd by, ſink that Virtue,
That Valour, that even all the Gods can give us,
Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthieſt;
Nay more, arrive at *Cæſar*, and kill him too,
And for my ſake? Either ye love too dearly,
Or deeply ye diſſemble, Sir?

Max. I do ſo;
And 'till I am more ſtrengthen'd, ſo I muſt do:
Yet would my Joy, and Wine had faſhion'd out
Some ſafer Lie. [*Aſide.*] — Can theſe things be, *Eudoxia*,
And I diſſemble? Can there be but Goodneſs
And only thine, dear Lady, any End,
Any Imagination but a loſt one,
Why I ſhould run this Hazard? O thou Virtue!
Were it to do again, and *Valentinian*,
Once more to hold thee, ſinful *Valentinian*,
In whom thou were ſet, as Pearls are in ſalt Oyſters,
As Roſes are in rank Weeds, I would find
Yet to thy ſacred ſelf a dearer Danger,
The Gods know how I honour thee.

Eud. What Love, Sir,
Can I return for this, but my Obedience?
My Life, if ſo you pleaſe, and 'tis too little.

Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the World.

Eud. From this Hour,
The Sorrows for my dead Lord, fare ye well,
My living Lord has dry'd ye; and in Token,

As

As Emperor this Day I honour ye,
And the great Caſter-new of all my Wiſhes,
The Wreath of living Laurel, that muſt compaſs
That ſacred Head, *Eudoxia* makes for *Cæſar*:
I am, methinks, too much in Love with Fortune;
But with you, ever Royal Sir, my Maker,
The once more Summer of me, meer in Love,
Is poor Expreſſion of my Doting.

Max. Sweeteſt.

Eud. Now of my Troth ye have bought me dear, Sir.

Max. No,
Had I at Loſs of Mankind.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Eud. Now ye flatter.

Meſſ. The Senate waits your Grace.

Max. Let 'em come on,
And in a full Form bring the Ceremony:
This Day I am your Servant, Dear, and proudly
I'll wear your honour'd Favour.

Eud. May it prove ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Paulus *and* Licippus.

Licip. Is your Grace done?

Pau. 'Tis done.

Licip. Who ſpeaks?

Pau. A Boy.

Licip. A dainty blue Boy, *Paulus?*

Pau. Yes.

Licip. Have ye view'd
The Work above?

Pau. Yes, and all up, and ready.

Licip. The Empreſs does you ſimple Honour, *Paulus*,
The Wreath your blue Grace muſt preſent, ſhe made.
But hark ye, for the Soldiers?

Pau. That's done too:
I'll bring 'em in, I warrant ye.

Licip. A Grace too?

Pau.

Pau. The ſame Grace ſerves for both.
Licip. About it then:
I muſt to the Cup-board; and (46) be ſure, good *Paulus*,
Your Grace be faſting, that he may hang cleanly:
If there ſhould need another Voice, what then?
Pau. I'll hang another Grace in.
Licip. Grace be with ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter in State Maximus, Eudoxia, *with Soldiers and Gentlemen of* Rome, *the Senators, and Rods and Axes borne before them.*

A Synnet with Trumpets. { *With a Banquet prepar'd, with Hautboys, Muſick, Song, Wreath.*

3 *Sen.* Hail to thy Imperial Honour ſacred *Cæſar*,
And from the old *Rome* take theſe Wiſhes;
You holy Gods, that hitherto have held,
As Juſtice holds her Ballance equal pois'd.
This Glory of our Nation, this full *Roman*,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him:
Look on this Son, O *Jupiter*, our helper,
And *Romulus*, thou Father of our Honour,
Preſerve him like thyſelf, Juſt, Valiant, Noble,
A Lover and Increaſer of his People;
Let him begin with *Numa*, ſtand with *Cato*,
The firſt five Years of *Nero* be his Wiſhes,
Give him the Age and Fortune of *Emylius*,
And his whole Reign, renew a Great *Auguſtus*.

(46) ——————— *be ſure,*
Your Grace be faſting, that he may hang cleanly.] As the Grace was to ſing, I at firſt thought that *hang cleanly* ſhould be *twang cleanly*, or with a clear Voice. But from the Expreſſion that follows, ——*I'll hang another Grace in*—— the old Reading is probably right, and refers to a Cuſtom of ſuſpending their Gods, Goddeſſes, Graces, *&c.* in Ropes, which might make the Caution of being faſting in order *to hang cleanly*, perfectly neceſſary and very humorous.

SONG

S O N G.

Boy. *Honour that is ever living,*
Honour that is ever giving,
Honour that ſees all and knows,
Both the Ebbs of Man and Flows;
Honour that rewards the beſt,
Sends thee thy rich Labour's Reſt;
Thou haſt ſtudied ſtill to pleaſe her,
Therefore now ſhe calls thee Cæſar;
Chorus. *Hail, hail,* Cæſar, *hail and ſtand,*
And thy Name out-live the Land,
Noble Fathers to his Brows,
Bind this Wreath with thouſand Vows.

All. Stand to Eternity.
Max. I thank ye, Fathers,
And as I rule, may it ſtill grow or wither:
Now to the Banquet, ye are all my Gueſts,
This Day be liberal, Friends; to Wine we give it;
And ſmiling Pleaſures: Sit, my Queen of Beauty;
Fathers, your Places: Theſe are fair Wars, Soldiers,
And thus I give the firſt charge to ye all;
You are my Second, Sweet, to every Cup,
I add unto the Senate, a new Honour,
And to the Sons of *Mars* a Donative.

S O N G.

Boy. *God* Lycus *ever young,*
Ever honour'd, ever ſung;
Stain'd with Blood of luſty Grapes,
In a thouſand luſty Shapes,
Dance upon the (47) *Mazer's brim,*
In the Crimſon Liquor ſwim;
From thy plenteous Hand Divine,
Let a River run with Wine;
God of Youth, let this Day here
Enter neither Care nor Fear.

(47) ——————Mazer's *brim,*] *Mazer* ſignifies the old faſhion flat ſilver Cup.

Bo

Boy. *Bellona*'s Seed, the Glory of old *Rome*,
Envy of conquer'd Nations, nobly come
And to the Fulneſs of your warlike Noiſe
Let your Feet move, make up this Hour of Joys;
Come, come I ſay, range your fair Troop, at large,
And your high Meaſure turn into a Charge.

Semp. The Emperor's grown heavy with his Wine.

Affra. The Senate ſtays, Sir, for your Thanks.

Semp. Great *Cæſar*.

Eud. I have my wiſh.

Affra. Wilt pleaſe your Grace ſpeak to him.

Eud. Yes, but he will not hear, Lords. *Semp.* Stir him, *Lucius*;
The Senate muſt have Thanks. 2 *Sen. Luc.* Your Grace, Sir, *Cæſar*.

Eud. Did I not tell you he was well: He's dead.

Semp. Dead? Treaſon, guard the Court, let no Man paſs;
Soldiers, your *Cæſar*'s murder'd.

Eud. Make no Tumult,
Nor arm the Court, ye have his Killer with ye;
And the juſt Cauſe, if ye can ſtay the Hearing:
I was his Death; that Wreath that made him *Cæſar*,
Has made him Earth.

Sold. Cut her in thouſand Pieces.

Eud. Wiſe Men would know the Reaſon firſt: To die
Is that I wiſh for, *Romans*, (48) and your Swords,
The readieſt way of Death: Yet Soldiers grant me,
That was your Empreſs once, and honour'd by ye,
But ſo much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my Reaſons well; if Man be in you;
Then if ye dare, do cruelly condemn me.

Affra. Hear her, ye noble *Romans*, 'tis a Woman,
A Subject not for Swords, but Pity: Heav'n,

(48) ——— ——— *and your Swords*
The heavieſt *way of Death:* ———] Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* both agree with me in diſcarding this Word, the Context plainly requiring a Word of almoſt oppoſite Signification; and we all prefer *readieſt* as the beſt amongſt ſeveral Words that have occur'd all pretty near the Trace of the Letters, as *eaſieſt*, *happieſt*; and Mr. *Theobald* adds *heavenlieſt*.

If ſhe be guilty of malicious Murder,
Has given us Laws to make Example of her;
If only of Revenge, and Blood hid from us,
Let us conſider firſt, then execute.
Semp. Speak, bloody Woman.
Eud. Yes: This *Maximus*,
That was your *Cæſar*, Lords, and noble Soldiers,
(And if I wrong the dead, Heav'n periſh me;
Or ſpeak to win your Favours, but the Truth)
Was to his Country, to his Friends, and *Cæſar*,
A moſt malicious Traitor.
Semp. Take heed, Woman.
Eud. I ſpeak not for Compaſſion. Brave *Aëcius*,
(Whoſe bleſſed Soul, if I lye, ſhall afflict me,)
The Man that all the World lov'd, you ador'd,
That was the Maſter-piece of Arms, and Bounty;
Mine own Grief ſhall come laſt: This Friend of his,
This Soldier, this your right Arm, noble *Romans*,
By a baſe Letter to the Emperor,
Stufft full of Fears, and poor Suggeſtions,
And by himſelf unto himſelf directed,
Was cut off baſely, baſely, cruelly;
O Loſs, oh Innocent! Can ye now kill me?
And the poor Stale, my noble Lord, that knew not
More of this Villain, than his forced Fears,
Like one foreſeen to ſatisfy, dy'd for it:
There was a Murder too, *Rome* would have bluſh'd at;
Was this Worth being *Cæſar*? or my Patience? nay—— his Wife,
By Heav'n he told it me in Wine, and Joy,
And ſwore it deeply, he himſelf prepar'd
To be abus'd.—How? let me grieve, not tell ye;
And weep the Sins that did it: And his End
Was only me, and *Cæſar*: But me he ly'd in;
Theſe are my Reaſons, *Romans*, and my Soul
Tells me ſufficient; and my Deed is Juſtice:
Now as I have done well, or ill, look on me.
Affra. What leſs could Nature do, what leſs had we done,
Had we known this before? *Romans*, ſhe's righteous;

And

And ſuch a Piece of Juſtice, Heav'n muſt ſmile on:
Bend all your Swords on me, if this diſpleaſe ye,
For I muſt kneel, and on this virtuous Hand
Seal my new Joy and Thanks; thou haſt done truly.
Sempr. Up with your Arms, ye ſtrike a Saint elſe, *Romans.*
May'ſt thou live ever ſpoken our Protector:
Rome yet has many noble Heirs: Let's in
And pray before we chuſe, then plant a *Ceſar*
Above the reach of Envy, Blood, and Murder.
Affra. Take up the Body, nobly to his Urn,
And may our Sins and his together burn.
[*Exeunt. A dead March.*

EPILOGUE.

WE wou'd fain pleaſe ye, and as fain be pleas'd;
'Tis but a little Liking, both are eas'd:
We have your Money, and you have our Ware,
And to our Underſtanding good and fair:
For your own Wiſdom's ſake, be not ſo mad,
T' acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad:
Let not a brack i'th' Stuff, or here and there
The fading Gloſs, a general Loſs appear:
We know ye take up worſe Commodities,
And dearer pay, yet think your Bargain's wiſe;
We know in Meat and Wine, (49) ye fling away
More Time and Health, which is but dearer pay,
And with the Reckoning all the Pleaſure loſt.
We bid ye not unto repenting Coſt:
The Price is eaſie, and ſo light the Play,
That ye may new digeſt it every Day.
Then noble Friends, as ye would chooſe a Miſtreſs,
Only to pleaſe the Eye a while, and kiſs,
'Till a good Wife be got: So let this Play
Hold ye a while, until a better may.

(49) ——————*ye fling away*
More Time and Wealth, *which is but dearer pay,*] The Change of a Letter ſeems here to have turn'd a beautiful Sentiment into the groſſeſt Tautology. As it has hitherto ſtood, the Senſe muſt be, *You take up with worſe Commodities, and pay dearer for them; for you ſpend more of your Time and more of your Wealth in Meat and Drink, and conſequently ye pay dearer for them.* How flat and unneceſſary is the Concluſion? But if we read *Health* inſtead of *Wealth*, as I doubt not the Poets did, the Senſe will be perfectly poetical: *You not only fling away more Time, but even Health too on Meats and Wine; and this is a much dearer Purchaſe than that which you buy of us for a little Money. The Pleaſure Eatables give is loſt the Moment you are fill'd; whereas the Food we treat with may be a thouſand times digeſted, and will never load or diſeaſe the Mind.*

MON-

MONSIEUR

THOMAS.

A

COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

VAlentine *a Gentleman lately return'd from Travel, Brother to* Alice.
Monſieur Thomas, *his Fellow-Traveller.*
Sebaſtian, *his Father.*
Francis, Valentine's *Son, in Love with* Cellide.
Hylas, *a general Lover.*
Sam, *a Gentleman, his Friend.*
Launcelot, *Monſieur* Thomas *his Man.*
Michael, *a Gentleman,* Valentine's *Neighbour.*
Three Phyſicians, and an Apothecary.

WOMEN.

Alice, Valentine's *Siſter.*
Cellide, *beloved by* Valentine, *in Love with* Francis.
Mary, *Neice to* Valentine *and* Alice, *in Love with Monſieur* Thomas.
Dorothea, *Monſieur* Thomas *his Siſter.*
Abbeſs, Maids, &c.

SCENE, *FRANCE.*

MONSIEUR *THOMAS.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alice, *and* Valentine.

ALICE.

HOW dearly welcome you are!
Val. I know it,
And my beſt Siſter, you're as dear to my ſight,
And pray let this confirm it: How you've govern'd
My poor State in my Abſence, how my Servants,
I dare, and muſt believe, (elſe I ſhould wrong ye)
The beſt and worthieſt.
Alice. As my Woman's Wit, Sir,
Which is but weak and crazy.
Val. But good *Alice*,
Tell me how fares the gentle *Cellide*,
The Life of my Affection, ſince my Travel,
My long and lazy Travel? Is her Love ſtill
Upon the growing Hand? Does it not ſtop
And wither at my Years? has ſhe not view'd
And entertain'd ſome younger ſmooth Behaviour,
Some Youth but in his Bloſſom, as herſelf is?
There lie my Fears.
Alice. They need not, for believe me
So well you've manag'd her, and won her Mind,
Ev'n from her Hours of Childhood to this Ripeneſs;
(And in your Abſence, that by me enforc'd ſtill)

So well diſtill'd your Gentleneſs into her,
Obſerv'd her, fed her Fancy, liv'd ſtill in her,
And though Love be a Boy, and ever youthful,
And young and beauteous Objects ever aim'd at,
Yet here ye've gone beyond Love, better'd Nature,
Made him appear in Years, in grey Years fiery,
His Bow at full-bent ever; fear not Brother,
For though your Body has been far off from her,
Yet every Hour your Heart, which is your Goodneſs,
I have forc'd into her, won a Place prepar'd too,
And willingly to give it ever harbour;
Believe ſhe's ſo much yours, and won by Miracle,
Which is by Age; ſo deep a Stamp ſet on her
By your obſervances, ſhe cannot alter.
Were the Child living now ye loſt at Sea
Among the *Genoa* Gallies, what a Happineſs!
What a main Bleſſing!

Val. O, no more, good Siſter,
Touch no more that String, 'tis too harſh and jarring.
With that Child all my Hopes went, and you know
The Root of all thoſe Hopes, the Mother too
Within few Days.

Alice. 'Tis too true, and too fatal,
But Peace be with their Souls.

Val. For her Loſs,
I hope the beauteous *Cellide*.

Alice. You may, Sir,
For all ſhe is, is yours.

Val. For the poor Boy's loſs,
I've brought a noble Friend, I found in Travel,
A worthier Mind, and a more temperate Spirit,
If I have ſo much Judgment to diſcern 'em,
Man yet was never Maſter of.

Alice. What is he?

Val. A Gentleman, I do aſſure myſelf,
And of a worthy Breeding, though he hide it;
I found him at *Valentia*, poor and needy,
Only his Mind the Maſter of a Treaſure.
I ſought his Friendſhip, won him by much Violence,
His Honeſty and Modeſty ſtill fearing

To

To thruſt a Charge upon me; how I love him,
He ſhall now know, where Want and he hereafter
Shall be no more Companions; uſe him nobly,
It is my Will, good Siſter, all I have
I make him free Companion in, and Partner,
But only——

Alice. I obſerve ye, hold your Right there,
Love and high Rule allows no Rivals, Brother,
He ſhall have fair Regard, and all Obſervance.

Enter Hylas.

Hyl. You're welcome, noble Sir.

Val. What, Monſieur *Hylas!*
I'm glad to ſee your merry Body well yet.

Hyl. 'Faith y' are welcome Home, what News beyond Seas?

Val. None, but new Men expected, ſuch as you are,
To breed new Admirations; 'tis my Siſter,
'Pray y' know her, Sir.

Hyl. With all my Heart; your leave, Lady?

Alice. You have it, Sir.

Hyl. A ſhrewd ſmart touch, which does prognoſticate
A Body keen and active, ſomewhat old,
But that's all one; Age brings Experience
And Knowledge to Diſpatch: I muſt be better,
And nearer in my Service, with your leave, Sir,
To this fair Lady.

Val. What, the old 'Squire of Dames ſtill!

Hyl. Still the Admirer of their Goodneſs; with all my Heart now,
I love a Woman of her Years, a Pacer
That lays the Bridle in her Neck, will travel
Forty; and ſomewhat fulſome is a fine Diſh.
Theſe young Colts are too skittiſh.

Enter Mary.

Alice. My Couſin *Mary*
In all her Joy, Sir, to congratulate
Your fair return.

Val. My loving and kind Couſin,

A thouſand Welcomes.
Mary. A thouſand Thanks to Heav'n, Sir,
For your ſafe Voyage, and Return.
Val. I thank ye;
But where's my bleſſed *Cellide?* Her ſickneſs
In Viſitation.
Mary. Think not ſo, dear Uncle,
I left her on her Knees, thanking the Gods
With Tears and Prayers.
Val. Ye have given me too much Comfort.
Mary. She will not be long from ye.
Hyl. Your fair Couſin?
Val. It is ſo, and a Bait you cannot balk, Sir,
If your old Rule reign in you, ye may know her.
(1) *Hyl.* A happy ſtock ye have, right worthy Lady,
The pooreſt of your Servants vows his Duty
And oblig'd Faith.
Mary. O 'tis a Kiſs you would, Sir,
Take it, and tye your Tongue up.
Hyl. I'm an Aſs
I do perceive now, a blind Aſs, a Blockhead;
For this is Handſomneſs, this that that draws us
Body and Bones: Oh what a mounted Forehead,
What Eyes and Lips, what every thing about her?
How like a Swan ſhe ſwims her Pace, and bears
Her ſilver Breaſts! This is the Woman, ſhe,
And only ſhe, that I will ſo much honour
As to think worthy of my Love, all older Idols
I heartily abhor, and give to Gun-powder,
And all Complexions beſides hers, to Gypſies.

Enter Francis *at one Door, and* Cellide *at another.*

Val. O my dear Life, my better Heart, all Dangers,
Diſtreſſes in my Travel, all Misfortunes,
Had they been endleſs like the Hours upon me,
In this Kiſs had been buried in Oblivion;
How happy have ye made me, truly happy?

(1) *A happy ſtock ye have,* ———] This is made a Continuation of *Valentine*'s Speech, by an Omiſſion of *Hylas*'s Name, in the former Editions.

Cel. My Joy has ſo much over-maſtered me,
That in my Tears for your return——
Val. O deareſt;
My noble Friend too! What a Bleſſedneſs
Have I about me now! How full my Wiſhes
Are come again, a thouſand hearty Welcomes
I once more lay upon ye; all I have,
The fair and liberal Uſe of all my Servants
To be at your Command, and all the Uſes
Of all within my Power.
Fran. Ye're too munificent,
Nor am I able to conceive thoſe Thanks, Sir,
(2) *Val.* Ye wrong my tender Love now. Even my Service,
Nothing excepted, nothing ſtuck between us
And our intire Affections but this Woman,
This I beſeech ye Friend.
Fran. It is a Jewel,
I do confeſs, would make a Thief, but never
Of him that's ſo much yours, and bound your Servant;
That were a baſe Ingratitude.
Val. Ye are Noble,
'Pray be acquainted with her; keep your way, Sir.
My Couſin and my Siſter.
Alice. Ye are moſt welcome.

(2) Val. *Ye wrong my tender Love now, even my Service,*
Nothing accepted, *nothing ſtuck between us*
And our intire Affections but this Woman,] The firſt Line is very obſcure: Whoever conſiders the Turn of the Period will ſee that it is not to be joined with the ſecond, as if his Modeſty would not *accept* his Service. It is evident that the Word *accepted* is a Corruption, and ſhould be *excepted*. There are two Ways of ſolving the Difficulty of the firſt Line; either by making it no more than ſaying, *Ye wrong my tender Love and Service.* But then the enhancing Particle *Even* is ſuperfluous. I therefore turn this Particle into a Verb, and read,

Ye wrong my tender Love now. Even my Service,
Nothing excepted, *&c.*

i. e. *You ſhall be ſerved equal with myſelf; or expect a Service equal to that which is pay'd to me.* The Expreſſion is, I allow, obſcure, but the beſt Poets are not always free from Obſcurity; Brevity is the Soul of Poetry, but it often begets Difficulties of Conſtruction.

Mary.

Mary. If any thing in our poor Powers, Sir Sir,
To render ye Content, and liberal Welcome
May but appear, command it.
Alice. Ye ſhall find us
Happy in our Performance.
Fran. The poor Servant
Of both your Goodneſſes preſents his Service.
Val. Come, no more Compliment; Cuſtom has made it
Dull, old, and tedious; ye are once more welcome
As your own Thoughts can make ye, and the ſame ever.
And ſo we'll in to ratifie it.
Hyl. Hark ye, *Valentine*:
Is wild Oats yet come over?
Val. Yes, with me, Sir.
Mary. How does he bear himſelf?
Val. A great deal better;
Why do you bluſh? The Gentleman will do well.
Mary. I ſhould be glad on't, Sir.
Val. How does his Father?
Hyl. As mad a Worm as e'er he was.
Val. I lookt for't:
Shall we enjoy your Company?
Hyl. I'll wait on ye:
Only a Thought or two.
Val. We bar all Prayers. [*Exeunt all but* Hylas.
Hyl. This laſt Wench! Ay, this laſt Wench was a fair one,
A dainty Wench, a right one; a Devil take it,
What do I ail? To've fifteen now in liking,
Enough a Man would think to ſtay my Stomach?
But what's fifteen, or fifteen Score to my Thoughts?
And wherefore are mine Eyes made, and have Lights,
But to encreaſe my Objects? This laſt Wench
Sticks plaguy cloſe to me, a hundred Pound
I were as cloſe to her; if I lov'd now,
As many fooliſh Men do, I ſhould run mad.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Old Sebaſtian, *and* Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, no more of your *French* Shrugs, I adviſe you.
If you be louſy, ſhift yourſelf.
Laun. May it pleaſe your Worſhip.
Seb. Only to ſee my Son, my Son, good *Launcelot*;
Your Maſter and my Son; Body O me, Sir,
No Mony, no more Mony, Monſieur *Launcelot*,
Not a Denier, ſweet Signior; bring the Perſon,
The Perſon of my Boy, my Boy *Tom*, Monſieur *Thomas*,
Or get you gone again, *du gata whee*, Sir;
Baſſa mi cu, good *Launcelot*, *valetoje*.
My Boy or nothing.
Laun. Then to anſwer punctually.
Seb. I ſay to th' purpoſe,
Laun. Then I ſay to th' purpoſe,
Becauſe your Worſhip's vulgar Underſtanding
May meet me at the neareſt; your Son, my Maſter,
Or Monſieur *Thomas*, (for ſo his Travel ſtiles him)
Through many foreign Plots that Virtue meets with,
And Dangers (I beſeech ye give Attention)
Is at the laſt arriv'd, to ask
(As th' *French* Man calls it ſweetly)
Your Benediction *de jour en jour*.
Seb. Sirrah, (3) don't conjure me with your *French* Juries.
Laun. *Che ditt'a vou*, Monſieur.
Seb. *Che doga vou*, Raſcal;
Leave me your rotten Language, and tell me plainly,
And quickly, Sirrah, leſt I crack your *French* Crown.
What your good Maſter means; I have maintain'd

(3) —— *don't conjure me with your* French Furies.] The old Man not underſtanding the Expreſſion *de jour en jour*, repeats the *Engliſh* Words that are neareſt it in Sound; and in the old Quarto of this Play, it is hard to diſtinguiſh whether the laſt Word be *Furies* or *Furies*; I prefer the Former, and think the Similitude of Sounds more in Character than any Alluſion between the *Furies* and Conjuration.

You

You and your Monſieur, as I take it, *Launcelot*,
Theſe two Years at your *ditti vous*, your *jours*.
Jour me nó more, for not another Penny
Shall paſs my Purſe.

Laun. Your Worſhip is erroneous,
For as I told you, your Son *Tom*, or *Thomas*,
My Maſter and your Son is now arriv'd
To ask your (as our Language bears it neareſt)
Quotidian Bleſſing, and he's here in Perſon.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. What, *Tom!* Boy, welcome with all my Heart, Boy
Welcome, 'faith thou haſt gladded me at Soul, Boy,
Infinite glad I am. I have pray'd too, *Thomas*,
For you wild *Thomas*. *Tom*, I thank thee heartily
For coming home.

Tho. Sir, I do find your Prayers
Have much prevail'd above my Sins.

Seb. How's this?

Tho. Elſe certain I had periſh'd with my rudeneſs,
Ere I had won myſelf to that Diſcretion
I hope you ſhall hereafter find.

Seb. Humh, humh,
Diſcretion? Is it come to that? The Boy's ſpoil'd.

Tho. Sirrah, you Rogue, look for't, for I will make the
Ten times more miſerable than thou thought'ſt thyſelf
Before thou travell'dſt; thou haſt told my Father,
I know it, and I find it, all my Rogueries
By meer way of prevention to undo me.

Laun. Sir, as I ſpeak eight Languages, I only
Told him you came to ask his Benediction,
De jour en jour.

Tho. But that I muſt be civil,
I'd beat thee like a Dog. Sir, however
The Time I have miſpent, may make you doubtful,
Nay harden your Belief 'gainſt my Converſion——

Seb. A Pox o' Travel, I ſay.

Tho. Yet, dear Father,
Your own Experience in my after Courſes——

Ente

Enter Dorothea.

Seb. Prithee no more, 'tis ſcurvy; there's thy Siſter—
Undone without Redemption; he eats with Picks,
Utterly ſpoil'd, his Spirit baffled in him:
How have I ſin'd that this Affliction
Should light ſo heavy on me? I've no more Sons;
And this no more mine own, no ſpark of Nature
Allows him mine now, he's grown Tame; my grand Curſe
Hang o'er his Head that thus transform'd thee: Travel?
I'll ſend my Horſe to travel next; *we Monſieur*—
Now will my moſt canonical dear Neighbours
Say, I have found my Son, and rejoyce with me,
Becauſe he has mew'd his mad Tricks off: I know not,
But I am ſure this Monſieur, this fine Gentleman
Will never be in my Books like mad *Thomas*,
I muſt go ſeek an Heir, for my Inheritance
Muſt not turn Secretary; my Name and Quality
Has kept my Land three hundred Years in madneſs,
And it ſlip now, may't ſink. [*Exit.*

Tho. Excellent Siſter,
I'm glad to ſee thee well; but where's thy Father?

Dor. Gone Diſcontent, it ſeems.

Tho. He did Ill in it,
As he does all; for I was uttering
A handſome Speech or two, I have been ſtudying
E'er ſince I came from *Paris*. How glad to ſee thee!

Dor. I'm gladder to ſee you, with more Love too
I dare maintain it, than my Father's ſorry
To ſee (as he ſuppoſes) your Converſion;
And I am ſure he's vext, nay more. I know it,
H'as pray'd againſt it mainly; but it appears, Sir,
You'd rather blind him with that poor Opinion
Than in yourſelf correct it: Deareſt Brother,
Since there is in our uniform Reſemblance,
No more to make us two but our bare Sexes;
And ſince one happy Birth produc'd us hither,
Let one more happy Mind—

Tho. It ſhall be, Siſter,
For I can do it when I liſt; and yet, Wench,

Be mad too when I pleaſe; I have the Trick on't:
Beware a Traveller.
Dor. Leave that Trick too.
Tho. Not for the World; but where's my Miſtreſs,
And prithee ſay how does ſhe? I muſt to ſee her,
And preſently: I muſt away.
Dor. Then do ſo,
For o' my Faith ſhe will not ſee you, Brother.
Tho. Not ſee me? I'll———
Dor. Now you play your true ſelf;
How would my Father love this! I'll aſſure you
She will not ſee you; ſhe has heard (and loudly)
The Gambols that you play'd ſince your departure,
In every Town ye came, your ſeveral Miſchiefs,
Your Rowſes and your Wenches; all your Quarrels,
And the No-cauſes of 'em; theſe, I take it,
Although ſhe love ye well, to modeſt Ears,
To one that waited for your Reformation,
To which end Travel was propounded by her Uncle,
Muſt needs, and Reaſon for it, be examined,
And by her Modeſty; and fear'd too-light too,
To fyle with her Affections; ye have loſt her
For any thing I ſee, exil'd yourſelf.
Tho. No more of that, ſweet *Doll*, I will be civil.
Dor. But how long?
Tho. Would'ſt thou have me loſe my Birth-right?
For yond old thing will diſinherit me
If I grow too demure; good ſweet *Doll*, prithee,
Prithee, dear Siſter, let me ſee her.
Dor. No.
Tho. Nay, I beſeech thee, by this Light.
Dor. Ay, ſwagger.
Tho. Kiſs me, and be my Friend, we two were Twins
And ſhall we now grow Strangers?
Dor. 'Tis not my Fault.
Tho. Well, there be other Women, and remember
You, you were the Cauſe of this; there be more Lands to
And better People in 'em, fare ye well,
And other Loves; what ſhall become of me
And of my Vanities, becauſe they grieve ye?

Dor. Come hither, come, do you ſee that Cloud that flies there?
So light are you, and blown with every Fancy:
Will ye but make me hope ye may be civil?
I know your Nature's ſweet enough, and tender,
Not grated on, nor curb'd: D' you love your Miſtreſs?
Tho. He lyes that ſays I do not.
Dor. Would ye ſee her?
Tho. If you pleaſe, for it muſt be ſo.
Dor. And appear to her
A Thing to be belov'd?
Tho. Yes.
Dor. Change then
A little of your Wildneſs into Wiſdom,
And put on a more Smoothneſs;
I'll do the beſt I can to help ye, yet
I do proteſt ſhe ſwore, and ſwore it deeply, [now?
She would ne'er ſee you more; where's your Man's Heart
What, do you faint at this?
Tho. She is a Woman:
But him ſhe entertains next for a Servant,
I ſhall be bold to quarter.
Dor. No thought of Fighting;
Go in, and there we'll talk more; be but rul'd,
And what lies in my Power, ye ſhall be ſure of. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Alice, *and* Mary.

Alice. He cannot be ſo wild ſtill.
Mary. 'Tis moſt certain,
I've now heard all, and all the Truth.
Alice. Grant all that;
Is he the firſt that has been giv'n a loſt Man,
And yet come fairly home? He's young and tender,
And fit for that Impreſſion your Affections
Shall ſtamp upon him. Age brings on Diſcretion;
A Year hence, theſe mad Toys that now poſſeſs him
Will ſhew like Bugbears to him, Shapes to fright him;
Marriage diſſolves all theſe like Miſts.

Mary. They're grounded
Hereditary in him, from his Father,
And to his Grave they'll haunt him.
Alice. 'Tis your Fear,
Which is a wiſe Part in you; yet your Love,
However you may ſeem to leſſen it
With theſe Diſlikes, and choak it with theſe Errors,
Do what you can, will break out to excuſe him,
Ye have him in your Heart, and planted, Couſin,
From whence the Power of Reaſon, nor Diſcretion,
Can ever root him.
Mary. Planted in my Heart, Aunt?
Believe it no, I never was ſo liberal;
What though he ſhew a ſo-ſo-comely Fellow,
Which we call pretty? Or ſay it may be handſom?
What though his Promiſes may ſtumble at
The Power of Goodneſs in him, ſometimes Uſe too?
Alice. How willingly thy Heart betrays thee? Couſin,
Cozen thyſelf no more; thou'ſt no more Power
To leave off loving him, than he that's thirſty
Has to abſtain from Drink ſtanding before him;
(4) His Mind is not ſo monſtrous. For his Shape,
If I have Eyes, I have not ſeen his better.
A handſom brown Complexion.
Mary. Reaſonable,
Inclining to a Tawny.
Alice. Had I ſaid ſo
You would have wiſh'd my Tongue out; then his making.
Mary. Which may be mended; I have ſeen Legs ſtraighter,
And cleaner made.
Alice. A Body too.
Mary. Far neater,
And better ſet together.
Alice. God forgive thee,
For 'gainſt thy Conſcience thou ly'ſt ſtubbornly.
Mary. I grant 'tis neat enough.
Alice. 'Tis excellent,
And where the outward Parts are fair and lovely,

(4) *His Mind is not ſo monſtrous for his Shape;*] Former Editions.

(Which

(Which are but Moulds o'th' Mind) what muſt the Soul be?
Put caſe Youth has his ſwinge, and fiery Nature
Flames to mad Uſes many times.
Mary. All this
You only uſe to make me ſay I love him;
I do confeſs I do, but that my Fondneſs
Should fling itſelf upon his deſperate Follies.
Alice. I do not counſel that, ſee him reclaim'd firſt,
Which will not prove a Miracle, yet *Mary*,
I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly
To ſtay ſo long.
Mary. No, no Aunt, no, believe me.
Alice. What was your Dream to Night? For I obſerv'd ye
Hugging of me, with good dear ſweet *Tom*.
Mary. Fie, Aunt,
Upon my Conſcience.
Alice. On my Word 'tis true, Wench;
And then ye kiſs'd me, *Mary*, more than once too,
And ſigh'd, and O ſweet *Tom* again; nay, do not bluſh,
Ye have it at the Heart, Wench.
Mary. I'll be hang'd firſt,
But you muſt have your way.

Enter Dorothea.

Alice. And ſo will you too,
Or break down Hedges for it. *Dorothea*,
The welcom'ſt Woman living; how does thy Brother?
I hear he's turn'd a wondrous civil Gentleman
Since his ſhort Travel.
Dor. 'Pray Heav'n he make it good, *Alice*.
Mary. How do ye Friend? I have a quarrel to ye,
Ye ſtole away and left my Company.
Dor. O pardon me, dear Friend, it was to welcome
A Brother that I have ſome Cauſe to love well.
Mary. Prithee how is he? Thou ſpeak'ſt Truth.
Dor. Not perfect,
I hope he will be.
Mary. Never: H'as forgot me,
I hear Wench, and his hot Love too.
Alice. Thou would'ſt howl then.

Mary. And I am glad it ſhould be ſo: his Travels
Have yielded him variety of Miſtreſſes,
Fairer in his Eye far.
Alice. O cogging Raſcal!
Mary. I was a Fool, but better Thoughts, I thank Heav'n.
Dor. 'Pray do not think ſo, for he loves you dearly,
Upon my Troth moſt firmly, would fain ſee you.
Mary. See me, Friend! Do you think it fit?
Dor. It may be,
Without the loſs of Credit too; he's not
Such a prodigious Thing, ſo monſtrous,
To fling from all Society.
Mary. He's ſo much contrary
To my Deſires, ſuch an Antipathy,
That I muſt ſooner ſee my Grave.
Dor. Dear Friend,
He was not ſo before he went.
Mary. I grant it,
For then I daily hop'd his fair Converſion.
Alice. Come, do not maſk yourſelf, but ſee him freely,
Ye have a Mind.
Mary. That Mind I'll maſter then.
Dor. And is your Hate ſo mortal?
Mary. Not to his Perſon,
But to his Qualities, his Mad-cap Follies,
Which ſtill like *Hydra*'s Heads grow thicker on him.
I have a Credit, Friend, and Maids of my ſort
Love, where their Modeſties may live untainted.
Dor. I give up that hope then; 'pray for your Friend's ſake,
If I have any Intereſt within ye,
Do but this Courteſie, accept this Letter.
Mary. From him?
Dor. The ſame; 'tis but a Minute's reading,
And as we look on Shapes of painted Devils,
Which for the preſent may diſturb our Fancy,
But with the next new Object loſe 'em, ſo
If this be foul, ye may forget it, 'pray.
Mary. Have ye ſeen it, Friend?

Dor.

Dor. I will not lye; I have not,
But I preſume, ſo much he honours you,
The worſt part of himſelf was caſt away
When to his beſt Part he writ this.
Mary. For your ſake,
Not that I any way ſhall like his Scribling.
Alice. A ſhrewd diſſembling Quean.
Dor. I thank ye, dear Friend,
I know ſhe loves him.
Alice. Yes, and will not loſe him,
Unleſs he leap into the Moon, believe that,
And then ſhe'll ſcramble too; young Wenches Loves
Are like the courſe of Quartans, they may ſhift
And ſeem to ceaſe ſometimes, and yet we ſee
The leaſt Diſtemper pulls 'em back again,
And ſeats 'em in their old Courſe; fear her not,
Unleſs he be a Devil.
Mar. Now Heav'n bleſs me.
Dor. What has he writ?
Mary. Out, out upon him.
Dor. Ha, what has the mad Man done?
Mary. Worſe, worſe, and worſe ſtill.
Alice. Some Northern Toy, a little broad.
Mary. Still fouler?
Hey, hey Boys, —— goodneſs keep me; Oh.
Dor. What ail ye?
Mary. Here, take your Spell again, it burns my Fingers.
Was ever Lover writ ſo ſweet a Letter,
So elegant a Stile? Pray look upon't;
The rareſt Inventory of rank Oaths
That ever Cut-purſe caſt.
Alice. What a mad Boy is this?
Mary. Only i'th' bottom
A little Julip gently ſprinkled over
To cool his Mouth, leſt it break out in Bliſters,
Indeed law, Yours for ever.
Dor. I am ſorry.
Mary. You ſhall be welcome to me, come when you
pleaſe,
And ever may command me vertuouſly;

But for your Brother, you muſt pardon me,
'Till I am of his Nature, no Acceſs, Friend,
No word of Viſitation, as ye love me,
And ſo for now I'll leave ye. [*Exit.*

Alice. What a Letter
Has this thing written, how it roars like Thunder?
With what a State he enters into Stile?
Dear Miſtreſs.

Dor. Out upon him, Bedlam.

Alice. Well, there be ways to reach her yet: Such likeneſs
As you two carry, methinks.

Dor. I am mad too,
And yet can apprehend ye: Fare ye well,
The Fool ſhall now fiſh for himſelf.

Alice. Be ſure then
His tewgh be tith and ſtrong: And next no ſwearing,
He'll catch no Fiſh elſe: Farewel, *Dol.*

Dor. Farewel, *Alice.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine, Alice, *and* Cellide.

Cel. INdeed he is much chang'd, extremely alter'd,
His Colour faded ſtrangely too.

Val. The Air,
The ſharp and nipping Air of our new Climate
I hope is all, which will as well reſtore
To Health again th' affected Body by it,
And make it ſtronger far, as leave it dangerous;
How does my Sweet, our bleſſed hour comes on now
Apace my *Cellide*, it knocks at Door;
In which our Loves, and long Deſires like Rivers
Riſing aſunder far, ſhall fall together,
Within theſe two Days, Dear.

Cel. When Heav'n, and you, Sir,
Shall think it fit: For by your Wills I'm govern'd.

Alice. 'Twere good ſome Preparation.

Enter

Enter Francis.

Val. All that may be:
It ſhall be no blind Wedding: And all the Joy
Of all our Friends I hope: He looks worſe hourly;
How does my Friend, myſelf? He ſweats too coldly,
His Pulſe, like the ſlow dropping of a Spout,
Scarce gives his Function: How is't Man? Alas, Sir,
You look extreme ill: Is it any old Grief,
The weight of which——

Fran. None, gentle Sir, that I feel,
Your Love is too too tender,
Nay, believe, Sir.

Cel. You cannot be the Maſter of your Health,
Either ſome Fever lies in wait to catch ye,
Whoſe Harbingers already in your Face
We ſee preparing: Or ſome Diſcontent,
Which if it lie in this Houſe, I dare ſay
Both for this noble Gentleman, and all
That live within it, ſhall as readily
Be purg'd away, and with as much care ſoften'd,
And where the Cauſe is.

Fran. 'Tis a Joy to be ill,
Where ſuch a virtuous fair Phyſician
Is ready to relieve: Your noble Cares
I muſt, and ever ſhall be thankful for,
And would my Service— (I dare not look upon her)
But be not fearful, I feel nothing dangerous,
A grudging caus'd by th' Alteration
Of Air, may hang upon me: My Heart's whole,
(I would it were).

Val. I knew the Cauſe to be ſo.

Fran. No, you ſhall never know it.

Alice. Some warm Broths
To purge the Blood, and keep your Bed a Day, Sir,
And ſweat it out.

Cel. I have ſuch Cordials,
That if you will but promiſe me to take 'em,
Indeed you ſhall be well, and very quickly,
I'll be your Doctor, you ſhall ſee how finely

I'll fetch ye up again.

Val. He ſweats extremely:
Hot, very hot: His Pulſe beats like a Drum now,
Feel Siſter, feel, feel Sweet.

Fran. How that touch ſtung me?

Val. My Gown there.

Cel. And thoſe Julips in the Window.

Alice. Some ſee his Bed made.

Val. This is moſt unhappy,
Take courage Man, 'tis nothing but an Ague.

Cel. And this ſhall be the laſt Fit.

Fran. Not by Thouſands:
Now what 'tis to be truly miſerable,
I feel at full Experience.

Alice. He grows fainter.

Val. Come, lead him in, he ſhall to Bed: A Vomit,
I'll have a Vomit for him.

Alice. A Purge firſt,
And if he breath'd a Vein.

Val. No, no, no Bleeding,
A Clyſter will cool all.

Cel. Be of good chear, Sir.

Alice. He's loth to ſpeak.

Cel. How hard he holds my Hand, Aunt?

Alice. I do not like that Sign.

Val. Away to's Chamber,
Softly, he's full of Pain, be diligent
With all the Care ye have: Would I had 'ſcus'd him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Dorothea, *and* Thomas.

Dor. Why do you rail at me? Do I dwell in her
To force her to do this or that? Your Letter,
A Wild-fire on your Letter; your ſweet Letter;
You are ſo learned in your Writs: Ye ſtand now
As if y' had worried Sheep: You muſt turn Tippet,
And ſuddenly, and truly, and diſcreetly
Put on the Shape of Order and Humanity,

Or

Or you muſt marry *Malkyn* the *May* Lady:
You muſt, dear Brother: Do you make me Carrier
Of your Confound-me's, and your Culverings?
Am I a ſeemly Agent for your Oaths?
Who would have writ ſuch a deboſh'd?
Tho. Your Patience,
May not a Man profeſs his Love?
Dor. In Blaſphemies?
Rack a Maid's tender Ears, with Dams and Devils?
(5) Out, out upon thee.
Tho. How would ye have me write?
Begin—*with my Love premiſed? ſurely,*
And by my truly, Miſtreſs.
Dor. Take your own courſe,
For I ſee all Perſuaſion's loſt upon ye:
Humanity, all drown'd: From this Hour fairly
I'll waſh my Hands of all ye do: Farewel, Sir.
Tho. Thou art not mad?
Dor. No, if I were, dear Brother,
I would keep you Company: Get a new Miſtreſs,
(6) Some Suburb Saint, that Six-pence and ſome Oaths
Will draw to parley: Carowſe her Health in Cans
And Candles Ends, and quarrel for her Beauty,
Such a Sweetheart muſt ſerve your turn; your old Love
Releaſes ye of all your Ties, diſclaims ye,
And utterly abjures your Memory
'Till Time has better manag'd ye, will ye command me—
Tho. What, bobb'd of all ſides?
Dor. Any worthy Service
Unto my Father, Sir, that I may tell him,
Even to his peace of Heart, and much rejoicing,
Ye are his true Son *Tom* ſtill? will it pleaſe ye

(5) Tho. *Out, out upon thee.*] This ſeems the Concluſion of *Dorothea*'s Speech, not the Beginning of *Thomas*'s, whoſe Stile widely differs from this.

(6) *Some Suburb Saint, that Six-pence and ſome* others
Will draw to parley: ——] The Neceſſity of reading *Oaths here* inſtead of *others* is too evident to need a Proof. The Miſtake probably aroſe from ſpelling *Oaths* with an *Othes*, which I have often met with in our Authors, and in other Writings of their Age.

To

To beat ſome half a Dozen of his Servants preſently,
That I may teſtifie you have brought the ſame Faith
Unblemiſh'd home, ye carried out? Or if it like you,
There be two Chambermaids within, young Wenches,
Handſom and apt for Exerciſe: You have been good, Sir,
And Charitable, though I ſay it, Seigneur,
To ſuch poor Orphans: And now, by th' way I think on't
Your young Rear Admiral, I mean your laſt Baſtard
Don John, ye had by Lady *Blanch* the Dairy Maid,
Is by an Academy of learned Gypſies,
Foreſeeing ſome ſtrange Wonder in the Infant,
Stoln from the Nurſe, and wanders with thoſe Prophets.
There is Plate in the Parlour, and good ſtore, Sir,
(7) When you want, ſhall ſupply it. So moſt humbly
(Firſt rendring my due Service) I take leave, Sir. [*Exit.*

Tho. Why *Doll*, why *Doll* I ſay: My Letter fubb'd too,
And no acceſs without I mend my Manners?
All my Deſigns in Limbo? I will have her,
Yes, I will have her, though the Devil roar.
I am reſolv'd that, if ſhe live above Ground,
I'll not be bob'd i'th' Noſe with every Bobtail:
I will be civil too, now I think betters,
Exceeding civil, wondrous finely carried:
And yet be mad upon occaſion,
And ſtark mad too, and ſave my Land: My Father,
I'll have my Will of him, how e'er my Wench goes.
[*Exit.*

Enter Sebaſtian, *and* Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, I ſay ſtill you have ſpoil'd your Maſter: leave your Stitches:
I ſay thou haſt ſpoil'd thy Maſter.

Laun. I ſay how, Sir?

Seb. Marry thou'ſt taught him like an arrant Raſcal,
Firſt to read perfectly: Which on my Bleſſing
I warn'd him from; for I knew if he read once,
He was a loſt Man. Secondly, Sir *Launcelot*,
Sir lowſie *Launcelot*, ye have ſuffer'd him
Againſt my Power firſt, then againſt my Precept,

(7) *When* your Wants *ſhall ſupply it.*] Former Editions.

To

To keep that ſimpering ſort of People company,
That ſober Men call civil: Mark ye that, Sir?
Laun. And't pleaſe your Worſhip.
Seb. It does not pleaſe my Worſhip,
Nor ſhall not pleaſe my Worſhip: Thirdly and laſtly,
Which if the Law were here, I would hang thee for,
(However I will lame thee) like a Villain,
Thou haſt wrought him
Clean to forget what 'tis to do a Miſchief,
A handſom Miſchief, ſuch as thou knew'ſt I lov'd well.
My Servants all are ſound now, my Drink ſow'r'd,
Not a Horſe pawn'd, nor play'd away: No Warrants
Come for the Breach of Peace.
Men travel with their Mony, and nothing meets 'em:
I was accurs'd to ſend thee, thou wert ever
Leaning to Lazineſs, and loſs of Spirit,
Thou ſlept'ſt ſtill like a Cork upon the Water.
Laun. Your Worſhip knows, I ever was accounted
The moſt deboſh'd, and pleaſe you to remember,
Every Day drunk too, for your Worſhip's Credit,
I broke the Butler's Head too.
Seb. No, (8) baſe Palliard,
I do remember yet that Onſlaught, thou waſt beaten,
And fled'ſt before the Butler; a black Jack
Playing upon thee furiouſly, I ſaw it:
I ſaw thee ſcatter'd Rogue, behold thy Maſter.

Enter Thomas, *with a Book.*

Tho. What ſweet Content dwells here!
Laun. Put up your Book, Sir,
We are all undone elſe.
Seb. *Tom*, when is the Horſe-race?
Tho. I know not, Sir.
Seb. You will be there?
Tho. Not I, Sir,
I have forgot thoſe Journeys.
Seb. Spoil'd for ever.
The Cocking holds at *Derby*, and there will be

(8) *Baſe* Palliard,] *Palliard*, a *Debauchee*, a *Whore-maſter*; from the *French*. *Skinner*.

Jack

Jack Wild-oats, and *Will Purſer*.

Tho. I am ſorry, Sir,
They ſhould employ their Time ſo ſlenderly,
Their Underſtandings will bear better Courſes.

Seb. Yes, I will marry again: But Monſieur *Thomas*,
What ſay ye to the Gentleman that challeng'd ye
Before he went, and the Fellow ye fell out with?

Tho. O good Sir,
Remember not thoſe Follies; where I have wrong'd, Sir,
(So much I've now learn'd to diſcern myſelf)
My Means, and my Repentance ſhall make even,
Nor do I think it any Imputation
To let the Law perſuade me.

Seb. Any Woman:
I care not of what Colour, or Complexion,
Any that can bear Children: Reſt ye merry. [*Exit.*

Laun. Ye have utterly undone, clean diſcharg'd me,
I'm for the ragged Regiment.

Tho. Eight Languages,
And wither at an old Man's Words?

Laun. O Pardon me.
I know him but too well: Eightſcore I take it
Will not keep me from beating, if not killing:
I'll give him leave to break a Leg, and thank him:
You might have ſav'd all this, and ſworn a little:
What had an Oath or two been? Or a Head broke,
Though 'thad been mine, to have ſatisfied the old Man?

Tho. I'll break it yet.

Laun. Now 'tis too late, I take it:
Will ye be drunk to Night, (a leſs Intreaty
Has ſerv'd your turn) and ſave all yet? Not mad-drunk,
For then ye are the Devil, yet the drunker,
The better for your Father ſtill: Your State is deſperate,
And with a deſperate Cure ye muſt recover it:
Do ſomething, do Sir: Do ſome drunken Thing,
Some mad Thing, or ſome any Thing to help us.

Tho. Go for a Fidler then: The poor old Fidler
That ſays his Songs: But firſt where lies my Miſtreſs,
Did ye enquire out that?

Laun.

Laun. I'th' Lodge, alone Sir,
None but her own Attendants.
Tho. 'Tis the happier:
Away then, find this Fidler, and do not miſs me
By nine a Clock.
Laun. Via. [*Exit.*
Tho. My Father's mad now,
And ten to one will diſinherit me:
I'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.
What, *Ribabald?*

Enter Hylas *and* Sam.

Hyl. Don Thomaſio.
De bene venew.
Tho. I do embrace your Body:
How do'ſt thou, *Sam?*
Sam. The ſame *Sam* ſtill: Your Friend, Sir.
Tho. And how is't, bouncing Boys?
Hyl. Thou art not alter'd,
They ſaid thou wert all *Monſieur.*
Tho. O believe it,
I am much alter'd, much another way:
The civil'ſt Gentleman in all your Country:
Do not ye ſee me alter'd? *Yea and nay*, Gentlemen,
A much converted Man: Where's the beſt Wine, Boys?
Hyl. A ſound Convertite.
Tho. What, haſt thou made up Twenty yet?
Hyl. By'r Lady,
I've giv'n a ſhrewd puſh at it, for as I take it,
The laſt I fell in Love with, ſcor'd ſixteen.
Tho. Look to your Skin, *Rambaldo*, the ſleeping Giant
Will rowze and rend thee piece-meal.
Sam. He ne'er perceives 'em
Longer than looking on.
Tho. Thou never meaneſt then
To marry any that thou lov'ſt?
Hyl. No ſurely,
Nor any wiſe Man I think; Marriage?
Would you have me now begin to be a Prentice,
And learn to cobble other Mens old Boots?

Sam.

Sam. Why, you may take a Maid.
Hyl. Where? Can you tell me?
Or if 'twere poſſible I might get a Maid,
To what Uſe ſhould I put her? Look upon her,
Dandle her upon my Knee, and give her Sugar-ſops?
All the new Gowns i'th' Pariſh will not pleaſe her,
If ſhe be high bred, for there's the Sport ſhe aims at,
Nor all the Feathers in the Fryars.
Tho. Then take a Widow,
A good ſtanch Wench, that's tith.
Hyl. And begin a new Order,
Live in a dead Man's Monument; not I, Sir,
I'll keep mine own Road, a true Mendicant;
What Pleaſure this Day yields me, I ne'er covet
To lay up for the Morrow; and methinks ever
Another Man's Cook dreſſes my Diet neateſt.
Tho. Thou waſt wont to love old Women, fat and flat-nos'd,
And thou would'ſt ſay they kiſs'd like Flounders, flat
All the Face over.
Hyl. I have had ſuch Damſels
I muſt confeſs.
Tho. Thou haſt been a precious Rogue.
Sam. Only his Eyes; and o' my Conſcience
They lie with half the Kingdom.

Enter over the Stage, Phyſicians and others.

Tho. What's the matter?
Whither go all theſe Men-menders, theſe Phyſicians?
Whoſe Dogs lies ſick o'th' Mulligrubs?
Sam. O, the Gentleman,
The young ſmug Seignior, Maſter *Valentine*
Brought out of Travel with him, as I hear,
Is faln ſick o'th ſudden, deſperate ſick;
And likely they go thither.
Tho. Who? young *Frank?*
The only temper'd Spirit, Scholar, Soldier,
Courtier; and all in one Piece? 'tis not poſſible.

Enter

Enter Alice.

Sam. There's one can better ſatisfie you.
Tho. Miſtreſs *Alice*,
I joy to ſee you, Lady.
Alice. Good Monſieur *Thomas*,
You're welcome from your Travel; I am haſty,
A Gentleman lies ſick, Sir.
Tho. And how doſt thou?
I muſt know, and I will know.
Alice. Excellent well,
As well as may be, thank ye.
Tho. I am glad on't,
And prithee hark.
Alice. I cannot ſtay.
Tho. A while, *Alice*.
Sam. Ne'er look ſo narrowly, th' mark's i' her Mouth ſtill.
Hyl. I'm looking at her Legs, prithee be quiet.
Alice. I cannot ſtay.
Tho. O ſweet *Alice*.
Hyl. A clean Inſtep,
(9) And that I love as Life, I did not mark
This Woman half ſo well before, how quick
And nimble like a Shadow, there her Leg ſhew'd;
By th' Maſs a neat one, the colour of her Stocking,
A much inviting Colour.
Alice. My good Monſieur,
I have no time to talk now.
Hyl. Pretty Breeches,
Finely becoming too.
Tho. By Heav'n.
Alice. She will not,
I can aſſure ye that, and ſo.
Tho. But this Word.

(9) *And that I love* a *Life*,——] I don't diſcard this as Nonſenſe, *a Life*, for *all my Life long*, or for *a great deal*, might poſſibly be admitted; but 'tis moſt probable that the Authors made uſe of a common Expreſſion rather than ſo abſtruſe a one, unleſs the latter happened to be a Phraſe of that Age now become obſolete.

Alice.

Alice. I cannot, nor I will not—good Lord. [*Exit.*
Hyl. Well, you ſhall hear more from me.
Tho. We'll go viſit,
'Tis Charity; beſides, I know ſhe is there;
And under Viſitation I ſhall ſee her;
Will ye along?
Hyl. By any Means.
Tho. Be ſure then
I be a civil Man: I've ſport in hand, Boys,
Shall make Mirth for a Marriage-day.
Hyl. Away then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter three Phyſicians with an Urinal.

1 *Phy.* A Pleuriſie, I ſee it.
2 *Phy.* I rather hold it
For *tremor Cordis.*
3 *Phy.* Do you mark the *Fæces?*
'Tis a moſt peſtilent contagious Fever,
A Surfeit, a plaguy Surfeit; he muſt bleed.
1 *Phy.* By no means.
3 *Phy.* I ſay bleed.
1 *Phy.* I ſay 'tis dangerous;
The Perſon being ſpent ſo much before-hand,
And Nature drawn ſo low, Clyſters, cool Clyſters.
2 *Phy.* Now with your Favours, I ſhould think a Vomit:
For take away the Cauſe, the Effect muſt follow,
The Stomach's foul and furr'd, (10) the Pot's unclean'd yet.
3 *Phy.* No, no, we'll rectify that Part by mild Means,
Nature ſo ſunk muſt find no Violence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will't pleaſe ye draw near? the weak Gentleman
Grows worſe and worſe ſtill.

(10) ——— *the Pot's* unflam'd *yet.*] The Stomach by a coarſe Metaphor is here call'd the *Pot*, but *unflam'd* ſhould either be *enflam'd* or *unclean'd*; the former is nearer the Trace of the Letters, the latter makes the Metaphor more conſiſtent, and is the more common Expreſſion. I prefer the latter, but think it not material which takes place.

1 *Phy.*

1 *Phy.* Come, we will attend him.
2 *Phy.* He ſhall do well, my Friend.
Serv. My Maſter's Love, Sir.
1 *Phy.* Excellent well I warrant thee, right and ſtraight, Friend.
3 *Phy.* There's no doubt in him, none at all, ne'er fear him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Valentine, *and* Michael.

Mich. That he is deſperate ſick I do believe well,
And that without a ſpeedy Cure it kills him;
But that it lies within the help of Phyſick
Now to reſtore his Health, or Art to cure him,
Believe it you are cozen'd; clean beſide it.
I'd tell ye the true Cauſe too, but 'twould vex ye,
Nay, run ye mad.
Val. May all I have reſtore him?
So dearly and ſo tenderly I love him,
I do not know the Cauſe why, yea my Life too.
Mich. Now I perceive ye ſo well ſet, I'll tell you,
Hei mihi quod nullis Amor eſt medicabilis herbis.
Val. 'Twas that I only fear'd: Good Friend go from me,
I find my Heart too full for further Conference;
You are aſſur'd of this?
Mich. 'Twill prove too certain,
But bear it nobly, Sir, Youth hath his Errors.
Val. I ſhall do, and I thank ye; 'pray ye no Words on't.
Mich. I do not uſe to talk, Sir. [*Exit,*
Val. Ye are welcome:
Is there no Conſtancy in earthly Things,
No Happineſs in us, but what muſt alter?
No Life without the heavy Load of Fortune?
What Miſeries we are, and to ourſelves,
Ev'n then when full Content ſeems to ſit by us,
What daily Sores and Sorrows?

Enter Alice.

Alice. O dear Brother,

The Gentleman if ever you will ſee him
Alive, as I think.

Enter Cellide.

Cel. O he faints, for Heav'n's ſake.
For Heav'n's ſake, Sir.

Val. Go comfort him, dear Siſter. [*Exit* Alice.
And one Word, Sweet, with you: Then we'll go to him.
What think you of this Gentleman?

Cel. My Pity thinks, Sir,
'Tis great Misfortune that he ſhould thus periſh.

Val. It is indeed, but *Cellide*, he muſt die.

Cel. That were a Cruelty, when Care may cure him.
Why do you weep ſo, Sir? He may recover.

Val. He may, but with much danger; my ſweet *Cellide*,
You have a powerful Tongue.

Cel. To do you Service.

Val. I will betray his Grief; he loves a Gentlewoman,
A Friend of yours, whoſe Heart another holds,
He knows it too; yet ſuch a ſway blind Fancy,
And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they muſt undo him:
Never ſo hopeful and ſo ſweet a Spirit
Misfortune fell ſo foul on.

Cel. Sure ſhe's hard-hearted,
That can look on and not relent, and deeply,
At ſuch a Miſery; ſhe is not married?

Val. Not yet.

Cel. Nor near it?

Val. When ſhe pleaſe.

Cel. And pray, Sir,
Does he deſerve her truly, that ſhe loves ſo?

Val. His Love may merit much, his Perſon little,
For there the Match lies mangled.

Cel. Is he your Friend?

Val. He ſhould be, for he is near me.

Cel. Will not he die then,
When th' other ſhall recover?

Val. Ye have pos'd me.

Cel. Methinks he ſhould go near it, if he love her;

If

If ſhe love him.

Val. She does, and would do equal.

Cel. 'Tis a hard task you put me; yet for your ſake
I will ſpeak to her, all the Art I have;
My beſt Endeavours; all his Youth and Perſon,
His Mind more full of Beauty; all his Hopes;
The Memory of ſuch a ſad Example,
Ill ſpoken of, and never old; the Curſes
Of loving Maids, and what may be alledg'd,
I'll lay before her: What's her Name? I'm ready.

Val. But will you deal effectually?

Cel. Moſt truly;
Nay, were it I myſelf, at your Entreaty.

Val. And could ye be ſo pitiful?

Cel. So dutiful;
Becauſe you urge it, Sir.

Val. It may be then
It is yourſelf.

Cel. It is indeed, I know it,
And now know how ye love me.

Val. O my Deareſt,
Let but your Goodneſs judge; your own part's Pity;
Set but your Eyes on his Afflictions;
He's mine, and ſo becomes your Charge: But think
What Ruin Nature ſuffers in this young Man,
What Loſs Humanity, and noble Manhood;
Take to your better Judgment my declining,
My Age hung full of Impotence, and Ills,
My Body budding now no more: Seer Winter
Hath ſeal'd that Sap up, at the beſt and happieſt
I can but be your Infant, you my Nurſe,
And how unequal, Deareſt; where his Years,
His Sweetneſs, and his ever Spring of Goodneſs,
My Fortunes growing in him, and myſelf too,
Which makes him all your old Love; miſconceive not,
I ſay not this as weary of my Bondage,
Or ready to infringe my Faith; bear witneſs,
Thoſe Eyes that I adore ſtill, thoſe Lamps that light me,
To all the Joy I have.

Cel. You've ſaid enough, Sir,

And more than e'er I thought that Tongue could utter,
But you're a Man, a falſe Man too.
Val. Dear *Cellide.*
Cel. And now, to ſhew you that I am a Woman
Robb'd of her Reſt, and fool'd out of her Fondneſs,
The Gentleman ſhall live, and if he love me,
Ye ſhall be both my Triumphs; I will to him,
And as you careleſly fling off your Fortune,
And now grow weary of my eaſie winning,
So will I loſe the Name of *Valentine*,
From henceforth all his Flatteries, and believe it,
Since ye've ſo ſlightly parted with Affection,
And that Affection you have pawn'd your Faith for;
From this Hour no Repentance, Vows nor Prayers
Shall pluck me back again; what I ſhall do,
(Yet I will undertake his Cure, expect it)
Shall miniſter no Comfort, no Content
To either of ye, but hourly more Vexations.
Val. Why, let him die then.
Cel. No, ſo much I have loved
To be commanded by you, that ev'n now,
Ev'n in my Hate, I will obey your Wiſhes.
Val. What ſhall I do?
Cel. Die like a Fool unſorrow'd,
A bankrupt Fool, that flings away his Treaſure;
I muſt begin my Cure.
Val. And I my Croſſes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Francis *ſick, Phyſicians, and an Apothecary.*

1 *Phy.* CLAP on the Cataplaſm.
Fran. Good Gentlemen,
Good learned Gentlemen.
2 *Phy.* And ſee theſe Broths there,
Ready within this Hour; pray keep your Arms in,
The Air is raw, and miniſters much evil.
Fran. Pray leave me; I beſeech ye leave me, Gentlemen,

I have no other Sickneſs but your Preſence;
Convey your Cataplaſms to thoſe that need 'em,
Your Vomits, and your Clyſters.
3 *Phy.* Pray be rul'd, Sir.
1 *Phy.* Bring in the Lettice Cap; you muſt be ſhav'd, Sir,
And then how ſuddenly we'll make you ſleep!
Fran. 'Till Dooms-day: What unneceſſary Nothings
Are theſe about a wounded Mind?
2 *Phy.* How do ye?
Fran. What Queſtions they propound too! how do you, Sir?
I am glad to ſee you well.
3 *Phy.* A great Diſtemper, it grows hotter ſtill.
1 *Phy.* Open your Mouth, I pray, Sir.
Fran. And can you tell me
How old I am then? there's my Hand, pray ſhew me
How many broken Shins within this two Year.
Who would be thus in Fetters? Good maſter Doctor,
And you dear Doctor, and the third ſweet Doctor,
And precious maſter Apothecary, I do pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer,
Ye ſtand before me like my Blacks.
2 *Phy.* 'Tis dangerous,
For now his Fancy turns too.

Enter Cellide.

Cel. By your leave, Gentlemen:
And pray ye your leave a while too, I have ſomething
Of ſecret to impart unto the Patient.
1 *Phy.* With all our Hearts.
3 *Phy.* Ay marry, ſuch a Phyſick
May chance to find the Humour: Be not long, Lady,
For we muſt miniſter within this half Hour.
[*Exeunt Phyſicians.*
Cel. You ſhall not ſtay for me.
Fran. Would you were all rotten,
That ye might onl' intend one anothers Itches:
Or would the Gentlemen with one conſent
Would drink ſmall Beer but ſeven Years, and aboliſh
That Wild-fire of the Blood, unſatiate Wenching,

That your two *Indies*, Springs and Falls might fail ye;
What Torments theſe Intruders into Bodies——
Cel. How do you, worthy Sir?
Fran. Bleſs me, what Beams
Flew from theſe Angel Eyes! O what a Miſery,
What a moſt ſtudied Torment 'tis to me now
To be an honeſt Man! Dare ye ſit by me?
Cel. Yes, and do more than that too: Comfort ye,
I ſee ye've need.
Fran. You are a fair Phyſician:
You bring no Bitterneſs gilt o'er, to gull us,
No Danger in your Looks, yet there my Death lies.
Cel. I would be ſorry, Sir, my Charity
And my good wiſhes for your Health ſhould merit
So ſtubborn a Conſtruction: Will it pleaſe ye
To taſte a little of this Cordial.

Enter Valentine.

For this I think muſt cure ye.
Fran. Of which, Lady?
Sure ſhe has found my Grief: Why do you bluſh ſo?
Cel. Do you not underſtand? of this, this Cordial.
Val. O my afflicted Heart: She is gone for ever.
Fran. What Heav'n ha' ye brought me, Lady?
Cel. Do not wonder:
For 'tis no Impudence, nor want of Honour
Makes me do this: But Love to ſave your Life, Sir,
Your Life too excellent to loſe in Wiſhes,
Love, virtuous Love.
Fran. A virtuous Bleſſing crown ye,
O goodly Sweet, can there be ſo much Charity,
So noble a Compaſſion in that Heart
That's fill'd up with another's fair Affections?
Can Mercy drop from thoſe Eyes?
Can Miracles be wrought upon a dead Man,
(11) When all the Power ye have, this perfect Object

(11) *When all the Power ye have,* and *perfect Object*
Lies in another's Light,—] The latter Part of the firſt Line ſeems to have a very fine Thought very ſtiffly expreſs'd. I have ventur'd therefore upon the Change of a Monoſyllable which I hope will render it clear, and was probably the Original,

Lies

Lies in another's Light, and his deſerves it?
Cel. Do not deſpair: Nor do not think too boldly,
I dare abuſe my Promiſe, 'twas your Friend's,
And ſo faſt tyed, I thought no Time could ruin:
But ſo much has your Danger, and that Spell,
The powerful Name of Friend, prevail'd above him
To whom I ever owe Obedience,
That here I am, by his Command to cure ye,
Nay more for ever, by his full Reſignment,
And willingly I ratifie it.
Fran. Hold for Heav'n ſake,
Muſt my Friend's Miſery make me a Triumph?
Bear I that noble Name, to be a Traitor?
O virtuous Goodneſs, keep thyſelf untainted:
You have no Power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take: I am reſolv'd to die firſt.
Val. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo? Nay then thou ſhalt not periſh.
Fran. And though I love y' above the Light ſhines on me,
(12) Beyond the Wealth of Kingdoms; free, content,
Sooner would ſnatch at ſuch a Bleſſing offer'd
Than at my pardon'd Life by the Law forfeited,
Yet, yet O noble Beauty, yet O Paradiſe,
For you are all the Wonder reveal'd of it,
Yet is a Gratitude to be preſerv'd,
A worthy Gratitude to one moſt worthy
The Name, and nobleneſs of Friends.
Cel. Pray tell me,
If I had never known that Gentleman,
Would not you willingly embrace my Offer?
Fran. D' you make a doubt?
Cel. And can ye be unwilling,
He being Old and Impotent? His Aim too
Levell'd at you, for your good? not conſtrain'd,

(12) *Beyond the Wealth of Kingdoms, free* Content,] If *Content* be a Subſtantive it ſeems unneceſſary, and an Anticlimax: For tho' *Content* be Philoſophically preferable to the Wealth of Kingdoms, it will not be allow'd ſo in Poetry, as it is not in common Life. The old Quarto reads *content* with a ſmall *c*; I therefore make it an Adjective, taken as the former Adverbially, and connect it with the following Sentence. *I would freely and contentedly ſooner ſnatch at ſuch a Bleſſing.*

But out of Cure, and Council? Alas, conſider,
Play but the Woman with me, and conſider
As he himſelf does, and I now dare ſee it,
Truly conſider, Sir, what Miſery———
Fran. For Virtue's ſake take heed.
Cel. What loſs of Youth,
What everlaſting Baniſhment from that
Our Years do only covet to arrive at,
(13) Equal Affections, and ſhot up together:
What living Name can dead Age leave behind him,
What art of Memory, but fruitleſs Doating?
Fran. This cannot be.
Cel. To you, unleſs ye apply it
With more and firmer Faith, and ſo digeſt it;
I ſpeak but of things poſſible, not done,
Nor like to be; a Poſſet cures your Sickneſs,
And yet I know ye grieve this; and howſoever
The worthineſs of Friend may make ye ſtagger,
Which is a fair thing in ye, yet my Patient,
My gentle Patient, I would fain ſay more,
If you would underſtand.
Val. O cruel Woman.
Cel. Yet ſure your Sickneſs is not ſo forgetful,
Nor you ſo willing to be loſt.
Fran. Pray ſtay there:
Methinks you are not fair now; methinks more,
That modeſt Virtue, Men deliver'd of you,
Shews but like Shadow to me, thin and fading.
Val. Excellent Friend!
Fran. Ye have no ſhare in Goodneſs;
Ye are belyed; you are not *Cellide*,
(14) The modeſt, the immaculate: Who are ye?
For I will know: What Devil, to do miſchief

(13) *Equal Affections, and* ſhot together:] *Shot together* ſeems a ſtrange Expreſſion. The old Quarto has a large Void in this Line, which ſeems to imply ſome Error or other in the firſt Impreſſion. It runs thus:

Equal Affections *and ſhot together.*

I take the common Metaphor of Trees growing or *ſhooting up* together to be intended here.

(14) *The modeſt, immaculate:*] Former Editions.

Unto

Unto my virtuous Friend, hath ſhifted ſhapes
With that unblemiſh'd Beauty?
Cel. Do not rave, Sir,
Nor let the violence of Thoughts diſtract ye,
You ſhall enjoy me; I am yours, I pity,
By thoſe fair Eyes I do.
Fran. O double hearted!
O Woman, perfect Woman! what diſtraction
Was meant to Mankind when thou'aſt made a Devil?
What an inviting Hell invented? tell me,
And if you yet remember what is Goodneſs,
Tell me by that, and Truth, can one ſo cheriſh'd,
So ſainted in the Soul of him, whoſe Service
Is almoſt turn'd to Superſtition,
Whoſe every day's Endeavours and Deſires
Offer themſelves like Incenſe on your Altar,
Whoſe Heart holds no Intelligence, but holy
And moſt religious with his Love; whoſe Life
(And let it ever be remembred, Lady)
Is drawn out only for your ends.
Val. O Miracle!
Fran. (15) Whoſe all, and every part of Man (pray mark me)
Like ready Pages wait upon your Pleaſures;
Whoſe Breath is but your Bubble. Can ye, dare ye,
Muſt ye caſt off this Man, (though he were willing,
Though in a nobleneſs, to croſs my Danger,
His Friendſhip durſt confirm it) without baſeneſs,
Without the ſtain of Honour? Shall not People
Say liberally hereafter, there's the Lady
That loſt her Father, Friend, herſelf, her Faith too,
To fawn upon a Stranger, for ought you know
As faithleſs as yourſelf, in Love as fruitleſs.

(15) *Whoſe all, and every part of Man: Pray* make *me*
Like ready Pages wait upon your Pleaſures;] *Make* for *mark* in the firſt Line, together with the falſe Points, was ſo groſs a Miſtake, that I wonder it eſcap'd even the Setters of the Preſs. I need not inform the Reader of Taſte, what noble Flights of Poetry ſhine forth in almoſt every Sentence in this Scene.

Val.

Val. Take her with all my Heart, thou art ſo honeſt
That 'tis moſt neceſſary I be undone. [*Exit Val.*
(16) With all my Soul poſſeſs her.
Cel. 'Till this Minute,
I ſcorn'd, and hated ye, and came to cozen ye:
Utter'd thoſe things might draw a wonder on me,
To make ye mad.
Fran. Good Heav'n, what is this Woman?
Cel. Nor did your Danger, but in Charity,
Move me a whit; nor you appear unto me
More than a common Object: Yet now truly,
Truly, and nobly I do love ye dearly,
And from this Hour you are the Man I honour,
You are the Man, the Excellence, the Honeſty,
The only Friend; and I am glad your Sickneſs
Fell ſo moſt happily at this time on ye,
To make this Truth the World's.
Fran. Whither d' you drive me?
Cel. Back to your Honeſty, make that good ever,
'Tis like a ſtrong-built Caſtle, ſeated high,
That draws on all Ambitions; ſtill repair it,
Still fortifie it: There are thouſand Foes,
Beſides the Tyrant Beauty, will aſſail it:
Look to your Centinels that watch it hourly,
Your Eyes, let them not wander.
Fran. Is this ſerious?
Or does ſhe play ſtill with me?
Cel. Keep your Ears,
The two main Ports that may betray ye, ſtrongly
From light belief firſt, then from Flattery,
Eſpecially where Woman beats the parley:
The body of your Strength, your noble Heart,
From ever yielding to diſhoneſt ends,
Ridg'd round about with Virtue, that no Breaches,
(17) No ſubtle Mines may meet ye.

(16) Cel. *With all my Soul poſſeſs her.*] The giving this to *Celtides* is another very groſs Error which has run through all the Editions.

(17) *No ſubtle* Minds *may meet ye.*] *Minds* for *Mines* was another groſs Miſtake that ſtruck me at firſt Reading, and I found it only the Error of the late Editions. The old Folio has it right.

Fran.

Fran. How like the Sun
Labouring in his Eclipſe, dark, and prodigious,
She ſhew'd 'till now? When having won his way,
How full of wonder he breaks out again,
And ſheds his virtuous Beams. Excellent Angel,
For no leſs can that heav'nly Mind proclaim thee,
Honour of all thy Sex, let it be lawful,
And like a Pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
Not with prophane Lips now, nor burnt Affections,
But, reconcil'd to Faith, with holy Wiſhes,
To kiſs that Virgin Hand.

Cel. Take your deſire, Sir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare truſt ye,
No other Fruit my Love muſt ever yield ye,
I fear no more: Yet your moſt conſtant Memory
(So much I'm wedded to that worthineſs)
Shall ever be my Friend, Companion, Husband.
Farewel, and fairly govern your Affections,
Stand, and deceive me not: O noble young Man,
I love thee with my Soul, but dare not ſay it:
Once more farewel, and proſper. [*Exit.*

Fran. Goodneſs guide thee:
My Wonder, like to fearful Shapes in Dreams,
Has wakened me out of my fit of Folly,
But not to ſhake it off: A Spell dwells in me,
A hidden Charm ſhot from this beauteous Woman,
That Fate can ne'er avoid, nor Phyſick find,
And by her Counſel ſtrengthen'd: Only this
Is all the help I have, I love fair Virtue.
Well, ſomething I muſt do, to be a Friend,
Yet I am poor, and tardy: Something for her too,
Though I can never reach her Excellence,
Yet but to give an offer at a Greatneſs.

Enter Valentine, Thomas, Hylas, *and* Sam.

Val. Be not uncivil, *Tom*, and take your pleaſure.
Tho. D' you think I'm mad? You'll give me leave
To try her fairly?
Val. Do your beſt.
Tho. Why there Boy,

But

But where's the ſick Man?
Hyl. Where are the Gentlewomen
That ſhould attend him? There's the Patient.
Methinks theſe Women ———
Tho. Thou think'ſt nothing elſe.
Val. Go to him, Friend, and comfort him: I'll lead ye.
O my beſt Joy, my worthieſt Friend, pray pardon me,
I am ſo over-joy'd I want Expreſſion:
I may live to be thankful: Bid your Friends welcome.
[*Exit* Val.
Tho. How doſt thou, *Frank?* How doſt thou, Boy? bear up Man:
What, ſhrink i'th' Sinews for a little Sickneſs?
Deavolo morte.
Fran. I am o'th' mending hand, [*Man?*
Tho. How like a Flute thou ſpeak'ſt: *o'th' mending hand,*
Gogs bores I'm well, ſpeak like a Man of Worſhip.
Fran. Thou art a mad Companion; never ſtaid, *Tom?*
Tho. (18) Let Rogues be ſtaid that have an Habitation,
A Gentleman may wander: Sit thee down, *Frank,*
And ſee what I have brought thee: Come diſcover,
Open the Scene, and let the work appear.
A Friend, at need, you Rogue is worth a Million.
Fran. What haſt thou there, a Julip?
Hyl. He muſt not touch it,
'Tis preſent Death.
Tho. Ye are an Aſs, a twirepipe,
A *Jeffery John bo peepe.*— Thou Mimiſter?
Thou mend a left-handed pack-ſaddle. Out, Puppy,
My Friend, *Frank,* but a very fooliſh Fellow:
Do'ſt thou ſee that Bottle? view it well.
Fran. I do, *Tom.*
Tho. There be as many Lives in't, as a Cat carries,
'Tis everlaſting Liquor.
Fran. What?
Tho. Old Sack, Boy,
Old reverend Sack, which for ought that I can read yet,

(18) *Let Rogues be ſtaid that have* no *Habitation,*] The Negative, here, is certainly put inſtead of its Reverſe, but it has run through all the Editions, though it quite ſpoils the Humour of the Paſſage.

Was

Was that Philoſopher's Stone the wiſe King *Ptolomeus*
Did all his Wonders by.
Fran. I ſee no harm, *Tom*,
Drink with a Moderation.
Tho. Drink with Sugar,
Which I have ready here, and here a Glaſs, Boy.
Take me without my Tools?
Sam. Pray Sir be temperate,
You know your own State beſt.
Fran. Sir, I much thank ye,
And ſhall be careful: Yet a Glaſs or two
So fit I find my Body, and that ſo needful.
Tho. Fill it, and leave your fooling: Thou ſay'ſt true, *Frank.*
Hyl. Where are theſe Women, I ſay?
Tho. 'Tis moſt neceſſary,
Hang up your Julips and your *Portugal* Poſſets,
Your Barley Broths, and (19) Sorrel Sops, they're mangy,
And breed the Scratches only: Give me Sack:
I wonder where this Wench is tho': Have at thee.
Hyl. So long, and yet no bolting?
Fran. Do, I'll pledge thee. [man
Tho. Take it off thrice, and then cry heigh like a Huntſ-
With a clear Heart, and no more Fits I warrant thee.
The only Cordial, *Frank.* [*Phyſ. and Serv. within.*
1 *Phy.* Are the things ready?
And is the Barber come?
Serv. An hour ago, Sir.
1 *Phy.* Bring out the Oils then.
Fran. Now or never, Gentlemen,
Do me a kindneſs, and deliver me.
Tho. From whom, Boy?
Fran. From theſe Things, that talk within there,
Phyſicians, *Tom*, Phyſicians, Scowring-ſticks,
They mean to read upon me.

(19) ——*Sorrel Sops*——] Theſe are now the green Sauce uſed to green Geeſe; but as this Expreſſion often occurs in our Authors for ſome Liquor drunk in Sickneſs, it was probably a Cuſtom to make a Sort of Tea of Sorrel in feveriſh Diſorders.

Enter

Enter three Phyſicians, Apothecary and Barber.

Hyl. Let 'em enter.

Tho. And be thou confident, we will deliver thee.
For look ye Doctor, ſay the Devil were ſick now,
His Horns ſaw'd off, and his Head bound with a Biggin,
Sick of a Calenture, taken by a Surfeit
Of ſtinking Souls (20) at his Nephew's at St. *Dunſtans*,
What would you miniſter upon the ſudden?
Your Judgment ſhort and ſound.

1 *Phy.* A Fool's Head.

Tho. No, Sir,
It muſt be a Phyſician's for three Cauſes;
The firſt becauſe it is a bald-head, likely,
Which will down eaſily without Applepap.

3 *Phy.* A main Cauſe.

Tho. So it is, and well conſider'd.
The ſecond, for 'tis fill'd with broken *Greek*, Sir,
Which will ſo tumble in his Stomach, Doctor,
And work upon the Crudities, conceive me,
The Fears and the Fiddle-ſtrings within it,
That thoſe damn'd Souls muſt diſembogue again.

Hyl. Or meeting with the *Stygian* Humour.

Tho. Right, Sir.

Hyl. Forc'd with a Cataplaſm of Crackers.

Tho. Ever.

Hyl. Scour all before him, like a Scavinger.

Tom. Satisfeciſti domine, my laſt Cauſe,
My laſt is, and not leaſt, moſt learned Doctors,
Becauſe in moſt Phyſicians Heads (I mean thoſe
That are moſt excellent, and old withal,
And angry, tho' a Patient ſay his Prayers,
And *Paracelſians* that do trade with Poiſons,
We have it by Tradition of great Writers)
There is a kind of Toad-ſtone bred, whoſe Virtue,
The Doctor being dry'd.

1 *Phy.* We are abus'd, Sirs.

Hyl. I take it ſo, or ſhall be; for ſay the Belly-ake

(20) ——*at his Nephews*, and *St.* Dunſtans,] The Neceſſity of the ſlight Change made here muſt appear to every Reader.

Caus'd

Caus'd by an Inundation of Peaſe-porridge,
Are we therefore to open the Port Vein,
Or the Port Eſquiline?
Sam. A learned Queſtion:
Or grant the Diaphragma by a Rupture,
The Sign being then in the Head of *Capricorn*—
Tho. Meet with the Paſſion *Hyperchondriaca*,
And ſo cauſe a Carnoſity in the Kidneys.
Muſt not the Brains, being butter'd with this Humour—
Anſwer me that.
Sam. Moſt excellently argu'd.
2 *Phy.* The next Fit you will have, my moſt fine Scholar,
Bedlam ſhall find a Salve for: Fare ye well, Sir,
We came to do you good, but theſe young Doctors
It ſeems have bor'd our Noſes.
3 *Phy.* Drink hard, Gentlemen,
And get unwholſom Drabs: 'Tis ten to one then
We ſhall hear further from ye, your Note alter'd.
[*Exeunt.*

Tho. *And wilt thou be gone, ſays one?*
Hyl. *And wilt thou be gone, ſays t'other?*
Tho. *Then take the odd Crown*
To mend thy old Gown.
Sam. *And we'll be gone all together.*
Fran. My learned *Tom.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the young Gentlewomen
Sent me to ſee what Company ye had with ye,
They much deſire to viſit ye.
Fran. Pray ye thank 'em,
And tell 'em my moſt Sickneſs is their Abſence:
Ye ſee my Company.
Tho. Come hither, Crab,
What Gentlewomen are theſe? my Miſtreſs?
Serv. Yes, Sir.
Hyl. And who elſe?
Serv. Miſtreſs *Alice.*
Hyl. Oh!
Tho. Hark ye, Sirrah,

No

No Word of my being here, unleſs ſhe know it.
Serv. I do not think ſhe does.
Tho. Take that, and mum then.
Serv. You've ty'd my Tongue up. [*Exit.*
Tho. Sit you down good *Francis*,
And not a Word of me till ye hear from me;
And as you find my Humour, follow it:
You two come hither, and ſtand cloſe, unſeen Boys,
And do as I ſhall tutor ye.
Fran. What, new Work?
Tho. Prithee no more, but help me now.
Hyl. I would fain talk
Wi'th' Gentlewomen.
Tho. Talk wi'th' Gentlewomen?
Of what forſooth! Whoſe Maiden-head the laſt Mask
Suffer'd Impreſſion? Or whoſe Clyſter wrought beſt?
Take me as I ſhall tell thee.
Hyl. To what end?
What other end came we along?
Sam. Be rul'd though.
Tho. Your weaſel Face muſt needs be Ferreting
About the Farthingal;
Do as I bid ye,
Or by this Light——
Hyl. Come then.
Tho. Stand cloſe and mark me,
Fran. All this forc'd Foolery will never do it.

Enter Alice *and* Mary.

Alice. I hope we bring ye Health, Sir? How is it with ye?
Mary. You look far better, truſt me, the freſh Colour
Creeps now again into his Cheeks.
Alice. Your Enemy
I ſee has done his worſt. Come, we muſt have ye
Luſty again, and frolick, Man; leave thinking.
Mary. Indeed it does ye harm, Sir.
Fran. My beſt Viſitants,
I ſhall be govern'd by ye.
Alice. You ſhall be well then,

And

And ſuddenly, and ſoundly well.
Mary. This Air, Sir,
Having now ſeaſon'd ye, will keep ye ever.
Tho. No, no, I have no hope; nor is it fit, Friends,
My Life has been ſo lewd, my looſe Condition,
Which I repent too late, ſo lamentable,
That any thing but Curſes light upon me,
Exorbitant in all my ways.
Alice. Who's that, Sir,
Another ſick Man?
Mary. Sure I know that Voice well.
Tho. In all my Courſes, careleſs Diſobedience.
Fran. What a ſtrange Fellow's this?
Tho. No counſel Friends,
No look before I leapt.
Alice. D' you know the Voice, Sir?
Fran. Yes, 'tis a Gentleman's that's much afflicted
In's Mind: Great pity, Ladies.
Alice. Now Heav'n help him.
Fran. He came to me, to ask free Pardon of me,
For ſome things done long ſince, which his Diſtemper
Made to appear like Wrong, but 'twas not ſo.
Mary. O that this could be Truth.
Hyl. Perſwade yourſelf.
Tho. (21) To what end, Gentlemen, when all is periſh'd?
Upon a Wreck is there a Hope remaining
The Sea, that ne'er knew Sorrow, may be pitiful?
My Credit's ſplit, and ſunk, nor is it poſſible,
Were my Life lengthened out as long as———
Mary. I like this well.
Sam. Your Mind is too miſtruſtful.
Tho. I have a virtuous Siſter, but I ſcorn'd her.
A Miſtreſs too, a noble Gentlewoman,
For Goodneſs all out-going——
Alice. Now I know him.

(21) *To what end, Gentlemen, when all is periſh'd*
Upon a Wreck; is there a Hope remaining?
The Sea, that ne'er knew Sorrow, may be pitiful.] The Pointing of former Editions.

Tho. (22) Which theſe Eyes, Friends, my Eyes muſt never ſee more.

Alice. This is for your ſake, *Mary:* Take heed, Couſin,
A Man is not ſo ſoon made.

Tho. O my Fortune!
But it is juſt, I be deſpis'd and hated.

Hyl. Deſpair not, 'tis not manly: One Hour's Goodneſs
Strikes off an infinite of Ills.

Alice. Weep truly
And with Compaſſion, Couſin.

Fran. How exactly
This cunning young Thief plays his Part!

Mary. Well, *Tom*,
My *Tom* again, if this be Truth.

Hyl. She weeps, Boy.

Tho. Oh I ſhall die.

Mary. Now Heav'n defend.

Sam. Thou haſt her.

Tho. Come lead me to my Friend to take his Farewel,
And then what Fortune ſhall befall me, welcome.
How does it ſhow?

Hyl. O rarely well.

Mary. Say you ſo, Sir?

Fran. O ye grand Aſs.

Mary. And are ye there, my Jugler?
Away, we are abus'd, *Alice.*

Alice. Fool be with thee. [*Exeunt* Mary *and* Alice.

Tho. Where is ſhe?

Fran. Gone; ſhe found you out; and finely
In your own Nooſe ſhe halter'd ye: You muſt be whiſp'ring
To know how Things ſhew'd; not content to fare well
But you muſt roar out Roaſt-meat: 'Till that Suſpicion,
You carry'd it moſt neatly, ſhe believ'd too,
And wept moſt tenderly; had you continu'd,
Without doubt you had brought her off.

Tho. This was thy Roguing,

(22) With *theſe Eyes, Friends,*——] I take *with*, here, to have been put for *whom*, or *which*. The former is more correct *Engliſh*, the latter nearer the Trace of the Letters; and the old *Engliſh* Writers as often apply *which* to Men and Women as to inanimate Things.

For

For thou wert ever whiſpering: Fie upon thee,
Now could I break thy Head.
Hyl. You ſpoke to me firſt.
Tho. Do not anger me,
For by this Hand I'll beat the Buzzard blind then.
She ſhall not 'ſcape me thus: Farewel for this time.
Fran. Good-night, 'tis almoſt Bed-time: Yet no Sleep
Muſt enter theſe Eyes, 'till I work a Wonder. [*Exit.*
Tho. Thou ſhalt along too, for I mean to plague thee
For this Night's Sins, I'll ne'er leave walking of thee
'Till I have worn thee out.
Hyl. Your will be done, Sir.
Tho. You will not leave me, *Sam.*
Sam. Not I.
Tho. Away then: I'll be your Guide now. If my Man be truſty,
My ſpightful Dame, I'll pipe ye ſuch a Huntſup
Shall make ye dance a *tipvaes*. Keep cloſe to me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sebaſtian, *and* Dorothy.

Seb. Never perſuade me, I will marry again,
What ſhould I leave my State to, Pins and Poaking-ſticks,
To Farthingals, and Flownces? (23) To Four Horſes,
And an old Leather Bawdy-houſe behind 'em,
To thee?
Dor. You have a Son, Sir.
Seb. Where, what is he?
Who is he like?
Dor. Your ſelf.
Seb. Thou lyeſt, thou'ſt marr'd him,
Thou, and thy Prayer-books: I do diſclaim him:
Did not I take him ſinging yeſternight
A godly Ballad, to a godly Tune too,

(23) ——— ——— *To* Fore-horſes,
And an old Leather Bawdy-houſe behind 'em,] I read ——*Four Horſes*, *viz.* To a Coach and Four. Calling the former a leathern Bawdy-houſe is quite in Character.

And had a Catechiſm in's Pocket, Damſel?
One of your dear Diſciples, I perceive it.
When did he ride abroad ſince he came over?
What Tavern has he us'd to? What Things done
That ſhews a Man, and Mettle? When was my Houſe
At ſuch a Shame before, to creep to Bed
At ten a Clock, and twelve, for want of Company?
No ſinging, nor no dancing, nor no drinking?
Thou think'ſt not of theſe Scandals; when, and where
Has he but ſhew'd his Sword of late?

Dor. Deſpair not,
I do beſeech you, Sir, nor tempt your Weakneſs,
For if you like it ſo, I can aſſure you
He is the ſame Man ſtill.

Seb. Would thou wert Aſhes
On that condition; but believe it, Goſſip,
You ſhall know you have wrong'd.

Dor. You never, Sir,
So well I know my Duty; and for Heav'n ſake,
Take but this Counſel with ye ere you marry,
You were wont to hear me: Take him, and confeſs him,
Search him to the quick, and if you find him falſe,
Do as you pleaſe; a Mother's Name I honour.

Seb. He's loſt and ſpoil'd, I am reſolv'd my Roof
Shall never harbour him; and for you, Minion,
I'll keep you cloſe enough, leſt you break looſe,
And do more Miſchief; get ye in. Who waits?
[*Exit* Dorothy.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you call, Sir?

Seb. Seek the Boy, and bid him wait
My Pleaſure in the Morning: Mark what Houſe
He is in, and what he does; and truly tell me.

Serv. I will not fail, Sir.

Seb. If ye do, I'll hang ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Thomas, Hylas, *and* Sam.

Tho. Keep you the Back-door there, and be ſure
None of her Servants enter, or go out,
If any Woman paſs, ſhe's lawful Prize, Boys,
Cut off all Convoys.
Hyl. Who ſhall anſwer this?
Tho. Why, I ſhall anſwer it, you fearful Widgeon,
I ſhall appear to th' Action.
Hyl. May we diſcourſe too,
On honourable Terms?
Tho. With any Gentlewoman
That ſhall appear at Window: Ye may rehearſe too
By your Commiſſion ſafely, ſome ſweet Parcels
Of Poetry to a Chamber-maid.
Hyl. May we ſing too?
For there's my Maſter-piece.
Tho. By no means, no Boys,
I am the Man reſerv'd for Air, 'tis my part,
And if ſhe be not Rock, my Voice ſhall reach her:
Ye may record a little, or ye may whiſtle,
As Time ſhall miniſter, but for main ſinging,
Pray y' ſatisfie yourſelves: Away, be careful.
Hyl. But hark ye, one Word, *Tom*, we may be beaten.
Tho. That's as ye think good yourſelves: If you deſerve it,
Why 'tis the eaſieſt thing to compaſs: Beaten?
What Bugbears dwell in thy Brains? Who ſhould beat thee?
Hyl. She 'as Men enough.
Tho. Art not thou Man enough too?
Thou haſt Fleſh enough about thee: If all that Maſs
Will not maintain a little Spirit, hang it,
And dry it too for Dogs-meat: Get you gone;
I have things of moment in my Mind: That Door,
Keep it as thou wouldſt keep thy Wife from a Servingman.
No more I ſay: Away, *Sam.*
Sam. At your will, Sir. [*Exeunt* Hylas *and* Sam.

Enter Launcelot, *and Fidler.*

Laun. I have him here, a rare Rogue, good ſweet Maſter,
Do ſomething of ſome favour ſuddenly,
That we may eat, and live: I am almoſt ſtarv'd,
(24) *No point manieur, no point devein, no Signieur,*
Not by the virtue of my Languages,
Nothing at my old Maſter's to be hop'd for,
O *Signieur Dieu*, nothing to line my Life with,
But cold Pies with a Cudgel, 'till you help us.

Tho. Nothing but Famine frights thee: Come hither Fidler,
What Ballads are you ſeen in beſt? Be ſhort, Sir.

Fid. Under your Maſterſhip's Correction, I can ſing
The Duke of *Norfolk*, or the merry Ballad
Of *Diverus* and *Lazarus*, the *Roſe* of *England*,
In *Creet* when *Dedimus* firſt began,
Jonas his crying out againſt *Coventry.*

Tho. Excellent,
Rare Matters all.

Fid. Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter,
The Devil, and ye dainty Dames.

Tho. Rare ſtill.

Fid. The landing of the *Spaniards* at *Bow*,
With the bloody Battel at *Mile-end.*

Tho. All excellent:
No Tuning as ye love me; let thy Fiddle
Speak Welch, or any thing that's out of all Tune,
The vilder ſtill the better, like thyſelf,
For I preſume thy Voice will make no Trees dance.

Fid. Nay truly, ye ſhall have it ev'n as homely——

Tho. Keep ye to that key; are they all a-bed trow?

Laun. I hear no ſtirring any where, no Light
In any Window, 'tis a Night for the nonce, Sir.

(24) *No point manieur, no point devein, no Signieur,*] Unleſs *Launcelot* may be here ſuppoſed to ſpeak a ſort of *Lingua Franca*, or Medley of Languages; theſe Words are ſo ill wrote, that it may be difficult to tell what was the Original.

Tho.

Tho. Come ſtrike up then: And ſay the Merchant's Daughter,
We'll bear the Burthen: Proceed to Inciſion, Fidler.

SONG.

Enter Servant, above.

Serv. Who's there? What Noiſe is this? What Rogue
At theſe Hours?
Tho. O what is that to you, my Fool?
O what is that to you.
Pluck in your Face you bawling Aſs,
Or I will break your Brow. *hey down, down, down.*
A new Ballad, a new, a new.
Fid. The twelfth of *April*, on *May* Day,
My Houſe and Goods were burnt away, &c.
Maid. [*Above.*] Why who is this?
Laun. O Damſel dear,
Open the Door, and I ſhall appear,
Open the Door,
O gentle Squire.
Maid. I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt; farewel my Dear,
'Tis Maſter *Thomas*, there he ſtands,

Enter Mary *above.*

Mary. 'Tis ſtrange
That nothing can redeem him: Rail him hence,
Or ſing him out in's own Way, any thing
To be deliver'd of him.
Maid. Then have at him:
My Man Thomas *did me promiſe,*
He would viſit me this Night.
Tho. *I am here Love, tell me dear Love,*
How I may obtain thy ſight.
Maid. *Come up to my Window Love, come, come, come,*
Come to my Window my Dear;
The Wind nor the Rain ſhall trouble thee again,
But thou ſhalt be lodged here.
Tho. And art thou ſtrong enough?
Laun. Up, up, I warrant ye.

Mary. What do'ſt thou mean to do?
Maid. Good Miſtreſs, Peace,
I'll warrant ye we'll cool him. *Madge.*
Madge. [*Above.*] I am ready.
Tho. *The Love of* Greece, *and it tickled him ſo,*
That he devis'd a Way to go.
Now ſing the Duke of *Northumberland.*
Fid. *And climbing to Promotion,*
He fell down ſuddenly.

[Madge, *with a Devil's Vizard roaring, offers to kiſs him, and he falls down.*

Maid. Farewel, Sir.
Mary. What haſt thou done? thou'ſt broke his Neck.
Maid. Not hurt him,
He pitch'd upon his Legs like a Cat.
Tho. O Woman!
O miſerable Woman! I am ſpoil'd!
My Leg, my Leg, my Leg, oh both my Legs!
Mary. I told thee what thou'dſt done, Miſchief go with thee.
Tho. O I am lam'd for ever! O my Leg,
Broken in twenty Places: O take heed,
Take heed of Women, Fidler: Oh a Surgeon,
A Surgeon, or I die: Oh my good People,
No charitable People, all deſpightful,
Oh what a Miſery am I in! Oh my Leg!
Laun. Be patient, Sir, be patient: Let me bind it.

Enter Samuel, *and* Hylas *with his Head broken.*

Tho. Oh do not touch it, Rogue.
Hyl. My Head, my Head,
Oh my Head's kill'd.
Sam. You muſt be courting Wenches
Thro' Key-holes, Captain *Hylas*, come and be comforted,
The Skin is ſcarce broke.
Tho. O my Leg. *Sam.* How do ye, Sir?
Tho. Oh maim'd for ever with a Fall, he's ſpoil'd too,
I ſee his Brains.

Hyl.

Hyl. Away with me for God's ſake,
A Surgeon.
Sam. Here's a Night indeed.
Hyl. A Surgeon. [*Exeunt all but Fidler.*

Enter Mary *and Servant below.*

Mary. Go run for Help.
Tho. Oh!
Mary. Run all, and all too little,
O curſed Beaſt that hurt him, run, run, flye,
He will be dead elſe.
Tho. Oh.
Mary. Good Friend go you too.
Fid. Who pays me for my Muſick?
Mary. Pox o' your Muſick,
There's twelve Pence for ye.
Fid. There's two Groats again, Forſooth,
I never take above, and reſt ye merry. [*Exit.*
Mary. A Greaſe-pot gild your Fiddle-ſtrings: How do you,
How is my Dear?
Tho. Why well I thank ye, ſweet Heart,
Shall we walk in, for now there's none to trouble us?
Mary. Are ye ſo crafty, Sir? I ſhall meet with ye,
I knew your Trick, and I was willing, my *Tom*,
Mine own *Tom*, now to ſatisfie thee, welcome, welcome,
Welcome my beſt Friend to me, all my Deareſt.
Tho. Now ye're my noble Miſtreſs; we loſe time, Sweet.
Mary. I think they are all gone.
Tho. All, ye did wiſely.
Mary. And you as craftily.
Tho. We're well met, Miſtreſs.
Mary. Come, let's go in then lovingly: O my Scarf, *Tom*.
I loſt it thereabout, find it, and wear it
As your poor Miſtreſs Favour. [*Exit.*
Tho. I am made now,
(25) I ſee no Venture, nothing have: I have it.
How

(25) *I ſee no Venture* is in no hand:——] This ſcarcely ſeems intelligible. *Tom* is triumphing with the Thoughts of his Succeſs: I believe therefore that the common Proverb, *Nothing venture, nothing have,*

How now? The Door lock'd, and ſhe in before?
Am I ſo trim'd?

Mary. One parting Word, ſweet *Thomas*;
Tho' t' ſave your Credit, I diſcharg'd your Fidler,
I muſt not ſatisfie your Folly too, Sir:
Y'are ſubtle, but believe it Fox, I'll find ye,
The Surgeons will be here ſtraight, roar again Boy,
And break thy Legs for ſhame, thou wilt be ſport elſe:
Good Night.

Tho. She ſays moſt true, I muſt not ſtay: ſhe's bob'd me,
Which if I live I'll recompence, and ſhortly.
Now for a Ballad to bring me off again.
All young Men be warn'd by me, how you do go a wooing;
Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall, thereby comes your Undoing, &c. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine, Alice, *and Servant.*

Val. HE cannot go and take no farewel of me,
Can he be ſo unkind? He's but retir'd
Into the Garden or the Orchard; ſee, Sirs.

Alice. He would not ride there certain, thoſe were planted
Only for Walks, I take it.

Val. Ride? Nay then: Had he a Horſe out?

Serv. So the Groom delivers,
Somewhat before the Break of Day.

Val. He's gone,
(26) My beſt Friend's gone.—*Alice*, I've loſt the nobleſt, The

have, was all that was intended here, and have ventur'd to change the Words to it; tho' not without Apprehenſions of being thought to have taken unwarrantable Liberties.

(26) *My beſt Friend's gone*, Alice: *I've loſt the nobleſt.*] I ſhould not make a Note on the Change of Points which ſcarce gives any Alteration to the Senſe, but that, here, the Reader may try whether he has a good Ear for *Engliſh* Verſe. Without this Change of Points it is a very unmuſical

The trueſt, and the moſt Man I e'er found yet.
Alice. Indeed Sir, he deſerves all Praiſe,
Val. All, Siſter,
All, all, and all too little: O that Honeſty,
That Ermine Honeſty, unſpotted ever,
That perfect Goodneſs.
Alice. Sure he will return, Sir,
He cannot be ſo harſh.
Val. O never, never,
Never return, thou know'ſt not where the Cauſe lies.
Alice. He was the worthieſt welcome.
Val. He deſerv'd it.
Alice. Nor wanted, to our Knowledge.
Val. I will tell thee,
Within this Hour, things that ſhall ſtartle thee.
He never muſt return.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Good morrow, Signieur.
Val. Good morrow, Maſter *Michael.*
Mich. My good Neighbour,
(27) Methinks you're ſtirring early; ſince your Travel,
You've learnt the rule of Health, Sir; where's your Miſtreſs?
She keeps her warm, I warrant ye, i' Bed yet?
Val. I think ſhe does.
Alice. 'Tis not her Hour of waking.
Mich. Did you lie with her, Lady?
Alice. Not to Night, Sir,
Nor any Night this Week elſe.
Mich. When laſt ſaw ye her?
Alice. Late yeſternight.
Mich. Was ſh' a-bed then?
Alice. No, Sir,

unmuſical Line; with the Change a very muſical one. As this Particularity of the *Engliſh* Meaſure, has eſcap'd moſt, and, I believe, all the Writers upon it, I have at Note the 5th in *Wit without Money* explain'd it at large, and laid down the grammatical Rule for it.

(27) *Methinks you're ſtirring early ſince your Travel,*] The Pointing of former Editions.

I left her at her Prayers: Why do ye ask me?
Mich. I have been ſtrangely haunted with a Dream
All this long Night, and after many wakings,
The ſame Dream ſtill; methought I met young *Cellide*
Juſt at St. *Catharine*'s Gate the Nunnery.
Val. Ha?
Mich. Her Face ſlubber'd o'er with Tears and Troubles,
Methought ſhe cry'd unto the Lady Abbeſs,
For Charity receive me holy Woman,
A Maid that has forgot the World's Affections,
Into thy Virgin Order: Methought ſhe took her,
Put on a Stole, and ſacred Robe upon her,
And there I left her. *Val.* Dream?
Mich. Good Miſtreſs *Alice*,
Do me the Favour (yet to ſatisfie me)
To ſtep but up, and ſee.
Alice. I know ſhe's there, Sir,
And all this but a Dream.
Mich. You know not my Dreams,
They are unhappy ones, and often Truths,
But this I hope, yet. *Alice.* I will ſatisfie ye. [*Exit.*
Mich. Neighbour, how does the Gentleman?
Val. I know not:
Dream of a Nunnery?
Mich. How found ye my Words
About the Nature of his Sickneſs, *Valentine?*
Val. Did ſhe not cry out, 'twas my Folly too
That forc'd her to this Nunnery? Did ſhe not curſe me?
For God ſake ſpeak: Did you not dream of me too,
How baſely, poorly, tamely, like a Fool,
Tir'd with his Joys?
Mich. Alas poor Gentleman,
Ye promis'd me, Sir, to bear all theſe Croſſes.
Val. I bear 'em 'till I break again.
Mich. But nobly,
Truly to weigh.
Val. Good Neighbour, no more of it,
Ye do but fling Flax on my Fire: Where is ſhe?

Enter

Enter Alice.

Alice. Not yonder, Sir, nor has not this Night certain
Been in her Bed.
Mich. It muſt be Truth ſhe tells ye,
And now I'll ſhew ye why I came: This Morning
A Man of mine being employed 'bout Buſineſs
Came early home, who at St. *Catharine*'s Nunnery,
About Day peep, told me he met your Miſtreſs,
And as I ſpoke it in a Dream, ſo troubled,
And ſo receiv'd by th' Abbeſs, did he ſee her;
The Wonder made me riſe, and haſte unto ye
To know the Cauſe.
Val. Farewel, I cannot ſpeak it. [*Exit* Val.
Alice. For Heav'n ſake leave him not.
Mich. I will not, Lady.
Alice. Alas, he's much afflicted.
Mich. We ſhall know ſhortly more; apply your own Care
At home good *Alice*, 'nd truſt him to my Counſel;
Nay, do not weep, all ſhall be well, deſpair not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sebaſtian, *and a Servant.*

Seb. At *Valentine*'s Houſe ſo merry?
Serv. As a Pye, Sir.
Seb. So gameſom doſt thou ſay?
Serv. I'm ſure I heard it.
Seb. Ballads, and Fiddles too?
Serv. No, but one Fiddle;
But twenty Noiſes.

Enter Launcelot.

Seb. Did he do Deviſes?
Serv. The beſt Deviſes, Sir: here's my Fellow *Launcelot*,
He can inform yé all: He was among 'em,
A mad Thing too: I ſtood but in a Corner.
Seb. Come, Sir, what can you ſay? Is there any Hope yet
Your Maſter may return?

Laun.

Laun. He went far elſe,
I will aſſure your Worſhip on my Credit,
By the Faith of a Traveller, and a Gentleman,
Your Son is found again, the Son, the *Tom*.
Seb. Is he the old *Tom*?
Laun. The old *Tom*.
Seb. Go forward.
Laun. Next, to conſider how he is the old *Tom*.
Seb. Handle me that.
Laun. I would y' had ſeen it handled
Laſt Night, Sir, as we handled it.—*Cap à pie!*
Footra (28) for Leers and Leerings; O the Noiſe,
The Noiſe we made.
Seb. Good, good.
Laun. The Windows clattering,
And all the Chambermaids in ſuch a Whobub,
One with her Smock half off, another in haſte
With a Serving-man's Hoſe upon her Head.
Seb. Good ſtill.
Laun. A Fellow railing out of a Loop-hole there,
And his Mouth ſtopt with Dirt.
Seb. I' faith a fine Boy.
Laun. Here one of our Heads broke.
Seb. Excellent good ſtill.
Laun. The Gentleman himſelf, young Mr. *Thomas*,
Inviron'd with his furious Myrmidons,
The fiery Fidler, and myſelf; now ſinging,
Now beating at the Door, there parlying,
Courting at that Window, at the other ſcaling,
And all theſe ſeveral Noiſes to two Trenchers,
Strung with a bottom of brown Thread, which ſhot admirable.
Seb. There eat, and grow again, I am pleas'd.
Laun. Not here, Sir,
Gave we the Frolick over: Though at length
We quit the Lady's Skonce on Compoſition;

(28) —*for* Leers *and* Leerings;——] I cannot find in any Glſary a Meaning to *Leers* that will ſuit the Context here. *Laws* *Lawyers* is the moſt probable Conjecture that at preſent occurs, I ſhan't venture it into the Text.

But to the ſilent Streets we turn'd our Furies:
A ſleeping Watchman here we ſtole the Shooes from,
There made a Noiſe, at which he wakes, and follows:
The Streets are dirty, takes a *Queen-hith* Cold,
Hard Cheeſe and that choaks him o' *Monday* next:
Windows and Signs we ſent to *Erebus*;
A crue of bawling Curs we entertain'd laſt,
When having let the Pigs looſe in Out-Pariſhes,
O the brave cry we made as high as *Aldgate!*
Down comes a Conſtable, and the Sow his Sifter
Moſt traiterouſly tramples upon Authority,
There a whole ſtand of rug Gowns routed manly,
And the King's Peace put to flight: A purblind Pig here
Runs me his Head (55) into the Admiral's Lanthorn,
Out goes the Light, and all turns to Confuſion:
A Potter riſes, to enquire this Paſſion,
A Boar imboſt takes Sanctuary in his Shop,
When twenty Dogs ruſh after, we ſtill cheering,
Down go the Pots, and Pipkins, down the Pudding-pans,
The Cream-bolls cry Revenge here, there the Candle-ſticks.

Seb. *If this be true, thou little tiney Page,*
This Tale that thou tell'ſt me,
Then on thy Back will I preſently hang,
A handſom new Livery:
But if this be falſe, thou little tiney Page,
As falſe it well may be,
Then with a Cudgel of four Foot long
(56) *I'll beat thee from* Cap à pie.

(55) —— *Into the admirable Lanthorn,*] Former Editions.

(56) *I'll beat thee from Head to Toe.*] Unleſs the Poets here deſign'd on purpoſe to diſappoint the Readers of a Rhime, we muſt look on this as a Corruption, and then a very humourous Expreſſion may ſupply its Place. *Launcelot* in his Affectation of talking *French* had us'd the Words *Cap à pie* juſt before. The old Man therefore may here repeat it with great humour—*I'll beat thee from* Cap à pie. But the Tranſcriber ſeeing what the Senſe ſhould be, and not knowing that this expreſs'd it, choſe to put the *Engliſh* without regard to the Rhime. I hope therefore I do no more than reſtore it.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Seb. Will the Boy come?
Serv. He will, Sir.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. Time tries all then.
Laun. Here he comes now himſelf, Sir,
Seb. To be ſhort *Thomas*,
Becauſe I feel a Scruple in my Conſcience
Concerning thy Demeanour, and a main one,
And therefore like a Father would be ſatisfy'd,
Get up to that Window there, and preſently
Like a moſt compleat Gentleman, come from *Tripoly*—
Tho. Good Lord Sir, how are you miſ-led: What Fancies
(Fitter for idle Boys and Drunkards, let me ſpeak't,
And with a little Wonder I beſeech you)
Choak up your noble Judgment?
Seb. You Rogue, *Launcelot*,
You lying Raſcal.
Laun. Will ye ſpoil all again, Sir?
Why, what a Devil do you mean?
Tho. Away, Knave,
Ye keep a Company of ſaucy Fellows,
Deboſh'd, and daily Drunkards, to devour ye,
Things, whoſe dull Souls tend to the Cellar only,
Ye're ill advis'd Sir, to commit your Credit——
Seb. Sirrah, Sirrah.
Laun. Let me ne'er eat again, Sir,
Nor feel the bleſſing of another Blue-coat,
If this young Gentleman, ſweet Maſter *Thomas*,
Be not as mad as Heart can wiſh: Your Heart, Sir;
If yeſternight's Diſcourſe —— Speak fellow *Robin*,
And if thou ſpeakeſt leſs than Truth ——
Tho. 'Tis ſtrange theſe Varlets ——
Serv. By theſe ten Bones Sir, if theſe Eyes and Ears
Can hear and ſee.
Tho. Extream ſtrange, ſhould thus boldly
Bud in your ſight, unto your Son.

Laun.

Laun. O *Dieu guarde!*
Can ye deny, ye beat a Conſtable
Laſt Night?
Tho. I touch Authority, ye Raſcal?
I violate the Law?
Laun. Good Maſter *Thomas.*
Serv. Did you not take two Wenches from the Watch too,
And put 'em into *Pudding-lane?*
Laun. We mean not
Thoſe civil Things you did at Mr. *Valentine's,*
The Fiddle, and the fa'las.
Tho. O ſtrange Impudence!
I do beſeech you Sir, give no ſuch Licence
To Knaves and Drunkards, to abuſe your Son thus:
Be wiſe in time, and turn 'em off: We live, Sir,
In a State govern'd civilly, and ſoberly,
Where each Man's Actions ſhould confirm the Law,
Not crack, and cancel it.
Seb. Launcelot du Lake,
Get you upon Adventures: Caſt your Coat,
And make your Exit.
Laun. Pour l'amour de Dieu.
Seb. Pur me no *purs:* But *par* at that Door, out Sirrah,
I'll beat ye *Purblind* elſe, out ye eight Languages.
Laun. My Blood upon your Head. [*Exit* Laun.
Tho. Purge me 'em all, Sir.
Seb. And you too preſently.
Tho. Even as you pleaſe, Sir.
Seb. (31) Bid my Maid Servants come, and bring my Daughter,
I will have one ſhall pleaſe me. [*Exit Servant.*
Tho. 'Tis moſt fit, Sir.
Seb. Bring me the Mony there: Here Mr. *Thomas.*

Enter two Servants with two Bags.

I pray ſit down, ye are no more my Son now,
Good Gentleman be cover'd.

(31) *Bid my Maid* Servant *come,*] Former Editions.

Tho. At your Pleaſure.

Seb. This Mony I do give ye, becauſe of whilom
You have been thought my Son, and by myſelf too,
And ſome Things done like me: Ye are now another:
There is two hundred Pound, a civil Sum
For a young civil Man: Much Land and Lordſhip
Will, as I take it now, but prove Temptation
(32) To dread ye from your ſettled and ſweet Carriage.

Tho. You ſay right, Sir,

Seb. Nay I beſeech ye cover.

Tho. At your diſpoſe: And I beſeech ye too, Sir,
For the Word civil, and more ſettled Courſe,
It may be put to Uſe, that on the Intereſt,
Like a poor Gentleman.

Seb. It ſhall, to my uſe,
To mine again: Do you ſee Sir: Good fine Gentleman,
I give no brooding Mony for a Scrivener,
Mine is for preſent Traffick, and ſo I'll uſe it.

Tho. So much for that then.

Enter Dorothy, *and four Maids.*

Seb. For the main Cauſe, Monſieur,
I ſent to treat with you about, behold it;
Behold that piece of ſtory-Work, and view it.
I want a right Heir to inherit me,
Not my Eſtate alone, but my Conditions,
From which you are revolted, therefore dead,
And I will break my Back, but I will get one.

Tho. Will you chuſe there, Sir?

Seb. There, among thoſe Damſels,
In mine own Tribe: I know their Qualities,
Which cannot fail to pleaſe me: For their Beauties
A Matter of a three Farthings makes all perfect,
A little Beer, and Beef-Broth: They are ſound too.

(32) *To* dread *ye,*] i. e. *To frighten ye:* If the Reader does not admit this uncommon uſe of the Word (which ſeem'd deſignedly affected by the Authors) he may perhaps prefer, *draw* or *drive* or *drag*, either of which may ſtand in its room.

Stand

Stand all a-breaſt: Now gentle Mr. *Thomas*,
Before I chuſe, you having liv'd long with me,
And happily ſometimes with ſome of theſe too,
Which Fault I never frown'd upon; pray ſhew me
(For fear we confound our Genealogies)
Which have you laid Aboard? Speak your Mind freely,
Have you had Copulation with that Damſel?

Tho. I have.

Seb. Stand you aſide then: How with her, Sir?

Tho. How, is not ſeemly here to ſay.

Dor. Here's fine Sport.

Seb. Retire you too: Speak forward, Mr. *Thomas*.

Tho. I will, and to the Purpoſe; even with all, Sir.

Seb. With all? That's ſomewhat large.

Dor. And yet you like it.

Was ever Sin ſo glorious?

Seb. With all, *Thomas*?

Tho. All ſurely, Sir.

Seb. A ſign thou art mine own yet,
In again all: And to your ſeveral Functions, [*Exe. Maids.*
What ſay you to young *Lucè*, my Neighbour's Daughter,
She was too young, I take it, when you travell'd;
Some twelve Years old?

Tho. Her Will was fifteen, Sir.

Seb. A pretty Anſwer, to cut off long Diſcourſe,
For I have many yet to ask ye of,
Where I can chuſe, and nobly; hold up your Finger
When ye are right: What ſay ye to *Valeria*
Whoſe Husband lies a dying now? Why two,
And in that Form?

Tho. Her Husband is recover'd.

Seb. A witty Moral: Have at ye once more, *Thomas*,
The Siſters of St. *Albans*, all five; dat Boy,
Dat's mine own Boy.

Dor. Now out upon thee, Monſter.

Tho. Still hoping of your Pardon.

Seb. There needs none, Man:
A ſtraw on Pardon: Prithee need no Pardon;
I'll ask no more, or think no more of Marriage,

For o' my Conſcience I ſhall be thy Cuckold;
There's ſome Good yet left in him: Bear your ſelf well,
You may recover me, there's twenty Pound, Sir,
I ſee ſome Sparkles which may flame again,
You may eat with me when you pleaſe, you know me.
[*Exit* Seb.

Dor. Why do you lye ſo damnably, ſo fooliſhly?

Tho. Do'ſt thou long to have thy Head broke? Hold thy peace,
And do as I would have thee, or (33) by this Hand
I'll kill thy Parrat, hang up thy ſmall Hound,
And drink away thy Dowry to a Penny.

Dor. Was ever ſuch a wild Aſs?

Tho. Prithee be quiet.

Dor. And do'ſt thou think Men will not beat thee monſtrouſly,
For abuſing their Wives and Children.

Tho. And do'ſt thou think
Mens Wives and Children can be abus'd too much?

Dor. I wonder at thee.

Tho. Nay, thou ſhalt adjure me
Before I've done.

Dor. How ſtand ye with your Miſtreſs?

Tho. I ſhall ſtand nearer
E'er I be twelve Hours older: There's my Buſineſs,
She's monſtrous ſubtle, *Dol.*

Dor. The Devil, I think,
Cannot out-ſubtle thee.

Tho. If he play fair play.
Come, you muſt help me preſently.

Dor. I diſcard ye.

Tho. Thou ſhalt not ſleep nor eat.

Dor. I'll no hand with ye,

(33) ——— ——— *by this Hand*
I'll kill thy Parrat, hang up thy ſmall hand,] Here the Word *Hand* by accident has been repeated at the end of the ſecond Line and expelled the true Word. The Senſe plainly leads us to a Lap-dog, or a Monkey, and the Epithet *ſmall* makes the former moſt probable; I read therefore *ſmall Hound.*

No

No Bawd to your Abuſes.
Tho. By this Light, *Dol.*
Nothing but in the way of Honeſty.
Dor. Thou never knew'ſt that Road: I hear your Vigils.
Tho. Sweet honey, *Dol*, if I don't marry her,
Honeſtly marry her, if I mean not honourably,
Come, thou ſhalt help me, take heed how you vex me,
I'll help thee to a Husband too, a fine Gentleman,
I know thou'rt mad ---- a tall young Man, a brown Man,
I ſwear he has his Maidenhead, a rich Man.
Dor. You may come in to Dinner, and I'll anſwer ye.
Tho. Nay I'll go with thee, *Dol:* Four hundred a Year, Wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Michael *and* Valentine.

Mich. Good Sir go back again, and take my Counſel,
Sores are not cur'd by Sorrows, nor Time broke from us
Pull'd back again by Sighs.
Val. What ſhould I do, Friend?
Mich. Do that that may redeem ye, go back quickly,
Sebaſtian's Daughter can prevail much with her,
The Abbeſs is her Aunt too.
Val. But my Friend then,
Whoſe Love and Loſs is equal ty'd.
Mich. Content ye,
That ſhall be my Task if he be alive,
Or where my Travel and my Care may reach him,
I'll bring him back again.
Val. Say he come back
To piece his poor Friend's Life out? And my Miſtreſs
Be vow'd for ever a Recluſe?
Mich. So ſuddenly
She cannot, haſte ye therefore inſtantly away, Sir,
To put that Danger by; firſt, as to a Father,
Then as a Friend ſhe was committed to ye,
And all the Care ſhe now has: By which Privilege

She cannot do herſelf this Violence,
But you may break it, and the Law allows ye.
Val. O but I forc'd her to it.
Mich. Leave diſputing
Againſt yourſelf, if you will needs be miſerable
Spight of her Goodneſs, and your Friend's Perſwaſions,
Think on, and thrive hereafter.
Val. I will Home then,
And follow your Advice; and good, good *Michael*—
Mich. No more, I know your Soul's divided, *Valentine*,
Cure but that Part at home with ſpeedy Marriage
Ere my return, for then thoſe Thoughts that vex her,
While there ran any Stream for looſe Affections,
Will be ſtopt up, and chaſt-ey'd Honour guide her.
Away, and hope the beſt ſtill: I'll work for ye,
And pray too heartily; away, no more Words. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Hylas *and* Samuel.

Hyl. I care not for my broken Head,
But that it ſhould be his Plot, and a Wench too,
A louzy, lazy Wench prepar'd to do it.
Sam. Thou hadſt as good be quiet, for o' my Conſcience,
He'll put another on thee elſe.
Hyl. I am reſolv'd
To call him to account; was it not manifeſt
He meant a Miſchief to me, and laugh'd at me,
When he lay roaring out, his Leg was broken,
And no ſuch matter? Had he broke his Neck,
Indeed 'twould ne'er have griev'd me; Gallows gall him.
Why ſhould he chuſe out me?
Sam. Thou'rt ever ready
To thruſt thyſelf into theſe She-occaſions,
And he as full of Knavery to accept it.
Hyl. Well, if I live, I'll have a new Trick for him.
Sam. That will not be amiſs, but to fight with him
Is to no Purpoſe; beſides, he's truly valiant,
And a moſt deadly Hand; thou never fought'ſt yet,
Nor o' my Conſcience haſt no faith in Fighting.

Hyl.

Hyl. No, no, I will not fight.
Sam. Beſides the Quarrel,
Which has a Woman in't to make it ſcurvy,
Who would lie ſtinking in a Surgeon's Hands,
A Month or two this Weather? For believe it,
He never hurts under a Quarter's healing.
Hyl. No, upon better Thought, I will not fight, *Sam*,
But watch my Time.
Sam. To pay him with a Project;
Watch him too, I would wiſh ye; prithee tell me,
Doſt thou affect theſe Women ſtill?
Hyl. Yes, 'faith, *Sam*,
I love 'em ev'n as well as e'er I did,
Nay, if my Brains were beaten out, I muſt to 'em.
Sam. Doſt thou love any Woman?
Hyl. Any Woman
Of what degree or calling.
Sam. Of any Age too?
Hyl. Of any Age, from fourſcore to fourteen, Boy,
Of any Faſhion.
Sam. And Defect too?
Hyl. Right,
For thoſe I love to lead me to Repentance;
(34) A Woman with no Noſe, after my ſurquedry,
Shews like King *Philip*'s Moral, *Memento mori*;
And ſhe that has a wooden Leg, demonſtrates
Like *Hypocritas*, we halt before the Gallows;
An old one with one Tooth, ſeems to ſay to us,
Sweet Meats have ſour Sauce; ſhe that's full of Aches,
Crum not your Bread before you taſte your Porridge,
And many Morals we may find.
Sam. 'Tis well, Sir,
Ye make ſo worthy Uſes; but *quid igitur*,
What ſhall we now determine?
Hyl. Let's conſider
An Hour or two how I may fit this Fellow.

(34) *A Woman with no Noſe, after my* ſurquedry.] *Surquedry* is Pride or Preſumption; the Original *French* Word ſignifies *over-thinking*, and in that Senſe it is here uſed, ——*After my ſurquedry*, or *according to my profound Judgment.*

Sam. Let's find him firſt, he'll quickly give Occaſion,
But take heed to yourſelf, and ſay I warn'd ye;
He has a plaguy Pate.
Hyl. That at my danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Muſick. Enter Sailors ſinging, Michael *and* Francis.

Sail. Aboard, aboard, the Wind ſtands fair.
Mich. Theſe call for Paſſengers, I'll ſtay and ſee
What Men they take aboard.
Fran. A Boat, a Boat, a Boat.
Sail. Away then.
Fran. Whither are ye bound, Friends?
Sail. Down to the Streights.
Mich. Ha! 'Tis not much unlike him.
Fran. May I have Paſſage for my Mony?
Sail. And Welcome too.
Mich. 'Tis he, I know 'tis he now.
Fran. Then merrily aboard; and noble Friend,
Heav'n's Goodneſs keep thee ever, and all Virtue
Dwell in thy Boſom; *Cellide*, my laſt Tears
I leave behind me thus, a Sacrifice;
For I dare ſtay no longer to betray ye.
Mich. Be not ſo quick, Sir; Sailors I here charge ye,
By Virtue of this Warrant, as you'll anſwer it,
For both your Ship and Merchant I know perfectly,
Lay hold upon this Fellow.
Fran. Fellow?
Mich. Ay, Sir.
Sail. No Hand to Sword, Sir, we ſhall maſter ye,
Fetch out the Manacles.
Fran. I do obey ye;
But I beſeech you, Sir, inform me truly
How I am guilty.
Mich. You've robb'd a Gentleman,
One that you're bound to for your Life and Being;
Mony and Horſe unjuſtly ye took from him,

And

And ſomething of more Note, but—— for y' are a Gentleman.

Fran. It ſhall be ſo, and here I'll end all Miſeries,
Since Friendſhip is ſo cruel, I confeſs it,
And which is more, a hundred of theſe Robberies:
This Ring I ſtole too from him, and this Jewel,
The firſt and laſt of all my Wealth; forgive me
My Innocence and Truth; for ſaying I ſtole 'em,
And may they prove of Value but to recompence
The thouſandth Part o's Love, and Bread I've eaten;
'Pray ſee 'em render'd, noble Sir, and ſo
I yield me to your Power.

Mich. Guard him to th' Water,
I charge you, Sailors; there I will receive him,
And back convey him to a Juſtice.

Sail. Come, Sir,
Look to your Neck, you're like to ſail i'th' Air now.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy *and Maid.*

Tho. Come quickly, quickly, paint me handſomely,
Take heed my Noſe be not in Grain too;
Come *Doll*, *Doll*, diſen me.

Dor. If you ſhould play now
Your Devils parts again.

Tho. (35) *Yea-and-nay* Dorothy!

Dor. If ye do any thing, but that ye have ſworn to,
Which only is acceſs.

Tho. As I'm a Gentleman;
Out with this Hair, *Doll*, handſomely.

Dor. You have your Breeches?

Tho. I prithee away, thou know'ſt I'm monſtrous tickliſh,
What, doſt thou think I love to blaſt my Buttocks?

(35) Yea and nay, *Dorothy.*] The Humour of this ſeems loſt in the former Editions. *Tom* ſeems to uſe the Expreſſion *Yea and nay* as an Adjective, *Yea-and-nay* Dorothy: i. e. *Puritanical* Dorothy.

Dor.

Dor. I'll plague ye for this Roguery; for I know well
What ye intend, Sir.
Tho. On with my Muffler.
Dor. Ye're a ſweet Lady; come, let's ſee you Courteſie;
What, broke i'th' Bum? Hold up your Head.
Tho. Plague on't,
I ſhall bepiſs my Breeches if I cowr thus;
Come, I am ready.
Maid. At all Points as like, Sir,
As if you were my Miſtreſs.
Dor. Who goes with ye?
Tho. None but my Fortune, and myſelf. [*Exit* Tho.
Dor. Bleſs ye:
Now run for thy Life, and get before him,
Take the By-way, and tell my Couſin *Mary*
In what Shape he intends to come to cozen her;
I'll follow at thy Heels myſelf, fly Wench.
Maid. I'll do it. [*Exit.*

Enter Sebaſtian, *and* Thomas.

Dor. My Father has met him; this goes excellent.
And I'll away in time; look to your Skin, *Thomas.*
[*Exit.*
Seb. What, are you grown ſo Corn fed, Goody *Gillian*,
You will not know your Father? What Vagaries
Have you in hand? What out-leaps, dirty Heels,
That at theſe Hours of Night ye muſt be gadding,
And through the Orchard take your private Paſſage?
What, is the Breeze in your Breech? Or has your Brother
Appointed ye an Hour of Meditation
How to demean himſelf? Get ye to Bed, Drab,
Or I'll ſo crab your Shoulders; ye demure Slut,
Ye civil Diſh of ſlic'd Beef, get ye in.
Tho. I wi' not, that I wi' not.
Seb. Is't even ſo, Dame?
Have at ye with a Night Spell then.
Tho. 'Pray hold, Sir.
Seb. St. George, *St.* George, *our Lady's Knight,*
He walks by Day, ſo does he by Night,
And when he had her found,

He

He her beat and her bound,
Until to him her Troth ſhe plight,
She would not ſtir from him that Night.
Tho. Then have at ye with a Counter Spell,
From Elves, Hobs, and Fairies, that trouble our Dairies,
From Fire-Drakes and Fiends, and ſuch as the De'il ſends,
Defend us good Heav'n. [*Exit.*

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Bleſs me, Maſter; look up, Sir, I beſeech ye,
Up with your Eyes to Heav'n.
Seb. Up with your Noſe, Sir,
I do not bleed, 'twas a ſound Knock ſhe gave me,
A plaguy mankind Girl, how my Brains totter?
Well, go thy ways, thou'ſt got one thouſand Pound more
With this Dog trick,
Mine own true Spirit in her too.
Laun. In her? Alas, Sir,
Alas poor Gentlewoman, ſhe a Hand ſo heavy,
To knock ye like a Calf down, or ſo brave a Courage
To beat her Father? If you could believe, Sir.
Seb. Who would'ſt thou make me believe it was, the Devil?
Laun. One that ſpits Fire as faſt as he ſometimes, Sir,
And changes Shapes as often; your Son *Thomas*;
Ne'er wonder, if it be not he, ſtraight hang me.
Seb. He? If it be ſo,
I'll put thee in my Will, and there's an end on't.
Laun. I ſaw his Legs, h'as Boots on like a Player,
Under his Wench's Cloaths, 'tis he, 'tis *Thomas*
(36) In his own Siſter's Cloaths, Sir, and I can watch him.
Seb. No more Words then, we'll watch him, thou'lt not believe, *Launce*,

(36) *In his own Siſter's Cloaths, Sir, and* I can waſt him.] I can affix no tolerable Idea to the latter Part of this Line; and as *Launcelot* in his Triumphs often affects Words of ſingularity, I firſt thought that the true one here was *canvaſs*, i. e. *ſearch'd or inquir'd into him.* But by *Sebaſtian*'s Anſwer, *I can watch him*— ſeems the more probable Reading. The former is perhaps the moſt humourous, but our Province is not to correct, but reſtore.

How

How heartily glad I am.
Laun. May ye be gladder,
But not this way, Sir.
Seb. No more Words, but watch him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Mary, Dorothy, *and Maid.*

Mary. When comes he?
Dor. Preſently.
Mary. Then get you up, *Doll*,
Away, I'll ſtraight come to you: Is all ready?
Maid. All.
Mary. Let the Light ſtand far enough.
Maid. 'Tis plac'd ſo.
Mary. Stay you to entertain him to his Chamber,
But keep cloſe, Wench, he flies at all.
Maid. I warrant ye.
Mary. You need no more Inſtruction?
Maid. I am perfect. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Valentine *and* Thomas.

Tho. More ſtops yet? Sure the Fiend's my ghoſtly Father.
Old *Valentine*; what Wind's in his Poop?
Val. Lady,
You're met moſt happily; O gentle *Doll*,
You muſt now do me an eſpecial Favour.
Tho. What is it, maſter *Valentine*? I'm ſorely troubled
With a ſalt Rheum fall'n i' my Gums.
Val. I'll tell ye,
And let it move you equally; my bleſt Miſtreſs,
Upon a ſlight Occaſion taking Anger,
Took alſo (to undo me) your Aunt's Nunnery,
From whence by my perſwaſion to redeem her
Will be impoſſible: Nor have I Liberty
To come and viſit her; my good, good *Dorothy*,

You

You are moſt powerful with her, and your Aunt too,
And have acceſs at all Hours liberally,
Speak now or never for me.
Tho. In a Nunnery?
That Courſe muſt not be ſuffered, Maſter *Valentine*,
Her Mother never knew it; (rare Sport for me!
Sport upon Sport;) by th' break of Day I'll meet ye,
And fear not, Man, we'll have her out I warrant ye,
I cannot ſtay now.
Val. You will not break?
Tho. By no means.
Good Night.
Val. Good Night kind Miſtreſs *Doll*. [*Exit.*
Tho. This thrives well,
Every one takes me for my Siſter, excellent;
This Nunnery's fall'n ſo pat too, to my Figure,
Where there be handſome Wenches, and they ſhall know it,
If once I creep in, e'er they get me out again;
Stay, here's the Houſe, and one of her Maids.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?
O Miſtreſs *Dorothy!* You are a Stranger.
Tho. Still Miſtreſs *Dorothy?* This geer will cotton.
Maid. Will you walk in, Forſooth?
Tho. Where is your Miſtreſs?
Maid. Not very well; ſhe's gone to Bed, I'm glad
You're come ſo fit to comfort her.
Tho. Yes, I'll comfort her.
Maid. 'Pray make not much Noiſe, for ſhe's ſure aſleep,
You know your Side, creep ſoftly in, your Company
Will warm her well.
Tho. I'll warrant thee I'll warm her.
Maid. Your Brother has been here, the ſtrangeſt Fellow.
Tho. A very Rogue, a rank Rogue.
Maid. I'll conduct ye
Ev'n to her Chamber-door, and there commit ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Michael, Francis *and Officers.*

Mich. Come Sir, for this Night I ſhall entertain ye,
And like a Gentleman, how e'er your Fortune
Hath caſt ye on the worſt part.
Fran. How you pleaſe, Sir,
I am reſolv'd, nor can a Joy or Miſery
Much move me now.
Mich. I'm angry with myſelf now
For putting this forc'd way upon his Patience,
Yet any other Courſe had been too ſlender:
Yet what to think I know not, for moſt liberally
He hath confeſs'd ſtrange Wrongs, which if they prove ſo
How e'er the others long Love may forget all,
Yet 'twas moſt fit he ſhould come back, and this way.
Drink that; and now to my care leave your Priſoner,
I'll be his Guard for this Night.
Offi. Good Night t' your Worſhip.
Mich. Good Night, my honeſt Friends; come, Sir, hope
There ſhall be no ſuch Cauſe of ſuch a Sadneſs
As you put on.
Fran. 'Faith, Sir, my Reſt is up,
And what I now pull ſhall no more afflict me
Than if I play'd at ſpan-counter, nor is my Face
The Map of any thing I ſeem to ſuffer,
Lighter Affections ſeldom dwell in me, Sir.
Mich. A conſtant Gentleman; would I had taken
A Fever when I took this harſh way to diſturb him.
Come, walk with me, Sir, e'er to Morrow Night
I doubt not but to ſee all this blown over.

[*Exeunt*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Hylas.

Hyl. I'VE dog'd his Siſter, ſure 'twas ſhe, [too;
And I hope ſhe will come back again this Night
Sam I have loſt of Purpoſe; now if I can,
With all the Art I have, as ſhe comes back,
But win a Parley for my broken Pate,
Off goes her Maiden-head, and there's *vindicta*.
They ſtir about the Houſe, I'll ſtand at diſtance.
[*Exit.*

Enter Mary *and* Dorothy, *and then* Thomas *and Maid.*

Dor. Is he come in?
Mary. Speak ſoftly,
He is, and there he goes.
Tho. Good Night, good Night, Wench.
[*A Bed diſcovered with a Black-moor in it.*
Maid. As ſoftly as you can. [*Exit.*
Tho. I'll play the Mouſe, *Nan*,
How cloſe the little Thief lies!
Mary. How he itches?
Dor. What would you give now to be there, and I
At home, *Mall?*
Mary. Peace for ſhame.
Tho. In what a Figure
The little Fool has pull'd itſelf together!
Anon you will lie ſtraigheer;
Ha! There's rare Circumſtance
Belongs to ſuch a Treatiſe; do ye tumble?
I'll tumble with ye ſtraight, Wench: She ſleeps ſoundly,
Full little think'ſt thou of thy Joy that's coming,
The ſweet, ſweet Joy, full little of the Kiſſes,
But thoſe unthought of Things come ever happieſt.
How ſoft the Rogue feels! O ye little Villain,
Ye delicate coy Thief, how I ſhall thrum ye?
Your, *fy, away, good Servant, as you are a Gentleman.*
Mary. Prithee leave laughing.

Tho.

Tho. *Out upon ye,* Thomas,
What do you mean to do? I'll call the Houſe up.
O God, I'm ſure you will not, ſhall not ſerve ye,
For up ye go now and ye were my Father.
(37) *Mary.* Your courage will be cool'd anon.
Tho. If I do hang for't
Yet I'll be quarter'd here firſt.
Dor. O fierce Villain.
Mary. What would he do indeed, *Doll?*
Dor. You had beſt try him.
Tho. I'll kiſs thee e'er I come to Bed, ſweet *Mary.*
Mary. Prithee leave Laughing.
Dor. O for gentle *Nicholas.*
Tho. And view that ſtormy Face that has ſo thundred me,
A coldneſs crept over't now? By your leave, Candle,
And next Door by yours too; ſo, a pretty, pretty,
Shall I now look upon ye? By this Light it moves me.
Mary. Much good may it do you, Sir.
Tho. Holy Saints defend me,
The Devil, Devil, Devil, O the Devil.
Mary. Dor. Ha, ha, ha, ha, the Devil, O the Devil.
Tho. I am abus'd moſt damnably, moſt beaſtly,
Yet if it be a ſhe-Devil; but the Houſe is up,
And here's no ſtaying longer in this Caſſock.
Woman, I here diſclaim thee; and in Vengeance
I'll marry with that Devil, but I'll vex thee.
Mary. By'r Lady, but you ſhall not, Sir, I'll watch ye.
Tho. Plague o' your Spaniſh Leather hide: I'll waken ye,
Devil good Night: Good Night, good Devil.

(37) Maid. *Your Courage will be cool'd anon.*
Tho. If it do I'll *hang for't*] By this Reading *Thomas* is ſuppos'd to hear and make Anſwer to what the *Maid* had ſaid: which is extremely abſurd. In the old Quarto it is printed thus:
Ma. *Your Courage will be cool'd anon.*
Tho. *If it do hang for'*
Yet I'll be quarter'd here firſt.
Ma. always ſtands for *Mary*, and not for the *Maid* in the old Quarto, and to her it more properly belongs. And the next Speech ſhould undoubtedly be corrected as is now put in the Text.
If I do hang for't
Yet I'll be quarter'd here firſt.

Moor. Oh!

Tho. Roar again, Devil, roar again. [*Exit* Tho.

Moor. O, O, Sir.

Mary. Open the Doors before him; let him vaniſh: Now, let him come again, I'll uſe him kinder. How now Wench?

Moor. 'Pray lie here yourſelf next, Miſtreſs, And entertain your Sweet-heart.

Mary. What ſaid he to thee?

Moor. I had a ſoft Bed, and I ſlept out all But his kind Farewel: Ye may bake me now, For o' my Conſcience, he has made me Veniſon.

Mary. Alas poor *Kate*; I'll give thee a new Petticoat.

Dor. And I a Waſtecoat, Wench.

Mary. Draw in the Bed, Maids, And ſee it made again; put freſh Sheets on too, For *Doll* and I; come Wench, let's laugh an Hour now. To Morrow, early, will we ſee young *Cellide*, They ſay ſhe has ta'en a Sanctuary; (38) Love and Hay Are thick ſown, but come up ſo full of Thiſtles.

Dor. They muſt needs, *Mall*, for 'tis a pricking Age grown, Prithee to Bed, for I am monſtrous ſleepy.

Mary. A Match, but art not thou thy Brother?

Dor. I would I were, Wench, You ſhould hear further.

Mary. Come, no more of that, *Doll*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hylas *and* Thomas.

Hyl. I heard the Doors clap; now, and't be thy Will, Wench. By th'Maſs ſhe comes; you're ſurely met fair Gentlewoman, I take it, Miſtreſs *Doll*, *Sebaſtian*'s Daughter. [ting?

(39) *Tho.* You take it right, Sir; *Hylas*, are you ferret-

(38) *Love and* they——*Are thick ſown*, &c.] That this is corrupt needs no Proof: I read *Love and Hay*, i. e. *Hay-ſeeds are thick ſown*, &c.

(39) *Tho.* I take right, *Sir*;——] The Senſe and Meaſure both are improv'd by the Change made in this Reading.

Hyl. Her Lips are monſtrous rugged, but that ſurely
Is but the ſharpneſs of the Weather; hark ye, once once more,
And in your Ear, ſweet Miſtreſs, for ye are ſo,
And ever ſhall be from this Hour: I've vow'd it.

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Launcelot.

Seb. Why, that's my Daughter, Rogue, doſt thou not ſee her
Kiſſing that Fellow there, there in that Corner?
Laun. Kiſſing?
Seb. Now, now, now they agree o'th' Match too.
Tho. Nay then you love me not.
Hyl. By this white Hand, *Doll.*
Tho. I muſt confeſs, I've long deſir'd your ſight, Sir.
Laun. Why, there's the Boots ſtill, Sir.
Seb. Hang Boots, Sir,
Why, they'll wear Breeches too.
Tho. Diſhoneſt me?
Not for the World.
Seb. Why, now they kiſs again, there
I knew 'twas ſhe, and that her crafty ſtealing
Out the back Way muſt needs have ſuch a meaning.
Laun. I'm at my ſmall Wits ends.
Tho. If ye mean honourably.

Laun. I think I would, Sir,
But you are ſo impatient; does not this ſhew, Sir,
(I do beſeech ye ſpeak, and ſpeak with Judgment,
And let the Caſe be equally conſider'd)
Far braver in your Daughter? In a Son now,
'Tis nothing, of no Mark; every Man does it,
But to beget a Daughter, a Man Maiden,
That reaches at theſe high Exploits, is admirable;
Nay, ſhe goes far beyond him; for when durſt he,
But when h' was drunk, do any thing to ſpeak of?
This is *Sebaſtian* truly.

Seb. Thou ſayeſt right, *Launce*,
And there's my Hand once more.

Tho. Not without Marriage.

Seb. Didſt thou hear that?

Laun. I think ſhe ſpoke of Marriage.

Seb. And he ſhall marry her, for it ſeems ſhe likes him,
And their firſt Boy ſhall be my Heir.

Laun. Ay, marry,
Now ye go right to work.

Tho. Fie, fie, Sir,
Now I have promis'd ye this Night to marry,
Would ye be ſo intemperate? Are ye a Gentleman?

Hyl. I have no Maw to Marriage, yet this Raſcal
Tempts me extreamly: Will ye marry preſently?

Tho. Get you afore, and ſtay me at the Chapel,
Cloſe by the Nunnery, there you ſhall find a Night-Prieſt,
Little Sir *Hugh*, and he can ſay the Matrimony
Over without Book, for we muſt have no Company,
Nor light, for fear my Father know, which muſt not yet be;
And then to Morrow Night.

Hyl. Nothing to Night, Sweet?

Tho. No, not a bit, I'm ſent of Buſineſs.
About my Dowry, Sweet, do not ſpoil all now,
'Tis of much haſte: I can ſcarce ſtay the Marriage,
Now if you love me, get you gone.

Hyl. You'll follow?

Tho. Within this Hour, my ſweet Chick.

Hyl. Kiſs.

Tho. A Rope kiſs ye.

Come, come, I ſtand o' Thorns.
Hyl. Methinks her Mouth ſtill
Is monſtrous rough, but they have ways to mend it:
Farewel.
Tho. Farewel, I'll fit ye with a Wife, Sir.
Seb. Come, follow cloſe, I'll ſee the End ſhe aims at,
And if he be a handſome Fellow, *Launcelot*,
Fiat, 'tis done, and all my 'State is ſettled. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Abbeſs, Cellide *and Nuns.*

Abbeſs. Come to your Mattins, Maids; theſe early Hours,
My gentle Daughter, will diſturb a while
Your fair Eyes, nurtur'd in Eaſe.
Cel. No, virtuous Mother,
'Tis for my holy Health, to purchaſe which,
They ſhall forget (40) the Child of Eaſe, ſoft Slumber.
O my afflicted Heart, how thou art tortur'd?
And Love, how like a Tyrant thou reign'ſt in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one inſtant;
Why came I hither, that deſire to have
Only all Liberty to make me happy? [*tine*,
Why did'ſt thou bring that young Man home, O *Valen-*
That virtuous Youth? Why did'ſt thou ſpeak his Goodneſs
In ſuch a Phraſe, as if all Tongues, all Praiſes
Were made for him? O fond and ignorant!
Why did'ſt thou foſter my Affection
'Till it grew up to know no other Father,
And then betray it?
Abbeſs. Can ye ſing?
Cel. Yes, Mother,
My Sorrows only.
Abbeſs. Be gone, and to the Quire then. [*Exeunt.*
[*Muſick, ſinging.*

(40) ——*the Child of Eaſe, ſoft* Slumbers.] Former Editions.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Michael *and Servant, and* Francis.

Mich. Haſt thou enquir'd him out?
Serv. He's not at home, Sir,
His Siſter thinks he's gone to th' Nunnery.
Mich. Moſt likely; I'll away. An Hour hence, Sirrah,
Come you along with this young Gentleman,
Do him all Service, and fair Office.
Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Hylas *and* Sam.

Sam. Where haſt thou been, Man?
Hyl. Is there ne'er a Shop open?
I'll give thee a pair of Gloves, *Sam.*
Sam. What's the matter?
Hyl. What doſt thou think?
Sam. Thou art not married?
Hyl. By th' Maſs but I am, all to be married,
I am i'th' Order now, *Sam.*
Sam. To whom, prithee?
I thought there was ſome ſuch Trick in't, you ſtole from me,
But who, for Heav'n's ſake?
Hyl. Ev'n the ſweeteſt Woman,
The rareſt Woman, *Samuel*, and the luſtieſt,
But wondrous honeſt, honeſt as the Ice, Boy,
Not a bit before hand, for my Life, Sirrah,
And of a luſty Kindred.
Sam. But who, *Hylas?*
Hyl. The young Gentleman and I are like to be Friends again,
The Fates will have it ſo.
Sam. Who, Monſieur *Thomas?*
Hyl. All Wrongs forgot.
Sam. O now I ſmell ye, *Hylas*;
Does he know of it?

Hyl. No, there's the Trick I owe him;
'Tis done, Boy, we are faſt 'faith, my Youth now
Shall know I am aforehand, for his Qualities.
Sam. Is there no Trick in't?
Hyl. None, but up and ride, Boy:
I have made no Jointure neither, there I have paid him.
Sam. She's a brave Wench.
Hyl. She ſhall be as I'll uſe her,
And if ſhe anger me, all his Abuſes
I'll clap upon her Caſſock.
Sam. Take heed, *Hylas.*
Hyl. 'Tis paſt that, *Sam*; come, I muſt meet her preſently,
(41) And thou ſhalt ſee me a moſt glorious Husband.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Dorothy, Mary, *and* Valentine.

Dor. In Troth, Sir, you ne'er ſpoke to me.
Val. Can ye forget me?
Did not you promiſe all your help and cunning
In my behalf, but for one Hour to ſee her,
Did you not ſwear it? By this Hand, no ſtrictneſs
Nor rule this Houſe holds, ſhall by me be broken.
Dor. I ſaw ye not theſe two Days.
Val. Do not wrong me,
I met ye, by my Life, juſt as you entred
This gentle Lady's Lodge, laſt Night, thus ſuited
About eleven a Clock.
Dor. 'Tis true, I was there,
But that I ſaw or ſpoke to you.
Mar. I've found it,
Your Brother *Thomas*, *Doll.*
Dor. Pray Sir, be ſatisfy'd,
And wherein I can do you good, command me.
What a mad Fool is this? Stay here a while, Sir,
Whilſt we walk in, and make your Peace. [*Exit.*

(41) *And* now *ſhalt*——] Former Editions.

Enter

Enter Abbeſs.

Val. I thank ye. [*Squeak within.*

Abbeſs. Why what's the matter there among theſe Maids?
Now *benedicite*, have ye got the Breeze there?
Give me my holy ſprinkle.

Enter two Nuns.

1 *Nun.* O Madam, there's a ſtrange thing like a Gentlewoman,
Like Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, I think the Fiend
Crept into th' Nunnery we know not which way,
Plays revel rout among us.

Abbeſs. Give me my holy Water-pot.

1 *Nun.* Here, Madam.

Abbeſs. Spirit of Earth or Air, I do conjure thee,
Of Water, or of Fire. [*Squeak within.*

1 *Nun.* Hark, Madam, hark.

Abbeſs. Be thou Ghoſt that cannot reſt,
Or a Shadow of the Bleſt,
Be thou black, or white, or green,
Be thou heard, or to be ſeen.

Enter Thomas *and* Cellide.

2 *Nun.* It comes, it comes.

Cel. What are ye? ſpeak, ſpeak gently,
And next, what would ye with me?

Tho. Any thing you'll let me.

Cel. You are no Woman certain.

Tho. Nor you no Nun, nor ſhall not be.

Cel. What make ye here?

Tho. I am a holy Friar.

Abbeſs. Is this the Spirit?

Tho. Nothing but Spirit, Aunt.

Abbeſs. Now out upon thee.

Tho. Peace, or I'll conjure too, Aunt.

Abbeſs. Why come you thus?

Tho. That's all one, here's my Purpoſe:
Out with this Nun, ſhe is too handſome for ye,

I'll tell thee, Aunt, and I ſpeak it with Tears to thee,
If thou keep'ſt her here, as yet I hope thou art wiſer,
Mark but the Miſchief follows.

Abbeſs. She is a Votreſs.

Tho. Let her be what ſhe will, ſhe will undo thee,
Let her but one Hour out, as I direct ye,
Or have among your Nuns again.

Abbeſs. You have no Project
But fair and honeſt?

Tho. As thine Eyes, ſweet Abbeſs.

Abbeſs. I will be rul'd then.

Tho. Thus then and perſwade her,
But do not juggle with me, if ye do Aunt.

Abbeſs. I muſt be there myſelf.

Tho. Away and fit her.

Abbeſs. Come, Daughter, you muſt now be rul'd, or never.

Cel. I muſt obey your Will.

Abbeſs. That's my good Daughter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Dorothy *and* Mary.

Mary. What a coil has this Fellow kept i'th' Nunnery,
Sure he has run the Abbeſs out of her Wits.

Dor. Out of the Nunnery, I think, for we can neither ſee her,
Nor the young *Cellide.*

Mary. Pray Heav'ns he be not teaſing.

Dor. Nay you may thank yourſelf, 'twas your own ſtructures.

Enter Hylas *and* Sam.

Sam. Why there's the Gentlewoman.

Hyl. Maſs 'tis ſhe indeed;
How ſmart the pretty Thief looks? 'Morrow Miſtreſs.

Dor. Good Morrow to you, Sir.

Sam. How ſtrange ſhe bears it?

Hyl. Maids muſt do ſo, at firſt.

Dor. Would ye ought with us, Gentlemen?

Hyl. Yes, marry would I,

A little with your Ladyſhip.
Dor. Your Will, Sir.
Hyl. Doll, I would have ye preſently prepare yourſelf,
And thoſe Things you would have with you,
For my Houſe is ready.
Dor. How, Sir?
Hyl. And this Night not to fail, you muſt come to me,
My Friends will all be there too: For Trunks, and thoſe Things,
And Houſhold-ſtuff, and Cloaths you would have carried,
To Morrow, or the next Day, I'll take Order;
Only what Mony ye have, bring away with ye,
And Jewels.
Dor. Jewels, Sir?
Hyl. Ay, for Adornment,
There's a Bed up, to play the Game in, *Dorothy*;
And now come kiſs me heartily.
Dor. Who are you?
Hyl. This Lady ſhall be welcome too.
Mary. To what, Sir?
Hyl. Your Neighbour can reſolve ye.
Dor. The Man's fooliſh,
Sir, you look ſoberly: Who is this Fellow,
And where's his Buſineſs?
Sam. By Heav'n thou art abus'd ſtill.
Hyl. It may be ſo: Come, ye may ſpeak now boldly,
There's none but Friends, Wench.
Dor. Came ye out of Bedlam?
Alas, 'tis ill, Sir, that ye ſuffer him
To walk in th' open Air thus: 'Twill undo him.
A pretty handſome Gentleman: Great pity.
Sam. Let me not live more if thou be'ſt not cozen'd,
Hyl. Are not you my Wife? Did not I marry you laſt Night
At St. *Michael*'s Chapel?
Dor. Did not I ſay he was mad?
Hyl. Are not you Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, *Thomas*'s Siſter?
Mary. There he ſpeaks Senſe, but I'll aſſure ye, Gentleman,
I think no Wife of yours; At what Hour was it?

Hyl.

Hyl. 'S pretious; you'll make me mad; did not the Prie
Sir *Hugh*, that you appointed, about twelve a Clock
Tie our Hands faſt? Did not you ſwear you lov'd me?
Did not I court ye, coming from this Gentlewoman's?
Mary. Good Sir, go ſleep: For if I credit have,
She was in my Arms then a-bed.
Sam. I told ye.
Hyl. Be not ſo confident.
Dor. By th' Maſs, ſhe muſt, Sir;
For I'll no Husband here, before I know him:
And ſo good Morrow to ye: Come, let's go ſeek 'em.
Sam. I told ye what ye had done.
Hyl. Is the Devil ſtirring?
Well, go with me; for now I will be married. [*Exeun*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Michael, Valentine, *and* Alice.

Mich. I've brought him back again.
Val. You have done a Friendſhip,
Worthy the Love you bear me.
Mich. Would he had ſo too.
Val. O he's a worthy young Man.
Mich. When all's try'd,
I fear you'll change your Faith: Bring in the Gentlema

Enter Francis, *Servant*, *Abbeſs*, *and* Cellide, *ſeverally*.

Val. My happy Miſtreſs too! now Fortune help me,
And all you Stars that govern chaſte Deſires
Shine fair, and lovely.
Abbeſs. But one Hour, dear Daughter,
To hear your Guardian, what he can deliver
In Love's Defence, and his; and then your Pleaſure.
Cel. Tho' much unwilling, you have made me yield,
More for his ſake I ſee: How full of Sorrow,
Sweet catching Sorrow, he appears: O Love,
That thou but knew'ſt to heal, as well as hurt us.
Mich. Be rul'd by me: I ſee her Eye faſt on him:
And what ye heard, believe, for 'tis ſo certain
He neither dar'd, nor muſt oppoſe my Evidence:

An

And be you wife, young Lady, and believe too.
This Man you love, Sir?
Val. As I love my Soul, Sir.
Mich. This Man you put into a free Poſſeſſion
Of what his Wants could ask, or yourſelf render?
Val. And ſhall do ſtill.
Mich. Nothing was barr'd his Liberty
But this fair Maid; that Friendſhip firſt was broken,
And you, and ſhe abus'd; next, (to my Sorrow
So fair a Form ſhould hide ſo dark Intentions)
He hath himſelf confeſs'd (my Purpoſe being
Only to ſtop his Journey, by that Policy
Of laying Felony to his charge, to fright the Sailors)
Divers Abuſes done, Theſts often practis'd,
Monies and Jewels too, and thoſe no Trifles.
Cel. O where have I beſtow'd my Faith! (42) in neither
(Let's in for ever now) there is no Virtue.
Mich. Nay do not wonder at it, he ſhall ſay it:
Are ye not guilty thus?
Fran. Yes: O my Fortune!
Mich. To give a proof I ſpeak not enviouſly,
Look here; d'you know theſe Jewels?
Cel. In, good Mother.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, *and* Mary: *then* Sebaſtian *and* Launcelot.

Val. Theſe Jewels I have known.
Dor. You've made brave Sport.
Tho. I'll make more, if I live, Wench.
Nay do not look on me; I care not for ye.
Laun. Do you ſee now plain? that's Miſtreſs *Dorothy*,
And that's his Miſtreſs,
Seb. Peace, let my Joy work eaſily.

(42) ——————— *in neither!*
Let's in for ever now, there is Virtue.] I read
—— *in neither* —— *there is* no *Virtue.*
I fear that I ſhall be thought to put a nonſenſical Expletive into the Text for the ſake of Meaſure only; but the uſe of two Negatives in this manner is ſo very common to all old *Engliſh* Writers, and to our Authors in particular, that I cannot doubt of its being the true Reading.

Ha,

Ha, Boy! Art there my Boy? Mine own Boy, *Tom*, B
Home *Lance*, and ſtrike a freſh Piece of Wine, the To
ours.
Val. Sure, I have known theſe Jewels.
Alice. They are they, certain.
Val. Good Heav'n, that they were.
Alice. I'll pawn my Life on't,
And this is he; come hither Miſtreſs *Dorothy*,
And Miſtreſs *Mary*; who does that Face look like,
And view my Brother well?
Dor. In truth like him.
Mary. Upon my troth exceeding like.
Mich. Beſhrew me,
But much, and main Reſemblance, both of Face
And Lineaments of Body: Now Heav'n grant it.
Alice. My Brother's full of Paſſion, I'll ſpeak to hi
Now, as you are a Gentleman, reſolve me,
Where did you get theſe Jewels?
Fran. Now I'll tell ye,
Becauſe blind Fortune yet may make me happy.
Of whom I had 'em I have never heard yet,
But from my Infancy, upon this Arm
I ever wore 'em.
Alice. 'Tis *Franciſco*, Brother,
By Heav'n I ty'd 'em on: a little more, Sir,
A little, little more; what Parents have ye?
Fran. None,
That I know yet: the more my ſtubborn Fortune,
But as I heard a Merchant ſay that bred me,
Who, to my more Affliction, dy'd poor Man,
When I reach'd eighteen years.
Alice. What ſaid that Merchant?
Fran. He ſaid, an Infant in the *Genoa* Gallies,
But from what place he never could direct me,
I was ta'en in a Sea-fight, and from a Mariner,
Out of his manly pity he redeem'd me.
He told me of a Nurſe that waited on me,
But ſhe, poor ſoul, he ſaid, was kill'd.
A Letter too I had incloſ'd within me,
To one *Caſtruccio*, a *Venetian* Merchant,

1

To bring me up: The Man, when Years allow'd me,
And want of Friends compell'd, I ſought, but found him
Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.
The Wars was my Retreat then, and my Travel
In which I found that Gentleman's free Bounty,
(43) For which Heav'n recompence him. Now ye've all.
Val. And all the worldly Bliſs that Heav'n can ſend me,
And all my Prayers and Thanks.
Alice. Down o' your Knees, Sir,
For now you've found a Father, and that Father
That will not venture ye again in Gallies.
Mich. 'Tis true, believe her, Sir, and we all joy with ye.
Val. My beſt Friend ſtill: My deareſt: Now Heav'n bleſs thee,
And make me worthy of this Benefit.
Now my beſt Miſtreſs.
Cel. Now, Sir, I come to ye.
Ab. No, no, let's in, Wench.
Cel. Not for the World, now, Mother.
And thus, Sir, all my Service I pay to you,
And all my Love to him.
Val. And may it proſper:
(44) Take her *Franciſco*, now no more young *Callidon*,
And love her dearly, for thy Father does ſo.
Fran. May all Hate ſeek me elſe, and thus I ſeal it.
Val. Nothing but Mirth now, Friends.

Enter Hylas *and* Sam.

Hyl. Nay, I will find him.
Sam. What do all theſe here?

(43) *For which Heav'n recompenc'd him:*] Former Editions.

(44) *Take her* Franciſco, *now no more young* Callidon,] There is an Inaccuracy in this Play, *Frank* had been never call'd *Callidon* before, but by his own Name. Thus in the ſecond Act *Thomas* ſays,

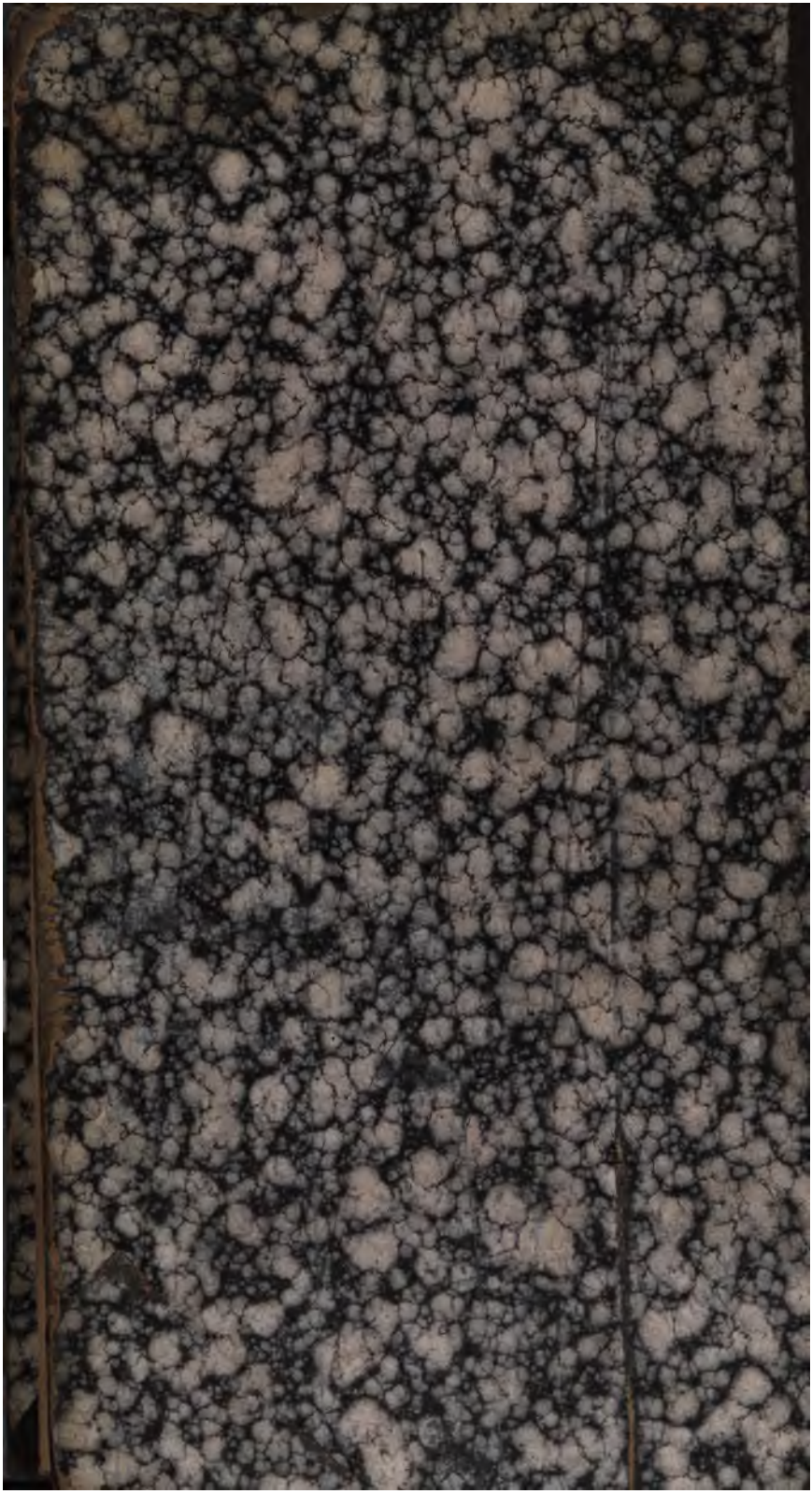
What young Frank?
The only temper'd Spirit, &c.

But it is very probable, that this was the Actor's or Printer's miſtake, who ſeeing him call'd *Frank* in the *Perſons of the Drama*, might call him ſo here without attending to the Sequel, without which the Name *Callidon* in that Place would not have been intelligible.

Tho. You are a truſty Husband,
And a hot Lover too.
Hyl. Nay then, good morrow;
Now I perceive the Knavery.
Sam. I ſtill told ye.
Tho. Stay, or I'll make ye ſtay: Come hither, Sifter.
Val. Why how now Miſtreſs *Thomas?*
Tho. Peace a little,
Thou would'ſt fain have a Wife.
Hyl. Not I, by no means.
Tho. Thou ſhalt have a Wife, and a fruitful Wife, for I find, *Hylas*,
That I ſhall never be able to bring thee Children.
Seb. A notable brave Boy.
Hyl. I am very well, Sir.
Tho. Thou ſhalt be better, *Hylas*, thou haſt 700 Pounds a Year,
And thou ſhalt make her three hundred Jointure.
Hyl. No.
Tho. Thou ſhalt, Boy, and ſhalt beſtow
Two Hundred Pounds in Cloaths; look on her,
A delicate luſty Wench, ſhe has fifteen Hundred,
And feaſible: Strike Hands, or I'll ſtrike firſt.
Dor. You'll let me like?
Mary. He's a good handſome Fellow,
Play not the Fool.
Tho. Strike, Brother *Hylas*, quickly.
Hyl. If you can love me, well.
Dor. If you can pleaſe me,
Tho. Try that out ſoon, I ſay, my Brother *Hylas*.
Sam. Take her and uſe her well, ſhe's a brave Gentlewoman.
Hyl. You muſt allow me another Miſtreſs.
Dor. Then you muſt allow me another Servant.
Hyl. Well, let's together then, a luſty Kindred.
Seb. I'll give thee 500 Pounds more for that word.
Mary. Now Sir, for you and I to make the feaſt full.
Tho. No, not a Bit, you are a virtuous Lady,
And love to live in Contemplation.
Mary. Come Fool, I am Friends now.

Tho.

Tho. The Fool ſhall not ride ye.
There lie my Woman, now my Man again.
And now for Travel once more.
Seb. I'll barr that firſt.
Mary. And I next.
Tho. Hold yourſelf contented. For I ſay I will travel,
And ſo long I will travel, till I find a Father
That I never knew, and a Wife that I never look'd for,
And a State without Expectation,
So reſt you merry Gentlemen.
Mary. You ſhall not,
Upon my faith, I love you now extreamly,
And now I'll kiſs ye.
Tho. This will not do it, Miſtreſs.
Mary. Why, when we're married, we'll do more.
Seb. There's all Boy,
The Keys of all I have, come, let's be merry,
For now I ſee thou art right.
Tho. Shall we to Church ſtraight?
Val. Now preſently, and there with nuptial
The holy Prieſt ſhall make ye happy all.
Tho. Away then, Fair, afore. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Fourth Volume.

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